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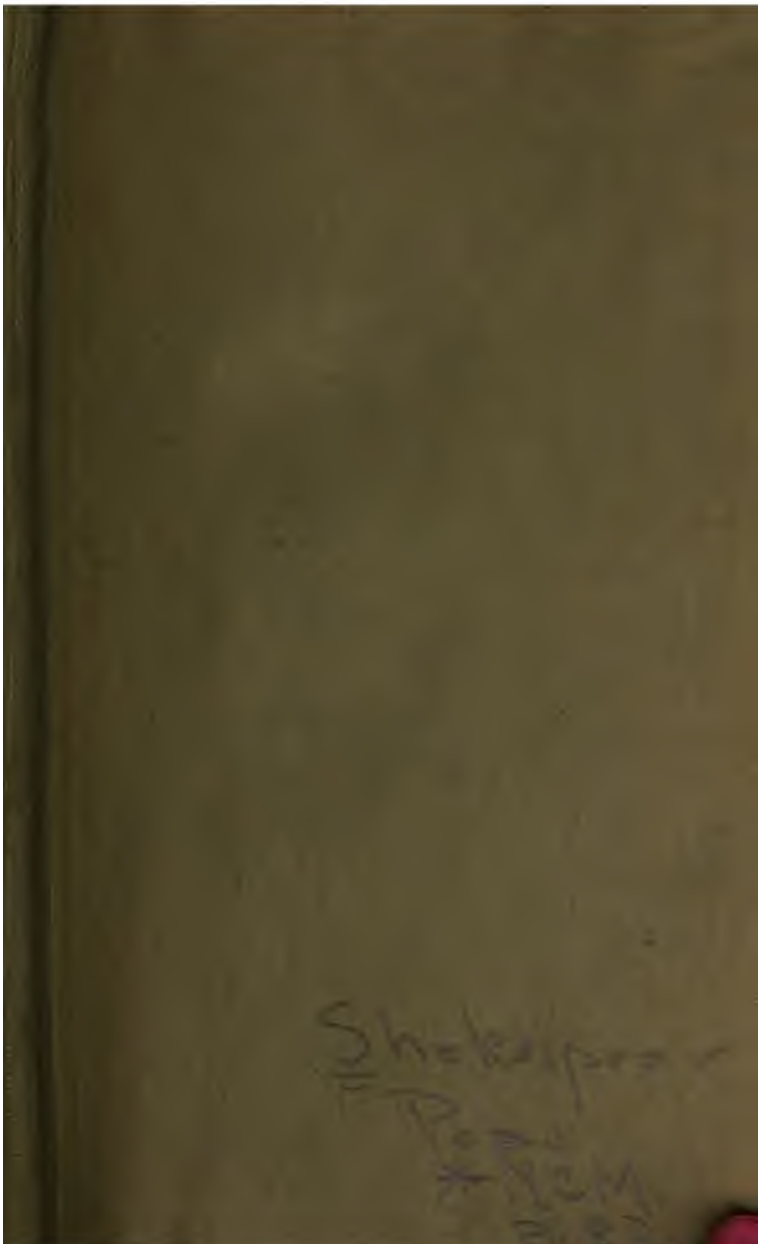

THE

WORKS

OF

SHAKESPEAR,

From Mr. *POPE*'s EDITION.

VOLUME the SECOND.

CONTAINING,

MEASURE for MEASURE.
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.
The MERCHANT of VENICE.
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

BIRMINGHAM:

Printed and sold by ROBERT MARTIN; and by R. GOADBY, in *Sherborne*, M. MORGAN in *Lichfield*; T. SMITH in *Wolverhampton*, A. DONALDSON in *London*, R. BOND in *Glocester*, and by all Country Bookfellers.

MDCCLXVIII.

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MEASURE FOR MEASURE

Dramatis Perſonæ.

VINCENTIO, *Duke of* Vienna.
Angelo, *Lord Deputy in the Duke's abſence.*
Eſcalus, } *An ancient Lord, join'd with* Angelo *in the Deputation.*
Claudio, *a young Gentleman.*
Lucio, *a Fantaſtic.*
Two Gentlemen
Varrius, *a Gentleman, Servant to the Duke.*
Provoſt.
Thomas, } *two Friars.*
Peter, }
A Juſtice.
Elbow, *a ſimple Conſtable.*
Froth, *a fooliſh Gentleman.*
Clown, *Servant to Mrs.* Over-done.
Abhorſon, *an Executioner.*
Barnardine, *a diſſolute Priſoner.*

Iſabella, *Siſter to* Claudio.
Mariana, *betrothed to* Angelo,
Juliet, *beloved of* Claudio.
Franciſca, *a Nun.*
Miſtreſs Over-done, *a Bawd.*

Guards, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, Vienna.

MEA-

*MEASURE for MEASU

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Duke's PALACE.

Enter Duke, Eſcalus, *and Lords.*

DUKE.

ESCALUS,——

Eſcal. My Lord.

Duke. Of Government the properties t'unfold,
Would ſeem in me t' affect ſpeech and diſcourſe.
Since I am not to know, that your own Science
Exceeds, in that, the liſts of all advice
My ſtrength can give you: then no more remains
Put that to your ſufficiency, as your worth is able,
And let them work. The nature of our people,
Our city's inſtitutions, and the terms
Of common juſtice, y'are as pregnant in,
As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember. There is our Commiſſion,
From which we would not have you warp. Call hither,
I ſay, bid come before us *Angelo*:
What figure of us, think you, he will bear?
For you muſt know, we have with ſpecial roll
Elected him our Abſence to ſupply;
Lent him our Terror, dreſt him with our Love;

* The ſtory is taken from *Cinthio*'s Novels, *December* 8. *November* 5. Mr. *Pope.*

And giv'n his Deputation all the organs
Of our own Power: ſay, what think you of it?
Eſcal. If any in *Vienna* be of worth
To undergo ſuch ample grace and honour,
It is lord *Angelo.*

SCENE II.

Enter Angelo.

Duke. LOOK, where he comes.
Ang. Always obedient to your Grace's will,
I come to know your pleaſure.
Duke. Angelo,
There is a kind of character in thy life,
That to th' obſerver doth thy hiſtory
Fully unfold: thyſelf and thy belongings
Are not thine own ſo proper, as to waſte
Thyſelf upon thy virtues; they on thee.
Heav'n doth with us, as we with torches do,
Not light them for themſelves: for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine iſſues: nor Nature never lends
The ſmalleſt ſcruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty Goddeſs, ſhe determines
Herſelf the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and uſe. But I do bend my ſpeech
To one that can my part in him advertiſe;
Hold therefore, *Angelo:*
In our remove, be thou at full ourſelf.
Mortality and Mercy in *Vienna*
Live in thy tongue and heart: old *Eſcalus*,
Though firſt in queſtion, is thy Secondary.
Take thy Commiſſion.
Ang. Now, good my lord,
Let there be ſome more teſt made of my metal,
Before ſo noble and ſo great a figure
Be ſtampt upon it.

Duke.

Duke. Come, no more evaſion:
We have with a prepar'd and *level'd choice
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours.
Our haſte from hence is of ſo quick condition,
That it prefers itſelf, and leaves unqueſtion'd
Matters of needful value. We ſhall write to you,
As time and our concernings ſhall importune,
How it goes with us; and do look to know
What doth befal you here. So, fare you well.
To th'hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your Commiſſions.

Ang. Yet give me leave, my lord,
That we may bring you ſomething on the way.

Duke. My haſte may not admit it;
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
With any ſcruple; your ſcope is as mine own,
So to inforce, or qualify the Laws,
As to your ſoul ſeems good. Give me your hand;
I'll privily away. I love the people;
But do not like to ſtage me to their eyes:
Though it do well, I do not reliſh well
Their loud applauſe, and *Ave*'s vehement:
Nor do I think the man of ſafe diſcretion,
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

Ang. The heav'ns give ſafety to your purpoſes!

Eſcal. Lead forth and bring you back in happineſs!

Duke. I thank you, fare you well. [*Exit.*

Eſcal. I ſhall deſire you, Sir, to give me leave
To have free ſpeech with you; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my Place:
A pow'r I have, but of what ſtrength and nature
I am not yet inſtructed.

Ang. 'Tis ſo with me: let us withdraw together,
And we may ſoon our ſatisfaction have
Touching that point.

Eſcal. I'll wait upon your honour. [*Exeunt.*

* Leaven'd *choice*] We ſhould read *level'd* choice. The Alluſion is to Archery, when a Man has fix'd upon his Object, after taking Aim.

SCENE III.

The Street.

Enter Lucio, *and two Gentlemen,*

Lucio. IF the Duke, with the other Dukes, come not to compoſition with the King of *Hungary*, why, then all the Dukes fall upon the King.

1 *Gent.* Heav'n grant us its peace, but not the King of *Hungary*'s !

2 *Gent.* Amen.

Lucio. Thou conclud'ſt like the ſanctimonious Pirate, that went to ſea with the ten Commandments, but ſcrap'd one out of the Table.

2 *Gent.* Thou ſhalt not ſteal.——

Lucio, Ay, that he raz'd.

1 *Gent.* Why, 'twas a Commandment to command the captain and all the reſt from their functions; they put forth to ſteal ; there's not a ſoldier of us all, that, in the thankſgiving before meat, does reliſh the petition well that prays for Peace.

2 *Gent.* I never heard any ſoldier diſlike it.

Lucio. I believe thee ; for, I think, thou never waſt where grace was ſaid.

2 *Gent.* No? a dozen times at leaſt.

1 *Gent.* What, in meeter ?

Lucio. In any proportion, or in any language.

1 *Gent.* I think, or in any religion.

Lucio. Ay, why not ? grace is grace, deſpight of all controverſy ; as for example, thou thyſelf art a wicked villain, deſpight of all grace.

1 *Gent.* Well; there went but a pair of ſheers between us.

Lucio. I grant ; as there may between the liſts and the velvet. Thou art the liſt.

1 *Gent.* And thou the velvet ; thou art good velvet

vet; thou'rt a three-pil'd piece, I warrant thee: I had as lief be a liſt of an *Engliſh* kerſey, as be pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a *French* velvet. Do I ſpeak feelingly now?

Lucio. I think, thou doſt; and, indeed, with moſt painful feeling of thy ſpeech: I will, out of thine own confeſſion, learn to begin thy health; but, whilſt I live, forget to drink after thee.

1 *Gent.* I think, I have done myſelf wrong, have I not?

2 *Gent.* Yes, that thou haſt; whether thou art tainted, or free.

Lucio. Behold, behold, where Madam *Mitigation* comes.

1 *Gent.* I have purchas'd as many diſeaſes under her roof, as come to ——

2 *Gent.* To what I pray?

1 *Gent.* Judge.

2 *Gent.* To three thouſand dollars a year.

1 *Gent.* Ay, and more.

Lucio. A *French* crown more.

1 *Gent.* Thou art always figuring diſeaſes in me; but thou art full of error; I am ſound.

Lucio. Nay, not as one would ſay healthy; but ſo ſound, as things that are hollow; thy bones are hollow; impiety hath made a feaſt of thee.

SCENE IV.

Enter Bawd.

1 *Gent.* HOW now, which of your hips has the moſt profound ſciatica?

Bawd. Well, well; there's one yonder arreſted, and carry'd to priſon, was worth five thouſand of you all.

1 *Gent.* Who's that, I pr'ythee?

Bawd. Marry, Sir, that's *Claudio*; Signior *Claudio*.

1 *Gent. Claudio* to priſon? 'tis not ſo.

Bawd. Nay, but I know, 'tis ſo; I ſaw him arreſted; ſaw him carry'd away; and, which is more, within theſe three days his head is to be chopt off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it ſo: art thou ſure of this?

Bawd. I am too ſure of it; and it is for getting madam *Julietta* with child.

Lucio. Believe me, this may be; he promiſed to meet me two hours ſince, and he was ever preciſe in promiſe-keeping.

2 *Gent.* Beſides, you know, it draws ſomething near to the ſpeech we had to ſuch a purpoſe.

1 *Gent.* But moſt of all agreeing with the Proclamation.

Lucio. Away, let's go learn the truth of it. [*Exit.*

Manet Bawd.

Bawd. Thus, what with the war, what with the ſweat, what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am cuſtom-ſhrunk. How now? what's the news with you?

SCENE V.

Enter Clown.

Clown. YONDER man is carry'd to priſon.

Bawd. Well; what has he done?

Clown. A woman.

Bawd. But what's his offence?

Clown. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

Bawd. What? is there a maid with child by him?

Clown. No; but there's a woman with maid by him. You have not heard of the Proclamation, have you?

Bawd. What Proclamation, man?

Clown. All houſes in the ſuburbs of *Vienna* muſt be pluck'd down.

Bawd.

Bawd. And what ſhall become of thoſe in the city?

Clown. They ſhall ſtand for ſeed; they had gone down too, but that a wiſe burgher put in for them.

Bawd. But ſhall all our houſes of reſort in the ſuburbs be pull'd down?

Clown. To the ground, miſtreſs.

Bawd. Why, here's a change, indeed, in the common-wealth; what ſhall become of me?

Clown. Come, fear not you; good counſellors lack no clients; though you change your place, you need not change your trade: I'll be your tapſter ſtill. Courage, there will be pity taken on you; you that have worn your eyes almoſt out in the ſervice, you will be conſidered.

Bawd. What's to do here, *Thomas Tapſter?* let's withdraw.

Clown. Here comes Signior *Claudio,* led by the Provoſt to priſon; and there's madam *Juliet.*

[*Exeunt* Bawd *and* Clown.

SCENE VI.

Enter. Provoſt, Claudio, Juliet, *and Officers.* Lucio *and two Gentlemen.*

Claud. FELLOW, why doſt thou ſhow me thus to th' world?
Bear me to priſon, where I am committed.

Pro. I do it not in evil diſpoſition,
But from lord *Angelo* by ſpecial charge.

Claud. Thus can the Demi-god, Authority,
Make us pay down, for our offence, by weight.
The words of heav'n; on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, ſo; yet ſtill 'tis juſt.

Lucio. Why, how now, *Claudio?* whence comes this reſtraint?

Claud. From too much liberty, my *Lucio,* liberty;
As ſurfeit is the father of much faſt,

So ev'ry ſcope by the immod'rate uſe
Turns to reſtraint: our natures do purſue,
Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,
A thirſty evil; and when we drink, we die.

Lucio. If I could ſpeak ſo wiſely under an arreſt, I would ſend for certain of my creditors; and yet, to ſay the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom, as the morality of impriſonment: what's thy offence, *Claudio?*

Claud. What, but to ſpeak of, would offend again.

Lucio. What is't, murder?

Claud. No.

Lucio. Letchery?

Claud. Call it ſo.

Prov. Away, Sir, you muſt go.

Claud. One word, good friend:——*Lucio*, a word with you.

Lucio. A hundred; if they'll do you any good: is letchery ſo look'd after?

Claud. Thus ſtands it with me; upon a true contract
I got poſſeſſion of *Julietta*'s bed,
(You know the lady,) ſhe is faſt my wife;
Save that we do the denunciation lack
Of outward order. This we came not to,
Only for propagation of a dower
Remaining in the coffer of her friends;
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love,
'Till time had made them for us. But it chances,
The ſtealth of our * moſt mutual entertainment,
With character too groſs, is writ on *Juliet.*

Lucio. With child, perhaps?

Claud. Unhappily, even ſo.
And the new deputy now for the Duke,
(Whether it be the fault, and glimpſe, of newneſs;

*—*moſt mutual—*] *i.e.* moſt intimate. The Phraſe is extremely elegant on this Occaſion; yet diſliked by the *Oxford Editor*, who ſtrikes out *moſt.*

Or

Or, whether that the body public be
A horſe whereon the Governor doth ride,
Who, newly in the ſeat, that it may know
He can command, lets it ſtraight feel the ſpur;
Whether the tyranny be in his Place,
Or in his eminence that fills it up,
I ſtagger in:) but this new Governor
Awakes me all th' enrolled penalties,
Which have, like unſcour'd armour, hung by th' wall
So long, that nineteen Zodiacs have gone round,
And none of them been worn; and, for a name,
Now puts the drowſy and neglected Act
Freſhly in me; 'tis ſurely, for a name.

Lucio. I warrant, it is; and thy head ſtands ſo tickle on thy ſhoulders, that a milk-maid, if ſhe be in love, may ſigh it off. Send after the Duke, and appeal to him.

Claud. I have done ſo, but he's not to be found. I pr'ythee, *Lucio*, do me this kind ſervice:
This day my Siſter ſhould the Cloiſter enter,
And there receive her Approbation.
Acquaint her with the danger of my ſtate,
Implore her, in my voice, that ſhe make friends
To the ſtrict Deputy; bid herſelf aſſay him;
I have great hope in that; for in her youth
There is a prone and ſpeechleſs dialect,
Such as moves men! beſide, ſhe hath proſp'rous art
When ſhe will play with reaſon and diſcourſe,
And well ſhe can perſuade.

Lucio. I pray, ſhe may; as well for the encouragement of the like, which elſe would ſtand under grievous impoſition; as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be ſorry ſhould be thus fooliſhly loſt at a game of tick-tack. I'll to her.

Claud. I thank you, good friend *Lucio*.

Lucio. Within two hours,——

Claud. Come, officer, away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

A MONASTERY.

Enter Duke, *and Friar* Thomas.

Duke. NO; holy father, throw away that thought;
Believe not, that the dribbling dart of love
Can pierce a complete boſom: why I deſire thee
To give me ſecret harbour, hath a purpoſe
More grave, and wrinkled, than the aims and ends
Of burning youth.

Fri. May your Grace ſpeak of it?

Duke. My holy Sir, none better knows than you,
How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd;
And held in idle price to haunt Aſſemblies,
Where youth, and coſt, and witleſs bravery keeps.
I have deliver'd to lord *Angelo*
*(A man of ſtrict ure and firm abſtinence)
My abſolute Pow'r and Place here in *Vienna;*
And he ſuppoſes me travell'd to *Poland;*
For ſo I've ſtrew'd it in the common ear,
And ſo it is receiv'd: now, pious Sir,
You will demand of me, why I do this?

Fri. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have ſtrict Statutes and moſt biting Laws,
(The needful bits and curbs for head-ſtrong Steeds,)
Which for theſe nineteen years we have let ſleep;
Even like an o'er-grown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey: now, as fond fathers
Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch,
Only to ſtick it in their children's ſight,

* *A man of* Stricture *and firm abſtinence*] *ſtricture* makes no Senſe in this Place. We ſhould read,

A man of ſtrict ure *and firm abſtinence.*

i. e. a Man of the *exacteſt conduct*, and practiſed in the ſubdual of his Paſſions. *Ure* an old Word for Uſe, Practice, ſo *enur'd*, habituated to.

For

For terror, not to uſe; in time the rod
Becomes more mock'd, than fear'd: ſo our Decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themſelves are dead;
And Liberty plucks Juſtice by the noſe;
The baby beats the nurſe, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Fri. It reſted in your Grace
T'unlooſe this ty'd up juſtice, when you pleas'd:
And it in you more dreadful would have ſeem'd,
Than in lord *Angelo.*

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful.
Sith 'twas my fault to give the people ſcope,
'Twould be my tyranny to ſtrike, and gall them,
For what I bid them do. For we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permiſſive paſs,
And not the puniſhment. Therefore, indeed, my father,
I have on *Angelo* impos'd the office:
Who may in th' ambuſh of my name ſtrike home,
And yet, my nature never in the ſight
To do in ſlander: And to behold his ſway,
I will, as 'twere a Brother of your Order,
Viſit both prince and people; therefore, pr'ythee,
Supply me with the habit, and inſtruct me
How I may formally in perſon bear,
Like a true Friar. More reaſons for this action
At our more leiſure ſhall I render you;
Only, this one:——Lord *Angelo* is preciſe;
Stands at a guard with envy; ſcarce confeſſes
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than ſtone: hence ſhall we ſee,
If pow'r change purpoſe, what our ſeemers be.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

A Nunnery.

Enter Iſabella *and* Franciſca.

Iſab. AND have you Nuns no further privileges?
Nun. Are not theſe large enough?
Iſab. Yes, truly; I ſpeak not as deſiring more;
But rather wiſhing a more ſtrict reſtraint
Upon the ſiſter-hood, the votariſts of Saint *Clare*
Lucio. [*within.*] Ho'a! Peace be in this place!
Iſab. Who's that, which calls?
Nun. It is a man's voice: gentle *Iſabella*,
Turn you the key, and know his buſineſs of him;
You may; I may not; you are yet unſworn:
When you have vow'd, you muſt not ſpeak with men,
But in the preſence of the Prioreſs;
Then, if you ſpeak, you muſt not ſhew your face;
Or, if you ſhew your face, you muſt not ſpeak.
He calls again; I pray you, anſwer him. [*Exit* Franc.
Iſab. Peace and proſperity! who is't that calls?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Hail, virgin, (if you be) as thoſe cheek-roſes
Proclaim you are no leſs; can you ſo ſtead me,
As bring me to the ſight of *Iſabella*,
A novice of this place, and the fair ſiſter
To her unhappy brother *Claudio*?
Iſab. Why her unhappy brother? let me aſk
The rather, for I now muſt make you know
I am that *Iſabella*, and his ſiſter.
Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you;
Not to be weary with you, he's in priſon.
Iſab. Woe me! for what?

Lucio.

Lucio. For that, which, if myſelf might be his judge,
He ſhould receive his puniſhment in thanks;
He hath got his friend with child.

Iſab. Sir, make me not your ſtory.

Lucio. 'Tis true:—I would not (tho' 'tis my familiar ſin
With maids to ſeem the lapwing, and to jeſt,
Tongue far from heart) play with all virgins ſo.
I hold you as a thing en-ſky'd, and ſainted;
By your renouncement, an immortal Spirit;
And to be talk'd with in ſincerity,
As with a Saint.

Iſab. You do blaſpheme the good, in mocking me.

Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewneſs and truth, 'tis thus;
Your brother and his lover having embrac'd,
As thoſe that feed grow full, as bloſſoming time
That from the ſeedneſs the bare fallow brings
To teeming foiſon; ſo her plenteous womb
Expreſſeth his full tilth and huſbandry.

Iſab. Some one with child by him?——my couſin *Juliet?*

Lucio. Is ſhe your couſin?

Iſab. Adoptedly, as ſchool-maids change their names,
By vain, tho' apt, affection.

Lucio. She it is.

Iſab. O, let him marry her!

Lucio. This is the point.
The Duke is very ſtrangely gone from hence;
Bore many gentlemen, myſelf being one,
In hand and hope of action; but we learn,
By thoſe that know the very nerves of ſtate,
His givings out were of an infinite diſtance
From his true-meant deſign. Upon his place,
And with full line of his authority,
Governs lord *Angelo;* a man whoſe blood,
Is very ſnow-broth; one who never feels
The wanton ſtings and motions of the ſenſe;

But

But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
With profits of the mind, ſtudy and faſt.
He, (to give fear to uſe and liberty,
Which have long time run by the hideous law,
As mice by lions;) hath pickt out an act,
Under whoſe heavy ſenſe your brother's life
Falls into forfeit; he arreſts him on it;
And follows cloſe the rigour of the ſtatute,
To make him an example; all hope's gone,
Unleſs you have the grace by your fair prayer
To ſoften *Angelo*; and that's my pith of buſineſs
'Twixt you and your poor brother.

Iſab. Doth he ſo
Seek for his life?

Lucio. H'as cenſur'd him already;
And, as I hear, the Provoſt hath a warrant
For's execution.

Iſab. Alas! what poor
Ability's in me, to do him good?

Lucio. Aſſay the power you have.

Iſab. My power? Alas! I doubt.

Lucio. Our doubts are traitors;
And make us looſe the good, we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt. Go to lord *Angelo*,
And let him learn to know, when maidens ſue,
Men give like Gods; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as truly theirs,
As they themſelves would owe them.

Iſab. I'll ſee what I can do.

Lucio. But, ſpeedily.

Iſab. I will about it ſtrait;
No longer ſtaying, but to give the mother
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you;
Commend me to my brother: ſoon at night
I'll ſend him certain word of my ſucceſs.

Lucio. I take my leave of you.

Iſab. Good Sir, adieu. [*Exeunt.*

ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The PALACE.

Enter Angelo, Eſcalus, *a Juſtice, and Attendants.*

ANGELO.

WE muſt not make a ſcare-crow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one ſhape, 'till cuſtom make it
Their pearch, and not their terror.

Eſcal. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruiſe to death. Alas! this gentleman,
Whom I would ſave, had a moſt noble father;
Let but your Honour know,
Whom I believe to be moſt ſtrait in virtue,
That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time coher'd with place, or place with wiſhing,
Or that the reſolute acting of your blood
Could have attain'd th' effect of your own purpoſe;
Whether you had not ſometime in your life
Err'd in this point, which now you cenſure him,
And pull'd the law upon you.

Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, *Eſcalus*,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The jury, paſſing on the priſoner's life,
May in the ſworn twelve have a thief or two,
Guiltier than him they try; what's open made to juſtice,
That juſtice ſeizes on. What know the laws,
That thieves do paſs on thieves? 'tis very pregnant,
The jewel that we find, we ſtoop and take't,
Becauſe we ſee it; but what we do not ſee,
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not ſo extenuate his offence,
For I have had ſuch faults; but rather tell me,
When

When I that cenſure him, do ſo offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he muſt die.

Enter Provoſt.

Eſcal. Be't, as your wiſdom will.
Ang. Where is the *Provoſt.*
Prov. Here, if it like your Honour.
Ang. See, that *Claudio*
Be executed by nine to morrow morning.
Bring him his confeſſor, let him be prepar'd;
For that's the utmoſt of his pilgrimage.——
[*Exit* Prov.
Eſcal. Well, heav'n forgive him! and forgive us all!
Some riſe by ſin, and ſome by virtue fall:
Some run through brakes of vice, and anſwer none;
And ſome condemned for a fault alone.

SCENE II.

Enter Elbow, Froth, Clown, *and* Officers.

Elb. COME, bring them away; if theſe be good people in a common-weal, that do nothing but uſe their abuſes in common houſes, I know no law; bring them away.

Ang. How now, Sir, what's your name? and what's the matter?

Elb. If it pleaſe your Honour, I am the poor Duke's conſtable, and my name is *Elbow;* I do lean upon juſtice, Sir, and do bring in here before your good Honour two notorious benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors? well; what benefactors are they? are they not malefactors?

Elb. If it pleaſe your Honour, I know not well what they are; but preciſe villains they are, that I am ſure of; and void of all profanation in the world, that good chriſtians ought to have.

Eſcal.

Eſcal. This comes off well; here's a wiſe officer.

Ang. Go to: what quality are they of? *Elbow* is your name? why doſt thou not ſpeak, *Elbow?*

Clown. He cannot, Sir; he's out at elbow.

Ang. What are you, Sir?

Elb. He, Sir? a tapſter, Sir; parcel-bawd; one that ſerves a bad woman; whoſe houſe, Sir, was, as they ſay, pluckt down in the ſuburbs; and now ſhe profeſſes a hot-houſe; which, I think, is a very ill houſe too.

Eſcal. How know you that?

Elb. My wife, Sir, whom I deteſt before heav'n and your Honour,——

Eſcal. How! thy wife?

Elb. Ay, Sir; whom, I thank heav'n, is an honeſt woman;——

Eſcal. Doſt thou deteſt her therefore?

Elb. I ſay, Sir, I will deteſt myſelf alſo, as well as ſhe, that this houſe, if it be not a bawd's houſe, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty houſe.

Eſcal. How doſt thou know that, conſtable?

Elb. Marry, Sir, by my wife; who, if ſhe had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accuſed in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanneſs there.

Eſcal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, Sir, by miſtreſs *Over-done*'s means, but as ſhe ſpit in his face, ſo ſhe defy'd him.

Clown. Sir, if it pleaſe your Honour, this is not ſo.

Elb. Prove it before theſe varlets here, thou honourable man, prove it.

Eſcal. Do you hear how he miſplaces?

" *Clown.* Sir, ſhe came in great with child; and " longing (ſaving your Honour's reverence) for " ſtew'd prewns; Sir, we had but two in the houſe, " which at that very diſtant time ſtood, as it were, in " a fruit-diſh, a diſh of ſome three pence; (your Ho- " nours have ſeen ſuch diſhes; they are not *China* " diſhes, but very good diſhes.) *Eſcal.*

Eſcal. Go to, go to; no matter for the diſh, Sir.

" *Clown.* No, indeed, Sir, not of a pin; you are " therein in the right: but to the point; as I ſay, " this miſtreſs *Elbow*, being, as I ſay, with child, and " being great belly'd, and longing, as I ſaid, for " prewns; and having but two in the diſh, as I ſaid; " maſter *Froth* here, this very man, having eaten the " reſt, as I ſaid, and, as I ſay, paying for them very " honeſtly; for, as you know, maſter *Froth*, I could " not give you three-pence again.

Froth. No, indeed.

" *Clown.* Very well; you being then, if you be " remembered, cracking the ſtones of the foreſaid " prewns.

Froth. Ay, ſo I did, indeed.

" *Clown.* Why, very well; I telling you then, if " you be remembred, that ſuch a one, and ſuch a " one, were paſt cure of the thing you wot of, un- " leſs they kept very good diet, as I told you.

Froth. All this is true.

" *Clown.* Why, very well then.

Eſcal. Come, you are a tedious fool; to the purpoſe: what was done to *Elbow*'s wife, that he hath cauſe to complain of? come to what was done to her.

" *Clown.* Sir, your Honour cannot come to that yet.

Eſcal, No, Sir, nor I mean it not.

" *Clown.* Sir, but you ſhall come to it, by your " Honour's leave: and, I beſeech you, look into " maſter *Froth* here, Sir, a man of fourſcore pound " a year; whoſe father dy'd at *Hallowmas*. Was't " not at *Hallowmas*, maſter *Froth* ?

Froth. All-holland eve.

" *Clown.* Why, very well; I hope here be truths. " He, Sir, ſitting, as I ſay, in a lower chair, Sir; " 'twas in the bunch of grapes, where, indeed, you " have a delight to ſit, have you not?

Froth. I have ſo, becauſe it is an open room, and good for winter.

" *Clown.*

" *Clown.* Why, very well then; I hope here be " truths.

Ang. This will laſt out a night in *Ruſſia*,
When nights are longeſt there. I'll take my leave,
And leave you to the hearing of the cauſe;
Hoping, you'll find good cauſe to whip them all.

SCENE III.

Eſcal. I Think no leſs. Good morrow to your lordſhip. [*Exit* Angelo.
Now, Sir, come on: what was done to *Elbow*'s wife, once more?

Clown. Once, Sir? there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beſeech you, Sir, aſk him what this man did to my wife.

Clown. I beſeech your Honour, aſk me.

Eſcal. Well, Sir, what did this gentleman to her?

Clown. I beſeech you, Sir, look in this gentleman's face; good maſter *Froth*, look upon his Honour; 'tis for a good purpoſe; doth your Honour mark his face?

Eſcal. Ay, Sir, very well.

Clown. Nay, I beſeech you, mark it well.

Eſcal. Well, I do ſo.

Clown. Doth your Honour ſee any harm in his face?

Eſcal. Why, no.

Clown. I'll be ſuppos'd upon a book, his face is the worſt thing about him: good then; if his face be the worſt thing about him, how could maſter *Froth* do the conſtable's wife any harm? I would know that of your Honour.

Eſcal. He's in the right; conſtable, what ſay you to it?

Elb. Firſt, an' it like you, the houſe is a reſpected houſe; next, this is a reſpected fellow; and his miſtreſs is a reſpected woman.

Clown.

Clown. By this hand, Sir, his wife is a more reſpected perſon than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou lieſt; thou lieſt, wicked varlet; the time is yet to come, that ſhe was ever reſpected with man, woman, or child.

Clown. Sir, ſhe was reſpected with him before he marry'd with her.

Eſcal. Which is the wiſer here? *Juſtice*, or *Iniquity?* —— Is this true?

Elb. O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked *Hannibal!* I reſpected with her, before I was marry'd to her? If ever I was reſpected with her, or ſhe with me, let not your worſhip think me the poor duke's officer; prove this, thou wicked *Hannibal*, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Eſcal. If he took you a box o'th' ear, you might have your action of ſlander too.

Elb, Marry, I thank your good worſhip for't: what is't your worſhip's pleaſure I ſhall do with this wicked caitiff?

Eſcal. Truly, officer, becauſe he hath ſome offences in him, that thou wouldſt diſcover if thou couldſt, let him continue in his courſes, 'till thou know'ſt what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your worſhip for it; thou ſeeſt, thou wicked varlet now, what's come upon thee. Thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue.

Eſcal. Where were you born, friend? [*To* Froth.

Froth. Here in *Vienna*, Sir.

Eſcal. Are you of fourſcore pounds a year?

Froth. Yes, and't pleaſe you, Sir,

Eſcal. So. What trade are you of, Sir?

[*To the* Clown.

Clown. A tapſter, a poor widow's tapſter.

Eſcal. Your miſtreſs's name?

Clown. Miſtreſs *Over-done.*

Eſcal. Hath ſhe had any more than one huſband?

Clown.

Clown. Nine, Sir: *Over-done* by the laſt.

Eſcal. Nine? come hither to me, maſter *Froth*: maſter *Froth*, I would not have you acquainted with tapſters; They will draw you, maſter *Froth*, and you will hang them. Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your worſhip; for mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouſe, but I am drawn in.

Eſcal. Well; no more of it, maſter *Froth*; farewel.

[*Exit* Froth.

SCENE IV.

Come you hither to me, maſter tapſter; what's your name, maſter tapſter?

Clown. Pompey.

Eſcal. What elſe?

Clown. Bum, Sir.

Eſcal. Troth, and your bum is the greateſt thing about you, ſo that, in the beaſtlieſt ſenſe, you are *Pompey* the Great. *Pompey*, you are partly a bawd, *Pompey*; howſoever you colour it in being a tapſter; are you not? come tell me true, it ſhall be the better for you.

Clown. Truly, Sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

Eſcal. How would you live, *Pompey*? by being a bawd? what do you think of the trade, *Pompey*? is it a lawful trade?

Clown. If the law will allow it, Sir.

Eſcal. But the law will not allow it, *Pompey*; nor it ſhall not be allowed in *Vienna*.

Clown. Does your worſhip mean to geld and ſplay all the youth in the city?

Eſcal. No, *Pompey*.

Clown. Truly, Sir, in my poor opinion, they will to't

to't then. If your worſhip will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not fear the bawds.

Eſcal. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging.

Clown. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten years together, you'll be glad to give out a commiſſion for more heads: if this law hold in *Vienna* ten years, *I'll rent the faireſt houſe in it, after three pence a bay: if you live to ſee this come to paſs, ſay, *Pompey* told you ſo.

Eſcal. Thank you, good *Pompey*; and in requital of your prophecy, hark you; I adviſe you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatſoever; no, not for dwelling where you do; if I do, *Pompey*, I ſhall beat you to your tent, and prove a ſhrewd *Cæſar* to you: in plain dealing, *Pompey*, I ſhall have you whipt: ſo for this time, *Pompey*, fare you well.

Clown. I thank your worſhip for your good counſel; but I ſhall follow it, as the fleſh and fortune ſhall better determine.

Whip me? no, no; let carman whip his jade;
The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade.

[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Eſcal. COME hither to me, maſter *Elbow*; come hither, maſter conſtable; how long have you been in this place of conſtable?

Elb. Seven years and a half, Sir.

* *I'll rent the faireſt houſe in it, for three pence a bay:*] Mr. *Theobald* found that this was the Reading of the old Books, and he follows it out of pure Reverence for Antiquity. He ſuppoſes *Bay* to be that Projection called a Bay-window; as if the Way of rating Houſes was by the Number of their Bay-windows. But it is quite another Thing, and ſignifies the ſquared Frame of a Timber Houſe; each of which Diviſions or Squares is called a *Bay*. Hence a Building of ſo many Bays.

Eſcal.

Eſcal. I thought, by your readineſs in the office, you had continued in it ſome time: you ſay ſeven years together?

Elb. And a half, Sir.

Eſcal. Alas! it hath been great pains to you; they do you wrong to put you ſo oft upon't: are there not men in your ward ſufficient to ſerve it?

Elb. Faith, Sir, few of any wit in ſuch matters; as they are choſen, they are glad to chuſe me for them. I do it for ſome piece of money, and go through with all.

Eſcal. Look you, bring me in the names of ſome ſix or ſeven, the moſt ſufficient of your pariſh.

Elb. To your worſhip's houſe, Sir?

Eſcal. To my houſe; fare you well. What's a clock, think you? [*Exit* Elbow.

Juſt. Eleven, Sir.

Eſcal. I pray you, home to dinner with me.

Juſt. I humbly thank you.

Eſcal. It grieves me for the death of *Claudio*:
But there's no remedy.

Juſt. Lord *Angelo* is ſevere.

Eſcal. It is but needful:
Mercy is not itſelf, that oft looks ſo;
Pardon is ſtill the nurſe of ſecond woe:
But yet, poor *Claudio!* there's no remedy.
Come, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Provoſt, *and a Servant.*

Serv. HE's hearing of a cauſe; he will come ſtraight: I'll tell him of you.

Prov. Pray you, do; I'll know
His pleaſure; 't may be, he'll relent; alas!
He hath but as offended in a dream:
All ſects, all ages ſmack of this vice; and he
To die for it! ——

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Now, what's the matter, *Provoſt?*
Prov. Is it your will, *Claudio* ſhall die to morrow?
Ang. Did not I tell thee, yea? hadſt thou not order?
Why doſt thou aſk again?
Prov. Leſt I might be too raſh.
Under your good correction, I have ſeen,
When, after execution, judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom.
Ang. Go to; let that be mine,
Do you your office, or give up your place,
And you ſhall well be ſpar'd.
Prov. I crave your pardon.
What ſhall be done, Sir, with the groaning *Juliet?*
She's very near her hour.
Ang. Diſpoſe of her
To ſome more fitting place, and that with ſpeed.
Serv. Here is the ſiſter of the man condemn'd,
Deſires acceſs to you.
Ang. Hath he a ſiſter?
Prov. Ay, my good lord, a very virtuous maid,
And to be ſhortly of a ſiſter-hood,
If not already.
Ang. Well; let her be admitted. [*Exit Servant.*
See you, the fornicatreſs be remov'd;
Let her have needful, but not laviſh, means;
There ſhall be order for it.

SCENE VII.

Enter Lucio *and* Iſabella.

Prov. SAVE your honour.
Ang. Stay yet a while.——Y'are welcome; what's your will?
Iſab. I am a woful ſuitor to your Honour,
Pleaſe but your Honour hear me.

Ang.

Ang. Well; what's your ſuit?

Iſab. There is a vice that moſt I do abhor,
And moſt deſire ſhould meet the blow of juſtice;
For which I would not plead, but that I muſt;
For which I muſt not plead, but that I am
At war, 'twixt will, and will not.

Ang. Well; the matter?

Iſab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die;
I do beſeech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.

Prov. Heav'n give thee moving graces!

Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it?
Why, every fault's condemn'd, ere it be done;
Mine were the very cipher of a function,
To find the faults, whoſe fine ſtands in record,
And let go by the actor.

Iſab. O juſt, but ſevere law!
I had a brother then; —— heav'n keep your Honour!

Lucio. Give not o'er ſo: to him again, intreat him,
Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown;
You are too cold; if you ſhould need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue deſire it.
To him, I ſay.

Iſab. Muſt he needs die?

Ang. Maiden, no remedy.

Iſab. Yes; I do think that you might pardon him;
And neither heav'n, nor man, grieve at the mercy.

Ang. I will not do't.

Iſab. But can you, if you would?

Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

Iſab. But might you do't, and do the world no wrong,
If ſo your heart were touch'd with that remorſe,
As mine is to him?

Ang. He's ſentenc'd; 'tis too late.

Lucio. You are too cold.

Iſab. Too late? why, no; I, that do ſpeak a word,
May call it back again: Well believe this,
No ceremony that to Great ones 'longs,
Not the King's crown, nor the deputed ſword,
The marſhal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half ſo good a grace,
As mercy does: if he had been as you,
And you as he, you would have ſlipt like him;
But he, like you, would not have been ſo ſtern.

Ang. Pray you, be gone.

Iſab. I wou'd to heav'n I had your potency,
And you were *Iſabel;* ſhould it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a priſoner.

Lucio. Ay, touch him; there's the vein.

Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waſte your words.

Iſab. Alas! alas!
Why, all the ſouls that are, were forfeit once:
And he, that might the 'vantage beſt have took,
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If he, which is the top of judgment, ſhould
But judge you, as you are? oh, think on that;
* And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.

Ang. Be you content, fair maid;
It is the law, not I, condemns your brother.
Were he my kinſman, brother, or my ſon,
It ſhould be thus with him; he dies to-morrow.

Iſab. To-morrow, Oh! that's ſudden. Spare him,
ſpare him.
He's not prepar'd for death: Even for our kitchins
We kill the fowl, of ſeaſon; ſhall we ſerve heav'n

**And mercy then will breathe within your lips,*
Like man new made.] This is a fine Thought, and finely expreſſed: The Meaning is, that *Mercy will add ſuch Grace to your Perſon, that you will appear as amiable as Man come freſh out of the Hands of his Creator.*

With

With leſs reſpect, than we do miniſter [you:
To our groſs ſelves? good, good my lord, bethink
Who is it, that hath dy'd for this offence?
There's many hath committed it.

Lucio. Ay, well ſaid.

Ang. The law hath not been dead, tho' it hath
Thoſe many had not dar'd to do that evil, [ſlept:
If the firſt man that did th' edict infringe,
Had anſwered for his deed. Now, 'tis awake;
Takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glaſs that ſhews what future evils,
Or new, or by remiſſneſs new-conceiv'd,
And ſo in progreſs to be hatch'd and born,
Are now to have no ſucceſſive degrees;
But ere they live, to end.

Iſab. Yet ſhew ſome pity.

Ang. I ſhew it moſt of all, when I ſhew juſtice;
For then I pity thoſe, I do not know;
Which a diſmiſs'd offence would after gaul;
And do him right, that, anſwering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be ſatisfy'd;
Your brother dies to-morrow; be content.

Iſab. So you muſt be the firſt, that gives this ſentence;
And he, that ſuffers: oh, 'tis excellent
To have a giant's ſtrength; but it is tyrannous,
To uſe it like a giant.

Lucio. That's well ſaid.

Iſab. Could great men thunder
As *Jove* himſelf does, *Jove* would ne'er be quiet;
For every pelting, petty, officer
Would uſe his heav'n for thunder;
Nothing but thunder: merciful heav'n!
Thou rather with thy ſharp, and ſulph'rous, bolt
Split'ſt the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,
Than the ſoft myrtle: O, but man! proud man,
Dreſt in a little brief authority,
Moſt ignorant of what he's moſt aſſur'd,

His glaſſy eſſence, like an angry ape,
Plays ſuch fantaſtic tricks before high heav'n,
As makes the angels weep; who, with our ſpleens,
Would all themſelves laugh mortal.

Lucio. Oh, to him, to him, Wench: he will relent;
He's coming: I perceive't.

Prov. Pray heav'n, ſhe win him!

Iſab. We cannot weigh our brother with yourſelf:
Great men may jeſt with Saints; 'tis wit in them;
But, in the leſs, foul prophanation.

Lucio. Thou'rt right, girl; more o' that.

Iſab. That in the captain's but a choleric word,
Which in the ſoldier is flat blaſphemy.

Lucio. Art avis'd o'that? more on't.

Ang. Why do you put theſe ſayings upon me?

Iſab. Becauſe authority, tho' it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itſelf,
That ſkins the vice o'th' top: go to your boſom;
Knock there, and aſk your heart, what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault; if it confeſs
A natural guiltineſs, ſuch as is his,
Let it not ſound a thought upon your tongue
Againſt my brother's life.

Ang. She ſpeaks, and 'tis ſuch ſenſe,
That my ſenſe bleeds with it. Fare you well.

Iſab. Gentle, my lord, turn back.

Ang. I will bethink me; come again to-morrow.

Iſab. Hark, how I'll bribe you: good my lord, turn back.

Ang. How? bribe me?

Iſab. Ay, with ſuch gifts, that heav'n ſhall ſhare with you.

Lucio. You had marr'd all elſe.

Iſab. Not with fond ſhekles of the teſted gold,
Or ſtones, whoſe rate are either rich, or poor,
As fancy values them; but with true prayers,
That ſhall be up at heav'n, and enter there,
Ere ſun-riſe: prayers from preſerved ſouls,

From

From faſting maids, whoſe minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.
Ang. Well; come to-morrow.
Lucio. Go to; 'tis well; away.
Iſab. Heav'n keep your Honour ſafe!
Ang. Amen:
For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers croſs,
Iſab. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordſhip?
Ang. At any time 'fore noon.
Iſab. Save your Honour!

[*Exeunt* Lucio *and* Iſabella.

SCENE VIII.

Ang. FROM thee; even from thy virtue.
What's this? what's this? is this her fault, or mine?
The tempter, or the tempted, who ſins moſt?
Not ſhe; nor doth ſhe tempt; but it is I,
That, lying by the violet in the ſun,
Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous ſeaſon. Can it be,
That modeſty may more betray our ſenſe,
Than woman's lightneſs? having waſte ground enough,
Shall we deſire to raze the ſanctuary,
And pitch our evils there? oh, fie, fie, fie!
What doſt thou? or what art thou, *Angelo?*
Doſt thou deſire her foully, for thoſe things
That make her good? Oh, let her brother live:
Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges ſteal themſelves. What? do I love her,
That I deſire to hear her ſpeak again,
And feaſt upon her eyes? what is't I dream on?
Oh, cunning enemy, that, to catch a Saint,
With Saints doſt bait thy hook! moſt dangerous

Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
To ſin in loving virtue: ne'er could the ſtrumpet,
With all her double vigour, art and nature,
Once ſtir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite: Ever 'till this very Now,
When men were fond, I ſmil'd, and wonder'd how.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IX.

Changes to a Priſon.

Enter Duke habited like a Friar, and Provoſt.

Duke. HAIL to you, *Provoſt!* ſo, I think, you are.
Prov. I am the *Provoſt;* what's your will, good *Friar?*
Duke. Bound by my charity, and my bleſt Order,
I come to viſit the afflicted ſpirits
Here in the priſon; do me the common right
To let me ſee them, and to make me know
The nature of their crimes; that I may miniſter
To them accordingly.
Prov. I would do more than that, if more were needful.

Enter Juliet.

Look, here comes one; a gentlewoman of mine,
*Who falling in the flames of her own youth,
Hath bliſter'd her report: ſhe is with child;
And he, that got it, ſentenc'd: a young man
More fit to do another ſuch offence,
Than die for this.
Duke. When muſt he die?
Prov. As I do think, to-morrow.
I have provided for you; ſtay a while, [*To* Juliet.
And you ſhall be conducted.
Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the ſin you carry?

* *Who falling in the* flaws *of her own youth*
Hath bliſter'd *her report:*] Who doth not ſee that the Integrity of the Metaphor requires we ſhould read, flames *of her own youth.*

Juliet.

Juliet. I do; and bear the ſhame moſt patiently.
Duke. I'll teach you, how you ſhall arraign your conſcience,
And try your penitence, if it be ſound,
Or hollowly put on.
Juliet. I'll gladly learn.
Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?
Juliet. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.
Duke. So then, it ſeems, your moſt offenceful act
Was mutually committed.
Juliet. Mutually.
Duke. Then was your ſin of heavier kind than his.
Juliet. I do confeſs it, and repent it, father.
Duke. 'Tis meet ſo, daughter; but repent you not,
As that the ſin hath brought you to this ſhame?
Which ſorrow's always tow'rds ourſelves, not heav'n;
Shewing, we'd not ſeek heaven, as we love it,
But as we ſtand in fear.
Juliet. I do repent me, as it is an evil;
And take the ſhame with joy.
Duke. There reſt.
Your partner, as I hear, muſt die to-morrow,
And I am going with inſtruction to him;
So, grace go with you! *benedicite.* [*Exit.*
Juliet. Muſt die to-morrow! oh, injurious love,
That reſpites me a life, whoſe very comfort
Is ſtill a dying horror!
Prov. 'Tis pity of him.

SCENE X.

Changes to the Palace.

Enter Angelo.

Ang. WHEN I would pray and think, I think and pray
To ſev'ral ſubjects: heav'n hath my empty words,
Whilſt my intention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on *Iſabel.* Heav'n's in my mouth,

As if I did but only chew its name;
And in my heart the ſtrong and ſwelling evil
Of my conception: the ſtate, whereon I ſtudied,
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown ſear'd and tedious; yea, my gravity
Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,
Could I with boot change for an idle plume
Which the air beats for vain. Oh place! oh form!
How often doſt thou with thy caſe, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiſer ſouls
To thy falſe ſeeming? blood, thou art but blood:
Let's write good angel on the devil's horn;
'Tis not the devil's creſt.

Enter Servant.

How now, who's there?——

Serv. One *Iſabel*, a ſiſter, deſires acceſs to you.

Ang. Teach her the way. Oh heav'ns!
Why does my blood thus muſter to my heart,
Making both That unable for itſelf,
And diſpoſſeſſing all my other parts
Of neceſſary fitneſs?
So play the fooliſh throngs with one that ſwoons;
Come all to help him, and ſo ſtop the air
By which he ſhould revive: and even ſo
The gen'ral ſubjects to a well-wiſht King
Quit their own part, and in obſequious fondneſs
Crowd to his preſence, where their untaught love
Muſt needs appear offence. How now, fair maid?

SCENE. XI.

Enter Iſabella.

Iſab. I Am come to know your pleaſure.

Ang. That you might know it, would much better pleaſe me,
Than to demand, what 'tis. Your brother cannot live.

Iſab.

Iſab. Ev'n ſo? — Heaven keep your Honour! [*Going.*

Ang. Yet may he live a while; and, it may be,
As long as you or I; yet he muſt die.

Iſab. Under your ſentence?

Ang. Yea.

Iſab. When, I beſeech you? that in his reprieve,
Longer or ſhorter, he may be ſo fitted,
That his ſoul ſicken not.

Ang. Ha? fie, theſe filthy vices! 'twere as good
To pardon him, that hath from nature ſtol'n
A man already made, as to remit
Their ſawcy ſweetneſs, that do coin heav'n's image
In ſtamps that are forbid: 'tis all as eaſy,
Falſely to take away a life true made;
As to put metal in reſtrained means,
To make a falſe one.

Iſab. 'Tis ſet down ſo in heav'n, but not in earth.

Ang. And ſay you ſo? then I ſhall poze you quickly.
Which had you rather, that the moſt juſt law
Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him,
Give up your body to ſuch ſweet uncleanneſs,
As ſhe, that he hath ſtain'd?

Iſab. Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my ſoul.

Ang. I talk not of your ſoul; our compell'd ſins
Stand more for number than accompt.

Iſab. How ſay you?

Ang. Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can ſpeak
Againſt the thing I ſay. Anſwer to this:
I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a ſentence on your brother's life:
Might there not be a charity in ſin,
To ſave this brother's life?

Iſab. Pleaſe you to do't,
I'll take it as a peril to my ſoul,
It is no ſin at all, but charity.

Ang. Pleas'd you to do't at peril of your ſoul,
Were equal poize of ſin and charity.

Iſab. That I do beg his life, if it be ſin,
Heav'n, let me bear it! you, granting my ſuit,
If that be ſin, I'll make it my morn-pray'r
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your anſwer.

Ang. Nay, but here me:
Your ſenſe purſues not mine: either, you're ignorant;
Or ſeem ſo, craftily; and that's not good.

Iſab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciouſly to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus wiſdom wiſhes to appear moſt bright,
When it doth tax itſelf: as theſe black maſks,
Proclaim an en-ſhield beauty ten times louder,
Than beauty could diſplay'd. But mark me,
To be received plain, I'll ſpeak more groſs;
Your brother is to die.

Iſab. So.

Ang. And his offence is ſo, as it appears
Accountant to the law upon that pain.

Iſab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to ſave his life.
(As I ſubſcribe not that, nor any other,
But in the loſs of queſtion,) that you his ſiſter,
Finding yourſelf deſir'd of ſuch a perſon,
Whoſe credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-holding law; and that there were
No earthly mean to ſave him, but that either
You muſt lay down the treaſures of your body
To this ſuppos'd, or elſe to let him ſuffer;
What would you do?

Iſab. As much for my poor brother, as myſelf:
That is, were I under the terms of death,
Th' impreſſion of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And ſtrip myſelf to death, as to a bed

That

That longing I've been ſick for, ere I'd yield
My body up to ſhame.

Ang. Then muſt your brother die.

Iſab. And 'twere the cheaper way;
Better it were, a brother dy'd at once;
Than that a ſiſter, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the ſentence,
That you have ſlander'd ſo?

Iſab. As ignominious ranſom, and free pardon,
Are of two houſes; lawful mercy, ſure,
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.

Ang. You ſeem'd of late to make the law a tyrant,
And rather prov'd the ſliding of your brother
A merriment, than a vice,

Iſab. Oh pardon me, my lord; it oft falls out,
To have what we would have, we ſpeak not what we
I ſomething do excuſe the thing I hate, [mean:
For his advantage that I dearly love.

Ang. We are all frail.

Iſab. * Elſe let my brother die.
If not a feodary, but only he,
Owe, and ſucceed by weakneſs!

Ang. Nay, women are frail too.

Iſab. Ay, as the glaſſes where they view themſelves;
Which are as eaſy broke, as they make forms.
Women! help heav'n; men their creation mar,
In profiting by them: nay, call us ten times frail;

1 *Elſe let my brother die.*

If not a feodary, *but only he*, &c.] This is ſo obſcure, but the Alluſion ſo fine, that it deſerves to be explain'd. A *Feodary* was one, that in the Times of Vaſſalage held Lands of the chief Lord, under the Tenure of paying Rent and Service: Which Tenures were call'd *Feuda* amongſt the *Goths*. Now, ſays *Angelo*, "we are all frail; yes, re-"plies *Iſabella;* if all Mankind were not *Feodaries*, who owe what "they are to this Tenure of *Imbecillity*, and who ſucceed each other "by the ſame Tenure, as well as my Brother, I would give him up." The comparing Mankind, lying under the Weight of original Sin, to a *Feodary*, who owes *Suit* and *Service* to his Lord, is, I think, not ill imagined.

For

For we are ſoft as our complexions are,
*And credulous to falſe prints.
Ang. I think it well;
And from this teſtimony of your own ſex,
(Since I ſuppoſe we're made to be no ſtronger,
Than faults may ſhake our frames) let me be bold;
I do arreſt your words: be That you are,
That is, a women; if you're more, you're none.
If you be one, as you are well expreſs'd
By all external warrants, ſhew it now,
By putting on the deſtin'd livery.
Iſab. I have no tongue but one; gentle, my lord,
Let me intreat you, † ſpeak the formal language.
Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.
Iſab. My brother did love *Juliet;*
And you tell me, that he ſhall die for it.
Ang. He ſhall not, *Iſabel*, if you give me love.
Iſab. I know. your virtue hath a licence in't,
Which ſeems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.
Ang. Believe me, on mine honour,
My words expreſs my purpoſe.
Iſab. Ha! little honour to be much believ'd,
And moſt pernicious purpoſe! ſeeming, ſeeming!—
I will proclaim thee, *Angelo;* look for't:
Sign me a preſent pardon for my brother,
Or, with an out-ſtretch'd throat, I'll tell the world
Aloud, what man thou art.
Ang. Who will believe thee, *Iſabel?*
My unſoil'd name, th' auſtereneſs of my life,
My vouch againſt you, and my place i'th' ſtate,
Will ſo your accuſation over-weigh,
That you ſhall ſtifle in your own report,
And ſmell of calumny. I have begun;
And now I give my ſenſual race the rein.

* *And credulous to falſe prints.*] *i. e.* take any Impreſſion.
† —*ſpeak the* former *language.*] We ſhould read *formal* which he here uſes for plain, direct.

Fit

Fit thy conſent to my ſharp appetite,
Lay by all nicety, and prolixious bluſhes,
That baniſh what they ſue for; redeem thy brother
By yielding up thy body to my will:
Or elſe he muſt not only die the death,
But thy unkindneſs ſhall his death draw out
To ling'ring ſufferance. Anſwer me to-morrow;
Or by th' affection that now guides me moſt,
I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,
Say what you can; my falſe o'erweighs your true. [*Ex.*

Iſab. To whom ſhould I complain? did I tell this,
Who would believe me? O moſt perilous mouths,
That bear in them one and the ſelf-ſame tongue,
Either of condemnation or approof;
Bidding the law make curtſy to their will;
Hooking both right and wrong to th' appetite,
To follow, as it draws. I'll to my brother.
Tho' he hath fall'n by prompture of the blood,
Yet hath he in him ſuch a mind of honour,
That had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up;
Before his ſiſter ſhould her body ſtoop
To ſuch abhorr'd pollution.
Then, *Iſabel*, live chaſte; and, brother, die;
More than our brother is our chaſtity.
I'll tell him yet of *Angelo*'s requeſt;
And fit his mind to death, for his ſoul's Reſt. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The PRISON.

Enter Duke, Claudio, *and* Provoſt.

DUKE.

SO, then you hope of pardon from lord *Angelo*?

Claud. The miſerable have no other medicine,
But only Hope: I've hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

Duke. Be abſolute for death: or death, or life,

Shall thereby be the ſweeter. Reaſon thus with life;
If I do loſe thee, I do loſe a thing,
That none but fools would reck; a breath thou art,
Servile to all the ſkiey influences,
That do this habitation, where thou keep'ſt,
Hourly afflict; merely thou art Death's Fool;
For him thou labour'ſt by thy flight to ſhun,
And yet runn'ſt tow'rd him ſtill. Thou art not noble;
For all th' accommodations, that thou bear'ſt,
Are nurs'd by baſeneſs: thou'rt by no means valiant;
For thou doſt fear the ſoft and tender fork
Of a poor worm. Thy beſt of Reſt is ſleep,
And that thou oft provok'ſt; yet groſly fear'ſt
Thy death, which is no more. Thou'rt not thyſelf;
For thou exiſt'ſt on many a thouſand grains,
That iſſue out of duſt. Happy thou art not;
For what thou haſt not, ſtill thou ſtriv'ſt to get;
And what thou haſt forget'ſt. Thou art not certain;
For thy complexion ſhifts to ſtrange effects,
After the moon. If thou art rich, thou'rt poor;
For, like an aſs, whoſe back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'ſt thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloadeth thee. Friend thou haſt none;
For thy own bowels, which do call thee Sire,
The mere effuſion of thy proper loins,
Do curſe the *Gout*, *Serpigo*, and the *Rheum*,
For ending thee no ſooner. Thou haſt nor youth, nor age;
But as it were an after-dinner's ſleep,
Dreaming on both; for pall'd, thy blazed youth
Becomes aſſuaged, and doth beg the alms
Of palſied Eld; and when thou'rt old and rich,
Thou haſt neither *heat, affection, limb, nor bounty

*—*heat, affection, limb, nor* beauty] But how does *Beauty* make *Riches pleaſant?* We ſhould read *Bounty*, which completes the Senſe, and is this; Thou haſt neither the Pleaſure of enjoying Riches thyſelf, for thou wanteſt Vigour: Nor of ſeeing it enjoyed by others, for thou wanteſt *Bounty*. Where the making the Want of *Bounty* as inſeparable from old Age as the Want of *Health*, is extremely ſatirical tho' not altogether juſt.

To

To make thy riches pleaſant. What's yet in this,
That bears the name of life? yet in this life
Lie hid more thouſand deaths; yet death we fear,
That makes theſe odds all even.

Claud. I humbly thank you.
To ſue to live, I find, I ſeek to die;
And, ſeeking death, find life: let it come on.

Enter Iſabella.

Iſab. What, ho? peace here, grace and good company!

Prov. Who's there? come in: the wiſh deſerves a welcome.

Duke. Dear Sir, ere long I'll viſit you again.

Claud. Moſt holy Sir, I thank you.

Iſab. My Buſineſs is a word, or two, with *Claudio.*

Prov. And very welcome. Look, Signior, here's your ſiſter.

Duke. Provoſt, a word with you.

Prov. As many as you pleaſe.

Duke. Bring them to ſpeak where I may be conceal'd,
Yet hear them. [*Exeunt* Duke *and* Provoſt.

SCENE II.

Claud. NOW, ſiſter, what's the comfort?

Iſab. Why, as all comforts are; moſt good in Deed:
Lord *Angelo*, having affairs to heav'n,
Intends you for his ſwift ambaſſador;
Where you ſhall be an everlaſting leiger.
Therefore your beſt appointment make with ſpeed,
To-morrow you ſet on.

Claud. Is there no remedy?

Iſab. None, but ſuch remedy, as, to ſave a head,
To cleave a heart in twain.

Claud.

Claud. But is there any?

Iſab. Yes, brother, you may live:
There is a deviliſh mercy in the judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you 'till death.

Claud. Perpetual durance?

Iſab. Ay, juſt; perpetual durance: a reſtraint,
Tho' all the world's vaſtidity you had,
To a determin'd ſcope.

Claud. But in what nature?

Iſab. In ſuch a one, as you, conſenting to't,
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.

Claud. Let me know the point.

Iſab. Oh, I do fear thee, *Claudio;* and I quake,
Leſt thou a fev'rous life ſhould'ſt entertain,
And ſix or ſeven Winters more reſpect
Than a perpetual Honour. Dar'ſt thou die?
The ſenſe of death is moſt in apprehenſion;
And the poor Beetle, that we tread upon,
In corp'ral ſufferance finds a pang as great,
As when a giant dies.

Claud. Why give you me this ſhame?
Think you, I can a reſolution fetch
From flow'ry tenderneſs? if I muſt die,
I will encounter darkneſs as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.

Iſab. There ſpake my brother; there my father's grave
Did utter forth a voice. Yes, thou muſt die:
Thou art too noble to conſerve a life
In baſe appliances. This outward-ſainted Deputy,
Whoſe ſettled viſage and delib'rate word
Nips youth i'th' head; and follies doth emmew,
As faulcon doth the fowl; is yet a devil,
His filth within being caſt, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.

Claud.

Claud. *The Prieſtly *Angelo?*

Iſab. Oh, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'ſt body to inveſt and cover
In * Prieſtly guards. Doſt thou think, *Claudio*,
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou might'ſt be freed?

Claud. Oh, heavens! it cannot be.

Iſab. Yes, he would give thee for this rank offence,
So to offend him ſtill. This night's the time
That I ſhould do what I abhor to name,
Or elſe thou dy'ſt to-morrow.

Claud. Thou ſhalt not do't.

Iſab. Oh, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.

Claud. Thanks, deareſt *Iſabel.*

Iſab. Be ready, *Claudio*, for your death to-morrow.

Claud. Yes. Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by th' noſe,
When he would force it? ſure, it is no ſin;
Or of the deadly ſeven it is the leaſt.

Iſab. Which is the leaſt?

Claud. If it were damnable, he being ſo wiſe,
Why would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fin'd? oh *Iſabel!*

Iſab. What ſays my brother?

Claud. Death's a fearful thing.

Iſab. And ſhamed life a hateful.

Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obſtruction, and to rot;

* *The* Princely *Angelo?*—Princely *guards.*] Some Editors miſtaking *Guards* for Satellites,) whereas it here ſignifies *Lace)* altered *Prieſtly*, in both Places, to *Princely*. Whereas *Shakeſpear* wrote it *Prieſtly*, as appears from the Words themſelves. In the firſt Place we ſee that *Guards* here ſignifies *Lace*, as referring to *Livery*, and as having no Senſe in the Signification of *Satellites*. Now *prieſtly Guards* means *Sanctity*, which is the Senſe required. But *princely Guard* means nothing but *rich Lace*, which is a Senſe the Paſſage will not bear.

This

This ſenſible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted ſpirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reſide
In thrilling regions of thick-ribb'd ice;
To be impriſon'd in the viewleſs winds,
And blown with reſtleſs violence round about
The pendant world; or to be worſe than worſt
Of thoſe, that lawleſs and incertain thoughts
Imagine howling; 'tis too horrible!
The wearieſt and moſt loathed worldly life,
That age, ach, penury, impriſonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradiſe
To what we fear of death.

Iſab. Alas! alas!

Claud. Sweet ſiſter, let me live;
What ſin you do to ſave a brother's life,
Nature diſpenſes with the deed ſo far,
That it becomes a virtue.

Iſab. Oh, you beaſt!
Oh, faithleſs coward! oh, diſhoneſt wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man, out of my vice?
Is't not a kind of inceſt, to take life
From thine own ſiſter's ſhame? what ſhould I think?
Heav'n grant, my mother plaid my father fair!
For ſuch a warped ſlip of wilderneſs
Ne'er iſſu'd from his blood. Take my defiance,
Die, periſh! might my only bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it ſhould proceed.
I'll pray a thouſand prayers for thy death;
No word to ſave thee.

Claud. Nay, hear me, *Iſabel.*

Iſab. Oh, fie, fie, fie!
Thy ſin's not accidental, but a trade;
Mercy to thee would prove itſelf a bawd;
'Tis beſt, that thou dy'ſt quickly.

Claud. Oh hear me, *Iſabella.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

To them, Enter Duke *and* Provoſt.

Duke. VOUCHSAFE a word, young ſiſter; but one word.

Iſab. What is your will?

Duke. Might you diſpenſe with your leiſure, I would by and by have ſome ſpeech with you; the ſatisfaction I would require, is likewiſe your own benefit.

Iſab. I have no ſuperfluous leiſure; my ſtay muſt be ſtolen out of other affairs: but I will attend you a while.

Duke. Son, I have over-heard what hath paſt between you and your Siſter. *Angelo* had never the purpoſe to corrupt her; only he hath made an aſſay of her virtue, to practiſe his judgment with the diſpoſition of natures. She, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial, which he is moſt glad to receive: I am Confeſſor to *Angelo*, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare yourſelf to death. Do not falſify your reſolution with hopes that are fallible; to-morrow you muſt die; go to your knees, and make ready.

Claud. Let me aſk my ſiſter pardon; I am ſo out of love with life, that I will ſue to be rid of it.

[*Exit* Claud.

Duke. Hold you there; farewel. *Provoſt*, a word with you.

Prov. What's your will, father?

Duke. That now you are come, you will be gone; leave me a while with the maid: my mind promiſes with my habit, no loſs ſhall touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time. [*Exit* Prov.

Duke. The hand, that hath made you fair, hath made

made you good; the goodneſs, that is cheap in beauty, makes beauty brief in goodneſs; but grace, being the ſoul of your complexion, ſhall keep the body of it ever fair. The aſſault, that *Angelo* hath made on you, fortune hath convey'd to my underſtanding; and but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I ſhould wonder at *Angelo:* how will you do to content this Subſtitute, and to ſave your brother?

Iſab. I am now going to reſolve him: I had rather my brother die by the law, than my ſon ſhould be unlawfully born. But, oh, how much is the good Duke deceiv'd in *Angelo?* if ever he return, and I can ſpeak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or diſcover his Government.

Duke. That ſhall not be much amiſs; yet as the matter now ſtands, he will avoid your accuſation; he made trial of you only. Therefore faſten your ear on my adviſings: to the love I have in doing good, a remedy preſents itſelf. I do make myſelf believe, that you may moſt uprightly do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no ſtain to your own gracious perſon; and much pleaſe the abſent Duke, if, peradventure, he ſhall ever return to have hearing of this buſineſs.

Iſab. Let me hear you ſpeak farther; I have ſpirit to do any thing, that appears not foul in the truth of my ſpirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and Goodneſs never fearful: have you not heard ſpeak of *Mariana*, the ſiſter of *Frederick*, the great ſoldier who miſcarried at ſea?

Iſab. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. Her ſhould this *Angelo* have marry'd; was affianc'd to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the ſolemnity, her brother *Frederick* was wreckt at ſea, having in that periſh'd veſſel the dowry of his ſiſter.

ſiſter. But mark, how heavily this befel to the poor gentlewoman; there ſhe loſt a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever moſt kind and natural; with him the portion and ſinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both, her combinate huſband, this well-ſeeming *Angelo*.

Iſab. Can this be ſo? did *Angelo* ſo leave her?

Duke. Left her in tears, and dry'd not one of them with his comfort; ſwallow'd his vows whole, pretending, in her, diſcoveries of diſhonour: in few, beſtow'd her on her own lamentation, which ſhe yet wears for his ſake; and he, a marble to her tears, is waſhed with them, but relents not.

Iſab. What a merit were it in death to take this poor maid from the world! what corruption in this life, that it will let this man live! but how out of this can ſhe avail?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may eaſily heal; and the cure of it not only ſaves your brother, but keeps you from diſhonour in doing it.

Iſab. Shew me how, good father.

Duke. This fore-nam'd maid hath yet in her the continuance of her firſt affection; his unjuſt unkindneſs, (that in all reaſon ſhould have quenched her love,) hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to *Angelo*, anſwer his requiring with a plauſible obedience; agree with his demands to the point; only refer yourſelf to this advantage: firſt, that your ſtay with him may not be long; that the time may have all ſhadow and ſilence in it; and the place anſwer to convenience. This being granted, in courſe now follows all: we ſhall adviſe this wronged maid to ſtead up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itſelf hereafter, it may compel him to her recompence; and here by this is your brother ſaved, your Honour untainted, the poor *Mariana* advantaged, and the corrupt Deputy ſcaled. The maid will

will I frame, and make fit for his attempt: if you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleneſs of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

Iſab. The image of it gives me content already, and, I truſt, it will grow to a moſt proſperous perfection.

Duke. It lies much in your holding up; haſte you ſpeedily to *Angelo;* if for this night he intreat you to his bed, give him promiſe of ſatisfaction. I will preſently to St. *Luke*'s; there at the moated Grange reſides this dejected *Mariana;* at that place call upon me, and diſpatch with *Angelo*, that it may be quickly.

Iſab. I thank you for this comfort: fare you well, good father. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to the Street.

Re-enter Duke *as a Friar,* Elbow, Clown, *and Officers.*

Elb. NAY, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and ſell men and women like beaſts, we ſhall have all the world drink brown and white * baſtard.

Duke. Oh, heav'ns! what ſtuff is here?

Clown. 'Twas never merry world ſince of two uſuries the merrieſt was put down, † and the worſer allow'd by order of law. *** a furr'd gown to keep

* *baſtard.*] A Kind of ſweet Wine then much in Vogue. From the *Italian, Baſtardo.*

† — *and the worſer allow'd by order of law. A furr'd gown,* &c.] Here a Satire on Uſury turns abruptly to a Satire on the Perſon of the Uſurer, without any Kind of Preparation. We may be aſſured then, that a Line or two, at leaſt, have been loſt. The Subject of which we may eaſily diſcover, a Compariſon between the two Uſurers; as, before, between the two Uſuries. So that for the Future the Paſſage ſhould be read with Aſteriſks thus— *by order of law.* *** *a furr'd gown,* &c.

him

him warm, and furr'd with fox and lamb-ſkins too, to ſignify, that craft, being richer than innocency, ſtands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way, Sir: bleſs you, good father *Friar.*

Duke. And you, good brother father; what offence hath this man made you, Sir?

Elb. Marry, Sir, he hath offended the law; and, Sir, we take him to be a Thief too, Sir; for we have found upon him, Sir, a ſtrange pick-lock, which we have ſent to the Deputy.

Duke. Fie, Sirrah, a bawd, a wicked bawd!
The evil that thou cauſeſt to be done,
That is thy means to live. Doſt thou but think,
What 'tis to cram a maw, or clothe a back,
From ſuch a filthy vice? ſay to thyſelf,
From their abominable and beaſtly touches
I drink, I eat, array myſelf, and live.
Canſt thou believe thy living is a life,
So ſtinkingly depending! go mend, mend.

Clown. Indeed, it doth ſtink in ſome ſort, Sir; but yet, Sir, I would prove——

Duke. Nay, if the devil have giv'n thee proofs for ſin,
Thou wilt prove his. Take him to priſon, officer;
Correction and inſtruction muſt both work,
Ere this rude beaſt will profit.

Elb. He muſt before the Deputy, Sir; he has given him warning; the Deputy cannot abide a whore-maſter; if he be a whore-monger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as ſome would ſeem to be,
Free from all faults, as faults, from ſeeming, free!

SCENE V.

Enter Lucio.

Elb. HIS neck will come to your waſte, a cord, Sir.
Clown. I ſpy comfort: I cry, bail: here's a gentleman, and a friend of mine.

Lucio. How now, noble *Pompey?* what, at the wheels of *Cæſar?* art thou led in triumph? what, is there none of *Pigmalion*'s images, newly made woman, to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket, and extracting it clutch'd? what reply? ha? what ſay'ſt thou to this tune, matter and method? * It's not down i'th' laſt reign. Ha? what ſay'ſt thou, trot? is the world as it was, man? which is the way? is it ſad and few words? or how? the trick of it?

Duke. Still thus and thus; ſtill worſe?

Lucio. How doth my dear morſel, thy miſtreſs? procures ſhe ſtill? ha?

Clown. Troth, Sir, ſhe hath eaten up all her beef, and ſhe is herſelf in the tub.

Lucio. Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it muſt be ſo. Ever your freſh whore, and your powder'd bawd; an unſhunn'd conſequence, it muſt be ſo. Art going to priſon, *Pompey?*

Clown. Yes, faith, Sir.

Lucio. Why, 'tis not amiſs, *Pompey:* farewel: go, ſay, I ſent thee thither for debt, *Pompey;* or how —

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then impriſon him; if impriſonment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his Right. Bawd is he, doubtleſs, and of antiquity too; bawd born. Farewel, good *Pompey:* commend me to the priſon,

* Is't *not* Drown'd *i'th' laſt* Rain?] This ſtrange Nonſenſe ſhould be thus corrected, It's *not* down *i'th' laſt* Reign, *i. e.* theſe are Severities unknown to the old Duke's Time. And this is to the Purpoſe.

Pompey;

Pompey; you will turn good huſband now, *Pompey*; you will keep the houſe.

Clown. I hope, Sir, your good Worſhip will be my bail.

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, *Pompey;* it is not the wear; I will pray, *Pompey,* to encreaſe your bondage: if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more: adieu, truſty *Pompey.* Bleſs you, *Friar.*

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does *Bridget* paint ſtill, *Pompey?* ha?

Elb. Come your ways, Sir, come.

Clown. You will not bail me then, Sir?

Lucio. Then, *Pompey,* nor now. What news abroad, *Friar?* what news?

Elb. Come your ways, Sir, come.

Lucio. Go to kennel, *Pompey,* go,

[*Exeunt* Elbow, Clown *and Officers.*

SCENE VI.

What news, *Friar,* of the *Duke?*

Duke. I know none: can you tell me of any?

Lucio. Some ſay, he is with the Emperor of *Ruſſia;* other Some, he is in *Rome:* but where is he, think you?

Duke. I know not where; but whereſoever, I wiſh him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantaſtical trick of him to ſteal from the State, and uſurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord *Angelo* dukes it well in his abſence; he puts Tranſgreſſion to't.

Duke. He does well in't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to leachery would do no harm in him; ſomething too crabbed that way, *Friar.*

Duke. * It is too gentle a vice, and ſeverity muſt cure it.

* *It is too* general *a Vice,*] The Occaſion of the Obſervation was *Lucio*'s ſaying, that it ought to be treated *with a little more Lenity;* and his Anſwer to it is, —*The Vice is of great Kindred.* From the Occaſion, and the Anſwer, therefore, it appears, that *Shakeſpear* wrote,— *It is too* gentle *a vice,*— which ſignifying both *indulgent* and *well bred*, *Lucio* humourouſly takes it in the latter Senſe.

Lucio. Yes, in good ſooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well ally'd; but it is impoſſible to extirp it quite, *Friar*, 'till eating and drinking be put down. They ſay, this *Angelo* was not made by man and woman after the downright way of creation; is it true, think you?

Duke. How ſhould he be made then?

Lucio. Some report, a ſea-maid ſpawn'd him. Some, that he was got between two ſtock-fiſhes. But it is certain, that when he makes water, his urine is congeal'd ice; that I know to be true: and he is a motion ungenerative, that's infallible.

Duke. You are pleaſant, Sir, and ſpeak apace.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthleſs thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a cod-piece to take away the life of a man? would the Duke, that is abſent, have done this? ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred baſtards, he would have paid for the nurſing a thouſand. He had ſome feeling of the ſport, he knew the ſervice, and that inſtructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the abſent Duke much detected for women; he was not inclin'd that way.

Lucio. Oh, Sir, you are deceiv'd.

Duke. 'Tis not poſſible.

Lucio. Who, not the Duke? yes, your beggar of fifty; and his uſe was, to put a ducket in her clack-diſh; the Duke had crotchets in him. He would be drunk too, that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong, ſurely.

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward of his: a ſhy fellow was the Duke; and, I believe, I know the cauſe of his withdrawing.

Duke. What, pr'ythee, might be the cauſe?

Lucio. No: pardon: 'tis a ſecret muſt be lockt within the teeth and the lips; but this I can let you underſtand, the greater file of the ſubject held the Duke to be wiſe.

Duke,

Duke. Wife? why, no queſtion, but he was.

Lucio. A very ſuperficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or miſtaking: the very ſtream of his life, and the buſineſs he hath helmed, muſt, upon a warranted Need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but teſtimonied in his own bringings forth, and he ſhall appear to the envious, a ſcholar, a ſtateſman, and a ſoldier. Therefore, you ſpeak unſkilfully; or if your knowledge be more, it is much darken'd in your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

Lucio. Come, Sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, ſince you know not what you ſpeak. But if ever the duke return, as our prayers are he may, let me deſire you to make your anſwer before him: if it be honeſt you have ſpoke, you have courage to maintain it; I am bound to call upon you, and, I pray you, your name?

Lucio. Sir, my name is *Lucio*, well known to the duke.

Duke. He ſhall know you better, Sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope, the duke will return no more; or you imagine me too unhurtful an oppoſite; but, indeed, I can do you little harm: you'll forſwear this again?

Lucio. I'll be hang'd firſt: thou art deceiv'd in me, *Friar*. But no more of this. Canſt thou tell, if *Claudio* die to-morrow, or no?

Duke. Why ſhould he die, Sir?

Lucio. Why? for filling a bottle with a tun-diſh: I would, the duke, we talk of, were return'd again; this ungenitur'd agent will unpeople the province with continency. Sparrows muſt not build in his

houſe-eaves, becauſe they are leacherous. The duke yet would have dark deeds darkly anſwered; he would never bring them to light; would he were return'd! Marry, this *Claudio* is condemned for untruſſing. Farewel, good *Friar;* I pry'thee, pray for me: the duke, I ſay to thee again, would eat mutton on *Fridays*. He's not paſt it yet; and I ſay to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, tho' ſhe ſmelt of brown bread and garlic: ſay, that I ſaid ſo, farewel- [*Exit.*

Duke. No might nor greatneſs in mortality
Can cenſure ſcape: back-wounding calumny
The whiteſt virtue ſtrikes. What king ſo ſtrong,
Can tie the gall up in the ſland'rous tongues?
But who comes here?

SCENE VII.

Enter Eſcalus, Provoſt, Bawd, *and Officers.*

Eſcal. GO, away with her to priſon.

Bawd. Good my lord, be good to me; your Honour is accounted a merciful man: good my lord.

Eſcal. Double and treble admonition, and ſtill forfeit in the ſame kind? this would make * mercy ſwerve, and play the tyrant.

Prov. A bawd of eleven years continuance, may it pleaſe your Honour.

Bawd. My lord, this is one *Lucio*'s information againſt me: miſtreſs *Kate Keep-down* was with child by him in the duke's time; he promis'd her marriage; his child is a year and a quarter old, come *Philip* and *Jacob:* I have kept it myſelf; and ſee, how he goes about to abuſe me.

Eſcal. This fellow is a fellow of much licence; let him be call'd before us. Away with her to priſon: go to; no more words. [*Exeunt with the* Bawd.] *Provoſt*, my brother *Angelo* will not be alter'd; *Claudio* muſt die to-morrow: let him be furniſh'd with divines,

* *Mercy* ſwear.] We ſhould read *ſwerve*, *i. e.* deviate from her Nature. The common Reading gives us the Idea of a ranting Whore.

and

and have all charitable preparation. If my brother wrought by my pity, it ſhould not be ſo with him.

Pro. So pleaſe you, this *Friar* has been with him, and advis'd him for the entertainment of death.

Eſcal. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bliſs and goodneſs on you!

Eſcal. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this country, tho' my chance is now
To uſe it for my time: I am a brother
Of gracious order, late come from the See
In ſpecial buſineſs from his holineſs.

Eſcal. What news abroad i'th' world?

Duke. None, but that there is ſo great a fever on goodneſs, that the diſſolution of it muſt cure it. Novelty is only in requeſt; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of courſe, as it is virtuous to be conſtant in any undertaking. There is ſcarce truth enough alive, to make ſocieties ſecure; but ſecurity enough, to make fellowſhips accurſt. Much upon this riddle runs the wiſdom of the world; this news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, Sir, of what diſpoſition was the duke?

Eſcal. One, that, above all other ſtrifes,
Contended ſpecially to know himſelf.

Duke. What pleaſure was he giv'n to?

Eſcal. Rather rejoicing to ſee another merry, than merry at any thing which profeſt to make him rejoice. A gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove proſperous; and let me deſire to know, how you find *Claudio* prepar'd? I am made to underſtand, that you have lent him viſitation.

Duke. He profeſſes to have received no ſiniſter meaſure from his judge, but moſt willingly humbles himſelf to the determination of juſtice; yet had he fram'd to himſelf, by the inſtruction of his frailty, many deceiving promiſes of life; which I by my good leiſure have diſcredited to him, and now is he reſolv'd to die.

Eſcal. You have paid the heav'ns your function, and the priſoner the very debt of your calling. I have labour'd for the poor gentleman, to the extremeſt ſhore of my modeſty; but my brother Juſtice have I found ſo ſevere, that he hath forc'd me to tell him, he is indeed juſtice.

Duke. If his own life anſwer the ſtraitneſs of his proceeding, it ſhall become him well; wherein if he chance to fail, he hath ſentenc'd himſelf.

Eſcal. I am going to viſit the priſoner; fare you well. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

Duke. PEACE be with you!
He, who the ſword of heav'n will bear,
Should be as holy as ſevere:
Pattern in himſelf to know,
Grace to ſtand, and virtue go;
More nor leſs to others paying,
Than by ſelf-offences weighing.
Shame to him, whoſe cruel ſtriking
Kills for faults of his own liking!
Twice treble ſhame on *Angelo*,
To weed my vice, and let his grow!
Oh, what may man within him hide,
Tho' angel on the outward ſide!
How may that likeneſs, made in crimes,
Making practice on the times,
Draw with idle ſpiders' ſtrings
Moſt pond'rous and ſubſtantial things!
Craft againſt vice I muſt apply.
With *Angelo* to night ſhall lie
His old betrothed, but deſpis'd;
So diſguiſe ſhall by th'diſguis'd
Pay with falſhood falſe extracting;
And perform an old contracting. [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A GRANGE.

Enter Mariana, *and Boy ſinging.*

SONG.

TAKE, oh, take thoſe lips away,
That ſo ſweetly were forſworn;
And thoſe eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do miſ-lead the morn;
But my kiſſes bring again,
Seals of love, but ſeal'd in vain.

Enter Duke.

Mari. Break off thy ſong, and haſte thee quick away:
Here comes a man of comfort, whoſe advice
Hath often ſtill'd my brawling diſcontent.
I cry you mercy, Sir, and well could wiſh,
You had not found me here ſo muſical:
Let me excuſe me, and believe me ſo,
My mirth is much diſpleas'd, but pleas'd my woe.

Duke. 'Tis good; tho' muſic oft hath ſuch a charm
To make bad, good; and good provoke to harm.
I pray you, tell me, hath any body enquir'd for me here to day? much upon this time, have I promis'd here to meet.

Mari. You have not been enquir'd after: I have ſate here all day.

Enter Iſabel.

Duke. I do conſtantly believe you: the time is come, even now. I ſhall crave your forbearance a little; may be, I will call upon you anon for ſome advantage to yourſelf.

Mari. I am always bound to you. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Duke. VERY well met, and welcome:
What is the news from this good deputy?
Iſab. He hath a garden circummur'd with brick,
Whoſe weſtern ſide is with a vineyard backt;
And to that vineyard is a planched gate,
That makes his opening with this bigger key:
This other doth command a little door,
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads;
There, on the heavy middle of the night,
Have I my promiſe made to call upon him.
Duke. But ſhall you on your knowledge find this way?
Iſab. I've ta'en a due and wary note upon't;
With whiſp'ring and moſt guilty diligence,
In action all of precept, he did ſhew me
The way twice o'er.
Duke. Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed, concerning her obſervance?
Iſab. No: none, but only a repair i'th' dark;
And that I have poſſeſt him, my moſt ſtay
Can be but brief; for I have made him know,
I have a ſervant comes with me along,
That ſtays upon me; whoſe perſuaſion is,
I come about my brother.
Duke. 'Tis well born up.
I have not yet made known to *Mariana*
A word of this. What, hoa! within! come forth!

SCENE III.

Enter Mariana.

I pray you be acquainted with this maid;
She comes to do you good.
Iſab. I do deſire the like.
Duke. Do you perſuade yourſelf that I reſpect you?

Mari-

Mari. Good *Friar*, I know you do; and I have found it.

Duke. Take then this your companion by the hand,
Who hath a ſtory ready for your ear:
I ſhall attend your leiſure; but make haſte;
The vaporous night approaches.

Mari. Wilt pleaſe you walk aſide?

[*Exeunt* Mar. *and* Iſab.

Duke. O place and greatneſs! millions of falſe eyes
Are ſtuck upon thee: volumes of report
Run with theſe falſe and moſt contrarious queſts
Upon thy doings; thouſand 'ſcapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dreams,
And rack thee in their fancies! welcome; how agreed?

SCENE IV.

Re-enter Mariana, *and* Iſabel.

Iſab. SHE'LL take the enterprize upon her, father,
If you adviſe it.

Duke. 'Tis not my conſent,
But my intreaty too.

Iſab. Little have you to ſay,
When you depart from him, but ſoft and low,
Remember now my brother.

Mari. Fear me not.

Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all:
He is your huſband on a pre-contract;
To bring you thus together, 'tis no ſin;
Sith that the juſtice of your title to him
Doth flouriſh the deceit. Come, let us go;
Our corn's to reap; *for yet our tilth's to ſow. *Exeu.*

*—*for yet our* tythe's *to ſow.*] It muſt be *Tilth*; that is our Tillage is yet to be made; our Grain is yet to be put in the Ground; the Project, from which we expect to Profit in the Iſſue, is ſtill to be put in Hand. Mr. *Theobald.*

SCENE V.

Changes to the Priſon.

Enter Provoſt *and* Clown.

Prov. COME hither, ſirrah: can you cut off a man's head?

Clown. If the man be a batchelor, Sir, I can: but if he be a marry'd man, he is his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, Sir, leave me your ſnatches, and yield me a direct anſwer. To-morrow morning are to die *Claudio* and *Barnardine:* here is in our priſon a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper; if you will take it on you to aſſiſt him, it ſhall redeem you from your gyves: if not, you ſhall have your full time of impriſonment, and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping; for you have been a notorious bawd.

Clown. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd, time out of mind, but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman: I would be glad to receive ſome inſtruction from my fellow-partner.

Prov. What hoa, *Abhorſon!* where's *Abhorſon*, there?

Enter Abhorſon.

Abhor. Do you call, Sir?

Prov. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution; if you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, uſe him for the preſent, and diſmiſs him. He cannot plead his eſtimation with you; he hath been a bawd.

Abhor. A bawd, Sir? fie upon him, he will diſcredit our miſtery.

Prov. Go to, Sir, you weigh equally; a feather will turn the ſcale. [*Exit.*

Clown. Pray, Sir, by your good favour; (for, ſurely, Sir,

Sir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look;) do you call, Sir, your occupation a miſtery?

Abhor. Ay, Sir; a miſtery.

Clown. Painting, Sir, I have heard ſay, is a miſtery and your whores, Sir, being members of my occupation, uſing painting, do prove my occupation a miſtery: but what miſtery there ſhould be in hanging, if I ſhould be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

Clown. Sir, it is a miſtery.

Abhor. Proof.——

Clown. Every true man's apparel fits your thief. If it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough. If it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough; ſo every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Re-enter Provoſt.

Prov. Are you agreed?

Clown. Sir, I will ſerve him: for I do find, your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd; he doth oftner aſk forgiveneſs.

Prov. You, ſirrah, provide your block and your ax to-morrow, four o'clock.

Abhor. Come on, bawd, I will inſtruct thee in my trade; follow.

Clown. I do deſire to learn, Sir; and I hope, if you have occaſion to uſe me for your own turn, you ſhall find me yare: for, truly, Sir, for your kindneſs I owe you a good turn. [*Exit.*

Prov. Call hither *Barnardine*, and *Claudio:*
One has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murth'rer, tho' he were my brother.

SCENE VI.

Enter Claudio.

Look, here's the warrant, *Claudio*, for thy death;
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
Thou muſt be made immortal. Where's *Barnardine?*

Claud. As faſt lock'd up in ſleep, as guiltleſs labour When

When it lies ſtarkly in the traveller's bones:
He'll not awake.

Prov. Who can do good on him?
Well, go, prepare yourſelf. [*Exit* Claud.] But, hark,
what noiſe? [*Knock within.*
Heav'n give your ſpirits comfort!—by and by;—
I hope it is ſome pardon, or reprieve,
For the moſt gentle *Claudio*. Welcome, father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. The beſt and wholeſom'ſt ſpirits of the night
Invellop you, good *Provoſt!* who call'd here of late?

Prov. None, ſince the curphew rung.

Duke. Not *Iſabel?*

Prov. No.

Duke. They will then, ere't be long.

Prov. What comfort is for *Claudio?*

Duke. There is ſome in hope.

Prov. It is a bitter deputy.

Duke. Not ſo, not ſo; his life is parallel'd
Ev'n with the ſtroke and line of his great juſtice;
He doth with holy abſtinence ſubdue
That in himſelf, which he ſpurs on his pow'r
To qualify in others. Where he *meal'd
With that, which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;
But this being ſo, he's juſt. Now they are come.
[*Knock again.* Provoſt *goes out.*
This is a gentle *Provoſt;* ſeldom, when
The ſteeled goaler is the friend of men.
How now? what noiſe? that ſpirit's poſſeſt with haſte,
That wounds th' unreſiſting poſtern with theſe ſtrokes.
Provoſt *returns.*

Prov. There he muſt ſtay, until the officer
Ariſe to let him in; he is call'd up.

Duke. Have you no countermand for *Claudio* yet,
But he muſt die to-morrow?

Prov. None, Sir, none.

* *meal'd.*] *i. e.* mingled.

Duke.

Duke. As near the dawning, *Provoſt*, as it is,
You ſhall hear more ere morning.

Prov. Happily,
You ſomething know; yet, I believe, there comes
No countermand; no ſuch example have we:
Beſides, upon the very ſiege of juſtice,
Lord *Angelo* hath to the public ear
Profeſt the contrary.

SCENE VII.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Duke. THIS is his lordſhip's man.

Prov. And here comes *Claudio*'s pardon.

Meſſ. My lord hath ſent you this note, and by me the further charge, that you ſwerve not from the ſmalleſt article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumſtance. Good morrow; for as I take it, it is almoſt day.

Prov. I ſhall obey him. [*Exit Meſſenger.*

Duke. This is his pardon, purchas'd by ſuch ſin,
For which the pardoner himſelf is in:
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,
When it is borne in high authority;
When vice makes mercy, mercy's ſo extended,
That, for the fault's love, is th' offender friended.
Now, Sir, what news?

Prov. I told you: lord *Angelo*, be-like, thinking me remiſs in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting on; methinks, ſtrangely; for he hath not us'd it before.

Duke. Pray you, let's hear.

Provoſt *reads the letter.*

Whatſoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio *be executed by four of the clock, and in the afternoon* Barnardine: *for my better ſatisfaction, let me have* Claudio's *head*

head ſent me by five. Let this be duly perform'd, with a thought that more depends on it than we muſt yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will anſwer it at your peril.

What ſay you to this, Sir?

Duke. What is that *Barnardine*, who is to be executed in the afternoon?

Prov A *Bohemian* born; but here nurſt up and bred; one, that is a priſoner nine years old.

Duke. How came it, that the abſent Duke had not either deliver'd him to his liberty, or executed him? I have heard, it was ever his manner to do ſo.

Prov. His friends ſtill wrought reprieves for him, and, indeed, his fact, 'till now in the government of lord *Angelo*, came not to an undoubtful proof.

Duke. Is it now apparent?

Prov. Moſt manifeſt, and not deny'd by himſelf.

Duke. Hath he born himſelf penitent in priſon? how ſeems he to be touch'd?

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken ſleep; careleſs, reckleſs, and fearleſs of what's paſt, preſent, or to come; inſenſible of mortality, and deſperately mortal.

Duke. He wants advice.

Prov. He will hear none; he hath evermore had the liberty of the priſon: give him leave to eſcape hence, he would not: drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very oft awak'd him, as if to carry him to execution, and ſhew'd him a ſeeming warrant for it; it hath not mov'd him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, *Provoſt*, honeſty and conſtancy; if I read it not truly, my ancient ſkill beguiles me; but in the boldneſs of my cunning, I will lay myſelf in hazard. *Claudio*, whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than *Angelo*, who hath ſentenc'd him. To make you underſtand this in a manifeſted

manifeſted effect, I crave but four days reſpite; for the which you are to do me both a preſent and a dangerous courteſy.

Prov. Pray, Sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack! how may I do it, having the hour limited, and an expreſs command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of *Angelo*? I may make my caſe as *Claudio*'s, to croſs this in the ſmalleſt.

Duke. By the vow of mine Order, I warrant you, if my inſtructions may be your guide: let this *Barnardine* be this morning executed, and his head borne to *Angelo*.

Prov. *Angelo* hath ſeen them both, and will diſcover the favour.

Duke. Oh, death's a great diſguiſer, and you may add to it; ſhave the head, and tie the beard, and ſay it was the deſire of the penitent to be ſo barb'd before his death; you know the courſe is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune; by the Saint whom I profeſs, I will plead againſt it with my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good father; it is againſt my oath.

Duke. Were you ſworn to the Duke, or to the deputy?

Prov. To him, and to his ſubſtitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the Duke avouch the juſtice of your dealing?

Prov. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a reſemblance, but a certainty. Yet ſince I ſee you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor my perſuaſion, can with eaſe attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, Sir, here is the hand and ſeal of the Duke; you know the character, I doubt not; and the ſignet is not ſtrange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the Duke; you ſhall anon over-read it at your pleaſure; where you ſhall find, within theſe two days he will be here. This is a thing, which *Angelo* knows not, for he this very day receives letters of ſtrange tenor; perchance, of the Duke's death; perchance, of his entering into ſome monaſtery; but, by chance, nothing of what is here writ. Look, the unfolding ſtar calls up the ſhepherd; put not yourſelf into amazement how theſe things ſhould be; all difficulties are but eaſy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with *Barnardine*'s head: I will give him a preſent ſhrift, and adviſe him for a better place. Yet you are amaz'd, but this ſhall abſolutely reſolve you. Come away, it is almoſt clear dawn. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Enter Clown.

Clown. I Am as well acquainted here, as I was in our houſe of profeſſion; one would think, it were miſtreſs *Over-done*'s own houſe; for here be many of her old cuſtomers. Firſt, here's young Mr. *Raſh;* he's for a commodity of brown pepper and old ginger, nineſcore and ſeventeen pounds; of which he made five marks ready money: marry, then, ginger was not much in requeſt: for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one Mr. *Caper*, at the ſuit of maſter *Three-Pile* the mercer; for ſome four ſuits of peach-colour'd ſattin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young *Dizzy*, and young Mr. *Deep-vow*, and Mr. *Copper-ſpur*, and maſter *Starve-lacky* the rapier and dagger-man, and young *Drop-heire* that kill'd luſty *Pudding*, and Mr. *Forth-right* the tilter, and brave Mr. *Shooter* the great traveller, and wild *Half-canne* that ſtabb'd *Pots*, and, I think, forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are now in for the Lord's ſake.

Enter

Enter Abhorſon.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring *Barnardine* hither.

Clown. Maſter *Barnardine*, you muſt riſe and be hang'd, maſter *Barnardine.*

Abhor. What, hoa, *Barnardine!*

Barnar. [*within.*] A pox o' your throats; who makes that noiſe there? what are you?

Clown. Your friend, Sir, the hangman: you muſt be ſo good, Sir, to riſe, and be put to death.

Barnar. [*within.*] Away, you rogue, away; I am ſleepy.

Abhor. Tell him, he muſt awake, and that quickly too.

Clown. Pray, maſter *Barnardine*, awake 'till you are executed, and ſleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clown. He is coming, Sir, he is coming; I hear the ſtraw ruſtle.

Enter Barnardine.

Abhor. Is the ax upon the block, Sirrah?

Clown. Very ready, Sir.

Barnar. How now, *Abhorſon?* what's the news with you?

Abhor. Truly, Sir, I would deſire you to clap into your prayers: for, look you, the warrant's come.

Barnar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night, I am not fitted for't.

Clown. Oh, the better, Sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hang'd betimes in the morning, may ſleep the ſounder all the next day.

Enter Duke.

Abhor. Look you, Sir, here comes your ghoſtly father; do we jeſt now, think you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how haſtily you are to depart, I am come to adviſe you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Barnar.

Barnar. *Friar*, not I: I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they ſhall beat out my brains with billets: I will not conſent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke. Oh, Sir, you muſt; and therefore, I beſeech you, look forward on the journey you ſhall go.

Barnar. I ſwear, I will not die to day for any man's perſuaſion.

Duke. But hear you,———

Barnar. Not a word: if you have any thing to ſay to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to day. [*Exit.*

SCENE IX.

Enter Provoſt.

Duke. UNFIT to live, or die: oh, gravel heart!
After him, fellows: bring him to the block.

Prov. Now, Sir, how do you find the priſoner?

Duke. A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death;
And, to tranſport him in the mind he is,
Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the priſon, father,
There dy'd this morning of a cruel fever
One *Ragozine*, a moſt notorious pirate,
A man of *Claudio*'s years; his beard, and head,
Juſt of his colour: What if we omit
This reprobate, 'till he were well inclin'd;
And ſatisfy the deputy with the viſage
Of *Ragozine*, more like to *Claudio*?

Duke. O, 'tis an accident, that heav'n provides:
Diſpatch it preſently; the hour draws on
Prefixt by *Angelo:* ſee, this be done,
And ſent according to command; while I
Perſuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Prov. This ſhall be done, good father, preſently:
But *Barnardine* muſt die this afternoon:
And how ſhall we continue *Claudio*,

To

To ſave me from the danger that might come,
If he were known alive?

Duke. Let this be done;
Put them in ſecret holds, both *Barnardine* and *Claudio:*
Ere twice the ſun hath made his journal greeting
To th' under generation, you ſhall find
Your ſafety manifeſted.

Prov. I am your free dependant.

Duke. Quick, diſpatch, and ſend the head to *Angelo.*
[*Exit* Provoſt.

Now will I write letters to *Angelo,*
(The *Provoſt,* he ſhall bear them;) whoſe contents
Shall witneſs to him, I am near at home;
And that, by great injunctions, I am bound
To enter publicly: him I'll deſire
To meet me at the conſecrated fount,
A league below the city; and from thence,
By cold gradation and weal-balanced form,
We ſhall proceed with *Angelo.*

Enter Provoſt.

Prov. Here is the head, I'll carry it myſelf.

Duke. Convenient is it: make a ſwift return;
For I will commune with you of ſuch things,
That want no ears but yours.

Prov. I'll make all ſpeed. [*Exit.*

Iſab. [*within.*] Peace, hoa, be here!

Duke. The tongue of *Iſabel.*—She comes to know,
If yet her brother's pardon be come hither:
But I will keep her ign'rant of her good,
To make her heav'nly comforts of deſpair,
When it is leaſt expected.

SCENE X.

Enter Iſabel.

Iſab. HOA, by your leave.———

Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter. *Iſab.*

Iſab. The better, giv'n me by ſo holy a man:
Hath yet the deputy ſent my brother's pardon?
Duke. He hath releas'd him, *Iſabel*, from the world;
His head is off, and ſent to *Angelo*.
Iſab. Nay, but it is not ſo.
Duke. It is no other.
Shew your wiſdom, daughter, in your cloſeſt patience.
Iſab. Oh, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes.
Duke. You ſhall not be admitted to his ſight.
Iſab. Unhappy *Claudio!* wretched *Iſabel!*
Injurious world! moſt damned *Angelo!*
Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot:
Forbear it therefore, give your cauſe to heav'n:
Mark, what I ſay; which you ſhall ſurely find
By ev'ry ſyllable a faithful verity.
The Duke comes home to-morrow; dry your eyes;
One of our convent, and his confeſſor,
Gives me this inſtance: already he hath carry'd
Notice to *Eſcalus* and *Angelo*,
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates, [wiſdom
There to give up their pow'r. If you can, pace your
In that good path that I would wiſh it go,
And you ſhall have your boſom on this wretch,
Grace of the Duke, revenges to your heart,
And gen'ral honour.
Iſab. I'm directed by you.
Duke. This letter then to Friar *Peter* give;
'Tis That he ſent me of the Duke's return:
Say, by this token, I deſire his company
At *Mariana*'s houſe to night. Her cauſe and yours
I'll perfect him withal, and he ſhall bring you
Before the Duke, and to the head of *Angelo*
Accuſe him home, and home. For my poor ſelf,
I am combined by a ſacred vow,
And ſhall be abſent. Wend you with this letter:
Command theſe fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart; truſt not my holy Order,
If I pervert your courſe. Who's here?

SCENE

SCENE XI.

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. GOOD even;
Friar, where's the *Provoſt?*

Duke. Not within, Sir.

Lucio. Oh, pretty *Iſabella*, I am pale at mine heart, to ſee thine eyes ſo red; thou muſt be patient; I am fain to dine and ſup with water and bran; I dare not for my head fill my belly: one fruitful meal would ſet me to't. But they ſay the Duke will be here to-morrow. By my troth, *Iſabel*, I lov'd thy brother: if the old fantaſtical Duke of dark corners had been at home, he had liv'd. [*Exit* Iſabella.

Duke. Sir, the Duke is marvellous little beholden to your reports; but the beſt is, he lives not in them.

Lucio. Friar, thou knoweſt not the Duke ſo well as I do; he's a better woodman, than thou tak'ſt him for.

Duke. Well; you'll anſwer this one day. Fare ye well.

Lucio. Nay, tarry, I'll go along with thee: I can tell thee pretty tales of the Duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, Sir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

Duke. Did you ſuch a thing?

Lucio. Yes, marry, did I; but I was fain to forſwear it; they would elſe have marry'd me to the rotten medlar.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honeſt: reſt you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end: if bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it; nay, Friar, I am a kind of bur, I ſhall ſtick.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE,

SCENE XII.

Changes to the Palace.

Enter Angelo *and* Eſcalus.

Eſcal. EVERY letter, he hath writ, hath diſvouch'd other.

Ang. In moſt uneven and diſtracted manner. His actions ſhew much like to madneſs: pray heav'n, his wiſdom be not tainted! and why meet him at the gates, and deliver our authorities there?

Eſcal. I gueſs not.

Ang. And why ſhould we proclaim it in an hour before his entering, that if any crave redreſs of injuſtice, they ſhould exhibit their petitions in the ſtreet?

Eſcal. He ſhews his reaſon for that; to have a diſpatch of complaints, and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which ſhall then have no power to ſtand againſt us.

Ang. Well; I beſeech you, let it be proclaim'd betimes i'th' morn: I'll call you at your houſe: give notice to ſuch men of ſort and ſuit, as are to meet him.

Eſcal. I ſhall, Sir: fare you well. [*Exit.*

Ang. Good night.

This deed unſhapes me quite, makes me unpregnant,
And dull to all proceedings. A defloured maid!
And by an eminent body, that enforc'd
The law againſt it! but that her tender ſhame
Will not proclaim againſt her maiden loſs,
How might ſhe tongue me? yet reaſon dares her No.
For my authority bears a credent bulk;
That no particular ſcandal once can touch,
But it confounds the breather. He ſhould have liv'd,
Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous ſenſe,
Might in the times to come have ta'en revenge;
By ſo receiving a diſhonour'd life,

With

With ranſom of ſuch ſhame. 'Would yet, he had liv'd!
Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right; we would, and we would not.
[*Exit.*

SCENE XIII.

Changes to the Fields without the Town.

Enter Duke *in his own habit, and Friar* Peter.

Duke. THESE letters at fit time deliver me.
The *Provoſt* knows our purpoſe, and our plot:
The matter being afoot, keep your inſtruction,
And hold you ever to our ſpecial drift;
Tho' ſometimes you do blench from this to that,
As cauſe doth miniſter: go, call at *Flavius'* houſe,
And tell him, where I ſtay; give the like notice
Unto *Valentius*, *Rowland*, and to *Craſſus*,
And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate:
But ſend me *Flavius* firſt.

Peter. It ſhall be ſpeeded well. [*Exit Friar.*

Enter Varrius.

Duke. I thank thee, *Varrius;* thou haſt made good haſte:
Come, we will walk. There's other of our friends
Will greet us here anon, my gentle *Varrius.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XIV.

Enter Iſabella *and* Mariana.

Iſab. TO ſpeak ſo indirectly, I am loth:
I'd ſay the truth; but to accuſe him ſo,
That is your part; yet I 'm adviſ'd to do it,
He ſays, to vail full purpoſe.

Mari. Be rul'd by him.

Iſab. Beſides, he tells me, that if peradventure
He ſpeak againſt me on the adverſe ſide,
I ſhould not think it ſtrange; for 'tis a phyſic,
That's bitter to ſweet end.

Mari. I would, Friar *Peter*——

Iſab. Oh, peace; the Friar is come.

Enter Peter.

Peter. Come, I have found you out a ſtand moſt fit,
Where you may have ſuch vantage on the Duke,
He ſhall not paſs you. Twice have the trumpets ſounded:
The generous and graveſt citizens
Have hent the gates, and very near upon
The Duke is entring: therefore hence, away. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A public Place near the City.

Enter Duke, Varrius, *Lords*, Angelo, Eſcalus, Lucio, *and Citizens at ſeveral Doors.*

DUKE.

MY very worthy couſin, fairly met;
Our old and faithful friend, we're glad to ſee you.

Ang. & Eſcal. Happy return be to your royal Grace!

Duke. Many and hearty thanks be to you both:
W 'e made enquiry of you, and we hear
Such goodneſs of your juſtice, that our ſoul
Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks,
Forerunning more requital.

Ang. You make my bonds ſtill greater.

Duke.

Duke Oh, your deſert ſpeaks loud; and I ſhould wrong it,
To lock it in the wards of covert boſom,
When it deſerves with characters of braſs
A forted reſidence, 'gainſt the tooth of time,
And razure of oblivion. Give me your hand,
And let the ſubjects ſee, to make them know
That outward courteſies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within. Come, *Eſcalus;*
You muſt walk by us on our other hand:
And good ſupporters are you. [*As the Duke is going out.*

SCENE II.

Enter Peter *and* Iſabella.

Peter. NOW is your time: ſpeak loud, and kneel before him.

Iſab. Juſtice, O royal Duke! vail your regard
Upon a wrong'd, I'd fain have ſaid, a maid:
Oh, worthy Prince, diſhonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object,
'Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And given me juſtice, juſtice, juſtice, juſtice.

Duke. Relate your wrongs; in what, by whom? be brief:
Here is lord *Angelo* ſhall give you juſtice;
Reveal yourſelf to him.

Iſab. Oh, worthy Duke,
You bid me ſeek redemption of the devil:
Hear me yourſelf, for that which I muſt ſpeak
Muſt either puniſh me, not being believ'd,
Or wring redreſs from you: oh, hear me, hear me.

Ang. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm:
She hath been a ſuitor to me for her brother,
Cut off by courſe of juſtice.

Iſab. Courſe of juſtice!

Ang. And ſhe will ſpeak moſt bitterly, and ſtrange.

Iſab. Moſt ſtrange, but yet moſt truly, will I ſpeak;
That *Angelo*'s forſworn, is it not ſtrange?
That *Angelo*'s a murth'rer, is't not ſtrange?
That *Angelo* is an adult'rous thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin-violater;
Is it not ſtrange, and ſtrange?

Duke. Nay, it is ten times ſtrange.

Iſab. It is not truer he is *Angelo*,
Than this is all as true, as it is ſtrange:
Nay, it is ten times truer; for truth is truth
To th' end of reckoning.

Duke. Away with her: poor ſoul,
She ſpeaks this in th' infirmity of ſenſe.

Iſab. O prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'ſt
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not; with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madneſs. Make not impoſſible
That, which but ſeems unlike; 'tis not impoſſible,
But one, the wicked'ſt caitiff on the ground,
May ſeem as ſhy, as grave, as juſt, as abſolute,
As *Angelo;* even ſo may *Angelo*,
In all his dreſſings, carats, titles, forms,
Be an arch-villain: believe it, royal Prince,
If he be leſs, he's nothing; but he's more,
Had I more name for badneſs.

Duke. By mine honeſty,
If ſhe be mad, as I believe no other,
Her madneſs hath the oddeſt frame of ſenſe;
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As e'er I heard in madneſs.

Iſab. Gracious Duke,
Harp not on That; nor do not baniſh reaſon
For inequality; but let your reaſon ſerve
To make the truth appear, where it ſeems hid;
Not hide the falſe, ſeems true.

Duke. Many, that are not mad,
Have, ſure, more lack of reaſon.
What would you ſay?

Iſab.

Iſab. I am the ſiſter of one *Claudio*,
Condemn'd upon the act of fornication
To loſe his head; condemn'd by *Angelo:*
I, in probation of a ſiſterhood,
Was ſent to by my brother; one *Lucio*,
As then the meſſenger,——

Lucio. That's I, an't like your Grace:
I came to her from *Claudio*, and deſir'd her
To try her gracious fortune with lord *Angelo*,
For her poor brother's pardon.

Iſab. That's he, indeed.

Duke. You were not bid to ſpeak. [*To* Lucio.

Lucio. No, my good lord, nor wiſh'd to hold my peace.

Duke. I wiſh you now then;
Pray, you, take note of it: and when you have
A buſineſs for yourſelf; pray heav'n, you then
Be perfect.

Lucio. I warrant your Honour.

Duke. The warrant's for yourſelf; take heed to't.

Iſab. This gentleman told ſomewhat of my tale.

Lucio. Right.

Duke. It may be right, but you are in the wrong
To ſpeak before your time. Proceed.

Iſab. I went
To this pernicious caitiff Deputy.

Duke. That's ſomewhat madly ſpoken.

Iſab. Pardon it:
The phraſe is to the matter.

Duke. Mended again: the matter;—proceed.

Iſab. In brief; (to ſet the needleſs Proceſs by,
How I perſuaded, how I pray'd and kneel'd,
How he repell'd me, and how I reply'd;
For this was of much length) the vile concluſion
I now begin with grief and ſhame to utter.
He would not, but by gift of my chaſte body
To his concupiſcent intemp'rate luſt,
Releaſe my brother; and after much debatement,

My ſiſterly Remorſe confutes mine Honour,
And I did yield to him: But the next morn betimes,
His purpoſe ſurfeiting, he ſends a Warrant
For my poor brother's head.

Duke. This is moſt likely!

Iſab. Oh, that it were as like, as it is true!

Duke. By heav'n, fond wretch, thou know'ſt not what thou ſpeak'ſt,
Or elſe thou art ſuborn'd againſt his honour
In hateful practice. Firſt, his integrity
Stands without blemiſh; next, it imports no reaſon,
That with ſuch vehemence he ſhould purſue
Faults proper to himſelf: if he had ſo offended,
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himſelf,
And not have cut him off. Some one hath ſet you on;
Confeſs the truth, and ſay, by whoſe advice
Thou cam'ſt here to complain.

Iſab. And is this all?
Then, oh, you bleſſed miniſters above!
Keep me in patience; and with ripen'd time,
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up
In countenance: Heav'n ſhield your Grace from woe,
As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbelieved go.

Duke. I know, you'd fain be gone. An officer;
To priſon with her. Shall we thus permit
A blaſting and a ſcandalous breath to fall
On him ſo near us? this needs muſt be a practice.
Who knew of your intent, and coming hither?

Iſab. One that I would were here, *Friar Lodowick.*

Duke. A ghoſtly father, belike:
Who knows that *Lodowick?*

Lucio. My lord, I know him; 'tis a meddling *Friar;*
I do not like the man; had he been Lay, my lord,
For certain words he ſpake againſt your Grace
In your retirement, I had ſwing'd him ſoundly.

Duke. Words againſt me? this is a good *Friar*, belike;
And to ſet on this wretched woman here
Againſt our ſubſtitute! let this *Friar* be found.

Lucio.

Lucio. But yeſternight, my lord, ſhe and that *Friar*,
I ſaw them at the priſon: a ſaucy *Friar*,
A very ſcurvy fellow.
Peter. Bleſſed be your royal Grace!
I have ſtood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abus'd. Firſt, hath this woman
Moſt wrongfully accus'd your Subſtitute;
Who is as free from touch or ſoil with her,
As ſhe from one ungot.
Duke. We did believe no leſs.
Know you that *Friar Lodowick*, which ſhe ſpeaks of?
Peter. I know him for a man divine and holy;
Not ſcurvy, nor a temporary meddler,
As he's reported by this gentleman;
And, on my Truſt, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, miſreport your Grace.
Lucio. My lord, moſt villanouſly; believe it.
Peter. Well; he in time may come to clear himſelf;
But at this inſtant he is ſick, my lord,
Of a ſtrange fever. On his mere requeſt,
(Being come to knowledge that there was Complaint
Intended 'gainſt lord *Angelo*) came I hither
To ſpeak as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true, and falſe; and what he with his oath
By all Probation will make up full clear,
Whenever he's convented. Firſt, for this woman;
To juſtify this worthy Nobleman,
So vulgarly and perſonally accus'd,
Her ſhall you hear diſproved to her eyes,
'Till ſhe herſelf confeſs it.
Duke. Good *Friar*, let's hear it.
Do you not ſmile at this, lord *Angelo?*
O heav'n! the vanity of wretched fools!——
Give us ſome ſeats; come, Couſin *Angelo*,
In this I'll be impartial: be you judge
Of your own Cauſe. Is this the witneſs, *Friar?*
[Iſabella *is carried off, guarded.*

SCENE III.

Enter Mariana *veil'd.*

Firſt let her ſhew her face; and, after ſpeak.

Mari. Pardon, my lord, I will not ſhew my face,
Until my huſband bid me.

Duke. What, are you marry'd?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. Are you a maid?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. A widow then?

Mari. Neither, my lord.

Duke. Why, are you nothing then? neither maid, widow, nor wife?

Lucio. My lord, ſhe may be a punk; for many of them are neither maid, widow, nor wife.

Duke. Silence that fellow: I would, he had ſome cauſe to prattle for himſelf.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Mari. My lord, I do confeſs, I ne'er was marry'd;
And, I confeſs, beſides, I am no maid;
I've known my huſband; yet my huſband knows not,
That ever he knew me.

Lucio. He was drunk then, my lord; it can be no better.

Duke. For the benefit of ſilence, would thou wert ſo too.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Duke. This is no witneſs for lord *Angelo.*

Mari. Now I come to't, my lord.
She, that accuſes him of fornication,
In ſelf-ſame manner doth accuſe my huſband;
And charges him, my lord, with ſuch a time,
When I'll depoſe I had him in mine arms,
With all th' effect of love.

Ang. Charges ſhe more than me?

Mari. Not that I know.

Duke.

Duke. No? you ſay, your huſband. [*To* Mariana.

Mari. Why, juſt, my lord; and that is *Angelo*;
Who thinks, he knows, that he ne'er knew my body;
But knows, he thinks, that he knows *Iſabel*'s.

Ang. This is a ſtrange abuſe; let's ſee thy face.

Mari. My huſband bids me; now I will unmaſk.
[*Unveiling.*
This is that face, thou cruel *Angelo*,
Which, once thou ſwor'ſt, was worth the looking on:
This is the hand, which, with a vow'd contract,
Was faſt belock'd in thine: this is the body,
That took away the match from *Iſabel*;
And did ſupply thee at thy garden-houſe
In her imagin'd perſon.

Duke. Know you this woman?

Lucio. Carnally, ſhe ſays.

Duke. Sirrah, no more.

Lucio. Enough, my lord.

Ang. My lord, I muſt confeſs, I know this woman;
And five years ſince there was ſome ſpeech of marriage
Betwixt myſelf and her; which was broke off,
Partly, for that her promiſed proportions
Came ſhort of compoſition; but, in chief,
For that her Reputation was diſvalu'd
In levity; ſince which time of five years
I never ſpake with her, ſaw her, nor heard from her,
Upon my faith and honour.

Mari. Noble Prince, [breath,
As there comes light from heav'n, and words from
As there is ſenſe in truth, and truth in virtue,
I am affianc'd this man's wife, as ſtrongly
As words could make up vows: and, my good lord,
But *Tueſday* night laſt gone, in's garden-houſe,
He knew me as a wife; as this is true,
Let me in ſafety raiſe me from my knees;
Or elſe for ever be confixed here,
A marble monument!

Ang. I did but ſmile 'till now.

Now, good my lord, give me the ſcope of juſtice;
My patience here is touch'd; I do perceive,
Theſe poor informal women are no more
But inſtruments of ſome more mightier member,
That ſets them on. Let me have way, my lord,
To find this practice out.

Duke. Ay, with my heart;
And puniſh them unto your height of pleaſure.
Thou fooliſh *Friar*, and thou pernicious woman,
Compact with her that's gone; think'ſt thou, thy oaths,
Tho' they would ſwear down each particular ſaint,
Were teſtimonies 'gainſt his worth and credit,
That's ſeal'd in approbation? You, lord *Eſcalus*,
Sit with my couſin; lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuſe, whence 'tis deriv'd.
There is another *Friar*, that ſet them on;
Let him be ſent for. [deed,

Peter. Would he were here, my lord; for he, in-
Hath ſet the woman on to this complaint:
Your *Provoſt* knows the place, where he abides;
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it inſtantly.
And you, my noble and well-warranted couſin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth;
Do with your injuries, as ſeems you beſt,
In any chaſtiſement: I for a while
Will leave you; but ſtir you, not 'till you have well
Determined upon theſe ſlanderers. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Eſcal. MY lord, we'll do it throughly, Signior *Lucio*, did not you ſay, you knew that *Friar Lodowick* to be a diſhoneſt perſon?

Lucio. Cucullus non facit monachum; honeſt in nothing, but

but in his clothes; and one that hath ſpoke moſt villanous ſpeeches of the Duke.

Eſcal. We ſhall intreat you to abide here 'till he come, and inforce them againſt him; we ſhall find this *Friar* a notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in *Vienna*, on my word.

Eſcal. Call that ſame *Iſabel* here once again: I would ſpeak with her: pray you, my lord, give me leave to queſtion; you ſhall ſee how I'll handle her.

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.

Eſcal. Say you?

Lucio. Marry, Sir, I think, if you handled her privately, ſhe ſhould ſooner confeſs; perchance, publicly ſhe'll be aſham'd.

Enter Duke *in the Friar's habit, and* Provoſt; Iſabella *is brought in.*

Eſcal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That's the way; for women are light at midnight.

Eſcal. Come on, miſtreſs: here's a gentlewoman denies all that you have ſaid.

Lucio. My lord, here comes the raſcal I ſpoke of, here with the *Provoſt.*

Eſcal. In very good time: ſpeak not you to him, till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum——

Eſcal. Come, Sir, did you ſet theſe women on to ſlander lord *Angelo?* they have confeſs'd you did.

Duke. 'Tis falſe.

Eſcal. How? know you where you are?

Duke. Reſpect to your great Place; and let the devil
Be ſometime honour'd for his burning throne.
Where is the Duke? 'tis he ſhould hear me ſpeak.

Eſcal. The Duke's in us; and we will hear you ſpeak:
Look, you ſpeak juſtly.

Duke. Boldly, at leaſt. But oh, poor ſouls,
Come you to ſeek the lamb here of the fox?

Good night to your redreſs: is the Duke gone?
Then is your cauſe gone too. The Duke's unjuſt,
Thus to retort your manifeſt appeal;
And put your trial in the villain's mouth,
Which here you come to accuſe.

Lucio. This is the raſcal; this is he, I ſpoke of.

Eſcal. Why, thou unrev'rend and unhallow'd *Friar*,
Is't not enough thou haſt ſuborn'd theſe women
T'accuſe this worthy man, but with foul mouth,
And in the witneſs of his proper ear,
To call him villain; and then glance from him
To th' duke himſelf, to tax him with injuſtice?
Take him hence; to th' rack with him: we'll touze you
Joint by joint, but we will know his purpoſe:
What? unjuſt?

Duke. Be not ſo hot; the duke dare no more ſtretch
This finger of mine, than he dare rack his own:
His ſubject am I not,
Nor here provincial; my buſineſs in this ſtate
Made me a looker on here in *Vienna*;
Where I have ſeen corruption boil and bubble,
'Till it o'er-run the ſtew: laws, for all faults;
But faults ſo countenanc'd, that the ſtrong ſtatutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's ſhop,
As much in mock as mark.

Eſcal. Slander to th' ſtate! away with him to priſon.

Ang. What canyou vouch againſt him, ſignior *Lucio*?
Is this the man, that you did tell us of? [bald-pat;

Lucio. 'Tis he, my lord. Come hither, good-man,
Do you know me?

Duke. I remember you, Sir, by the ſound of your voice: I met you at the priſon in the abſence of the duke.

Lucio. Oh, did you ſo? and do you remember what you ſaid of the duke?

Duke. Moſt notedly, Sir.

Lucio. Do you ſo, Sir? and was the duke a fleſh-monger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

Duke

Duke. You muſt, Sir, change perſons with me, ere you make that my report: you ſpoke ſo of him, and much more, much worſe.

Lucio. Oh thou damnable fellow! did not I pluck thee by the noſe, for thy ſpeeches?

Duke. I proteſt, I love the duke as I love myſelf.

Ang. Hark! how the villain would cloſe now, after his treaſonable abuſes.

Eſcal. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withal; away with him to priſon: where is the *Provoſt?* away with him to priſon; lay bolts enough upon him; let him ſpeak no more; away with thoſe giglets too, and with the other confederate companion.

Duke. Stay, Sir, ſtay a-while.

Ang. What! reſiſts he? help him, *Lucio.*

Lucio. Come, Sir; come, Sir; come, Sir; foh, Sir; why, you bald-pated lying raſcal; you muſt be hooded, muſt you? ſhow your knave's viſage, with a pox to you; ſhow your ſheep-biting face, and be hang'd an hour: will't not off?

[*Pulls off the* Friar's *Hood, and diſcovers the* Duke.

Duke. Thou art the firſt knave, that e'er mad'ſt a duke.
Firſt, *Provoſt*, let me bail theſe gentle three.
Sneak not away, Sir; for the *Friar* and you
Muſt have a word anon: lay hold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worſe than hanging.

Duke. What you have ſpoke, I pardon; ſit you down: [*To* Eſcalus.
We'll borrow place of him. Sir, by your leave:
Haſt thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can do thee office? if thou haſt,
Rely upon it 'till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

Ang. O my dread lord,
I ſhould be guiltier than my guiltineſs,
To think I can be undiſcernable,
When I perceive your Grace, like pow'r divine,
Hath look'd upon my paſſes: then, good prince,

No

No longer ſeſſion hold upon my ſhame;
But let my trial be mine own confeſſion:
Immediate ſentence then, and ſequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, *Mariana:*
Say; waſt thou e'er contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was, my lord.

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her inſtantly,
Do you the office, *Friar;* which conſummate,
Return him here again: go with him, *Provoſt.*

[*Exeunt* Angelo, Mariana, Peter, *and* Provoſt.

SCENE V.

Eſcal. MY lord, I am more amaz'd at his diſhonour,
Than at the ſtrangeneſs of it.

Duke. Come hither, *Iſabel;*
Your *Friar* is now your prince: as I was then
Advertiſing, and holy to your buſineſs,
Not changing heart with habit, I am ſtill
Attornied at your ſervice.

Iſab. Oh, give me pardon,
That I, your vaſſal, have employ'd and pain'd
Your unknown ſovereignty.

Duke. You are pardon'd, *Iſabel.*
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.
Your brother's death, I know, ſits at your heart:
And you may marvel, why I obſcur'd myſelf,
Labouring to ſave his life; and would not rather
Make raſh remonſtrance of my hidden power,
Than let him be ſo loſt: Oh, moſt kind maid,
It was the ſwift celerity of his death,
Which, I did think, with ſlower foot came on,
* That bain'd my purpoſe: but peace be with him!
That life is better life, paſt fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear; make it your comfort;
So, happy is your brother.

* *That* brain'd *my purpoſe:*] We ſhould read *bain'd*, i. e. deſtroy'd.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Enter Angelo, Mariana, Peter, *and* Provoſt.

Iſab. I Do, my lord. [here,
Duke. For this new marry'd man, approaching
Whoſe ſalt imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well-defended honour, you muſt pardon
For *Mariana*'s ſake: but as he adjudg'd your brother,
Being criminal, in double violation
Of ſacred chaſtity, and of promiſe-breach,
Thereon dependant for your brother's life,
The very mercy of the law cries out
Moſt audible, even from his proper tongue,
An *Angelo* for *Claudio;* death for death.
Haſte ſtill pays haſte, and leiſure anſwers leiſure:
Like doth quit like, and *Meaſure* ſtill for *Meaſure.*
Then *Angelo,* thy faults are manifeſted;
Which tho' thou would'ſt deny, deny thee *vantage.
We do condemn thee to the very block,
Where *Claudio* ſtoop'd to death; and with like haſte;
Away with him.
Mari. Oh, my moſt gracious lord,
I hope, you will not mock me with a huſband?
Duke. It is your huſband mock'd you with a huſband.
Conſenting to the ſafeguard of your honour,
I thought your marriage fit; elſe imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
And choak your good to come: for his poſſeſſions,
Altho' by confiſcation they are ours,
We do enſtate and widow you withal,
To buy you a better huſband.
Mari. Oh, my dear lord,
I crave no other, nor no better man.
Duke. Never crave him; we are definitive.

† — *deny thee* vantage.] *Vantage,* for Means, Opportunity.

Mari.

Mari. Gentle, my liege ——
Duke. You do but loſe your labour:
Away with him to death. Now, Sir, to you.
Mari. Oh, my good lord! Sweet *Iſabel*, take my part;
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come
I'll lend you all my life, and do you ſervice.
Duke. Againſt all ſenſe you do importune her;
Should ſhe kneel down, in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghoſt his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.
Mari. Iſabel,
Sweet *Iſabel*, do yet but kneel by me;
Hold up your hands, ſay nothing; I'll ſpeak all.
They ſay, beſt men are moulded out of faults;
And, for the moſt, become much more the better
For being a little bad: ſo may my huſband.
Oh, *Iſabel!* will you not lend a knee?
Duke He dies for *Claudio*'s death.
Iſab. Moſt bounteous Sir, [*Kneeling.*
Look, if it pleaſe you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother liv'd: I partly think,
A due ſincerity govern'd his deeds,
'Till he did look on me; ſince it is ſo,
Let him not die. My brother had but juſtice,
In that he did the thing for which he dy'd;
For *Angelo*, his act did not o'ertake his bad intent;
And muſt be bury'd but as an intent,
That periſh'd by the way: thoughts are no ſubjects:
Intents, but merely thoughts.
Mari. Merely, my lord.
Duke. Your ſuit's unprofitable; ſtand up, I ſay:
I have bethought me of another fault.
Provoſt, how came it, *Claudio* was beheaded
At an unuſual hour?
Prov. It was commanded ſo.
Duke. Had you a ſpecial warrant for the deed?
Prov. No, my good lord; it was by private meſſage.
Duke. For which I do diſcharge you of your office:
Give up your keys.

Prov. Pardon me, noble lord.
I thought, it was a fault, but knew it not;
Yet did repent me, after more advice:
For teſtimony whereof, one in the priſon,
That ſhould by private order elſe have dy'd,
I have reſerv'd alive.

Duke. What's he?

Prov. His name is *Barnardine.*

Duke, I would, thou hadſt done ſo by *Claudio:*
Go, fetch him hither; let me look upon him.

Eſcal. I'm ſorry, one ſo learned and ſo wiſe
As you, lord *Angelo*, have ſtill appear'd,
Should ſlip ſo groſly both in heat of blood,
And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.

Ang. I'm ſorry, that ſuch ſorrow I procure;
And ſo deep ſticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy:
'Tis my deſerving, and I do intreat it.

SCENE VII.

Enter Provoſt, Barnardine, Claudio, *and* Julietta.

Duke. WHICH is that *Barnardine?*

Prov. This, my lord.

Duke. There was a *Friar* told me of this man:
Sirrah, thou'rt ſaid to have a ſtubborn ſoul,
That apprehends no further than this world;
And ſquar'ſt thy life accordingly: thou'rt condemn'd;
But for thoſe earthly faults, I quit them all:
I pray thee, take this mercy to provide
For better times to come: *Friar*, adviſe him; [that?
I leave him to your hand. What muffled fellow's

Prov. This is another priſoner, that I ſav'd,
Who ſhould have dy'd when *Claudio* loſt his head;
As like almoſt to *Claudio*, as himſelf.

Duke. If he be like your brother, for his ſake. [*To* Iſa.
Is he pardon'd; and for your lovely ſake,

Give

Give me your hand, and ſay, you will be mine,
He is my brother too; but fitter time for that.
By this, lord *Angelo* perceives he's ſafe;
Methinks, I ſee a quick'ning in his eye.
Well, *Angelo*, your evil quits you well; [yours.
Look, that you love your wife; her worth works
I find an apt remiſſion in myſelf,
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon.
You, ſirrah, that knew me for a fool, a coward, [*To* Luc.
One of all luxury, an aſs, a mad-man;
Wherein have I deſerved ſo of you,
That you extol me thus?

Lucio. 'Faith, my lord, I ſpoke it but according to the trick; if you will hang me for it, you may: but I had rather it would pleaſe you, I might be whipt.

Duke. Whipt firſt, Sir, and hang'd after.
Proclaim it, *Provoſt*, round about the city;
If any woman, wrong'd by this lewd fellow,
(As I have heard him ſwear himſelf, there's one
Whom he begot with child) let her appear,
And he ſhall marry her; the nuptial finiſh'd,
Let him be whipt and hang'd.

Lucio. I beſeech your highneſs, do not marry me to a whore: your highneſs ſaid even now, I made you a duke; good my lord, do not recompence me, in making me a cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honour, thou ſhalt marry her:
Thy ſlanders I forgive, and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits; take him to priſon:
And ſee our pleaſure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is preſſing to death; whipping and hanging.

Duke. Sland'ring a prince deſerves it.
She, *Claudio*, that you wrong'd, look, you reſtore.
Joy to you, *Mariana*: love her, *Angelo*:
I have confeſs'd her, and I know her virtue.
Thanks, good friend *Eſcalus*, for thy much goodneſs:
There's more behind, that is more gratulate.

Thanks

Thanks, *Provoſt*, for thy care and ſecreſy;
We ſhall employ thee in a worthier place:
Forgive him, *Angelo*, that brought you home
The head of *Ragozine* for *Claudio*'s;
Th' offence pardons itſelf. Dear *Iſabel*,
I have a motion much imports your good,
Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine:
So bring us to our palace, where we'll ſhow
What's yet behind, that's meet You all ſhould know.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Dra-

Dramatis Perſonæ.

DON PEDRO, *Prince of* Arragon.
Leonato, *Governor of* Meſſina.
Don John, *Baſtard-Brother to Don* Pedro.
Claudio, *a young Lord of* Florence, *Favourite to Don* Pedro.
Benedick, *a young Lord of* Padua, *favour'd likewiſe by Don* Pedro.
Balthazar, *Servant to Don* Pedro.
Antonio, *Brother to* Leonato.
Borachio, *Confident to Don* John.
Conrade, *Friend to* Borachio.
Dogberry, Verges, } *two fooliſh Officers.*

Hero, *Daughter to* Leonato.
Beatrice, *Neice to* Leonato.
Margaret, Urſula, } *two Gentlewomen, attending on* Hero.

A Friar, Meſſenger, Watch, Town-Clerk, Sexton, and Attendants.

SCENE, *Meſſina* in *Sicily.*

MUCH

*MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *a Court before* Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter Leonato, Hero, *and* Beatrice, *with a Meſſenger.*

LEONATO.

I Learn in this letter, that Don *Pedro* of *Arragon* comes this night to *Meſſina.*

Meſſ. He is very near by this; he was not three leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many gentlemen have you loſt in this action?

Meſſ. But few of any Sort, and none of Name.

Leon. A victory is twice itſelf, when the atchiever brings home full numbers; I find here, that Don *Pedro* hath beſtowed much honour on a young *Florentine,* call'd *Claudio.*

Meſſ. Much deſerved on his part, and equally remembred by Don *Pedro:* he hath borne himſelf beyond the promiſe of his age, doing in the figure of a lamb the feats of a lion: he hath, indeed, better better'd expectation, than you muſt expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an uncle here in *Meſſina* will be very much glad of it.

Meſſ. I have already deliver'd him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even ſo much, that

* The Story from *Arioſto, Orl. Fur.* l. 5. Mr. *Pope.*

joy

joy could not ſhew itſelf modeſt enough, without a badge of bitterneſs.

Leon. Did he break out into tears?

Meſſ. In great meaſure.

Leon. A kind overflow of kindneſs. There are no faces truer than thoſe that are ſo waſh'd. How much better is it to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping!

Beat. I pray you,*is Signior *Montanto* return'd from the wars or no?

Meſſ. I know none of that name, Lady; there was none ſuch in the army of any Sort.

Leon. What is he that you aſk for, Neice?

Hero. My Couſin means Signior *Benedick* of *Padua.*

Meſſ. O, he's return'd, and as pleaſant as ever he was.

Beat. He ſet up his bills here in *Meſſina*, and challeng'd *Cupid* at the flight; and my Uncle's fool, reading the challenge, ſubſcrib'd for *Cupid*, and challeng'd him at the bird-bolt. I pray you, how many hath he kill'd and eaten in theſe wars? but how many hath he kill'd? for, indeed, I promis'd to eat all of his killing.

Leon. Faith, Neice, you tax Signior *Benedick* too much; but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Meſſ. He hath done good ſervice, Lady, in theſe wars.

Beat. You had muſty victuals, and he hath holp to eat it; he's a very valiant trencher-man, he hath an excellent ſtomach.

Meſſ. And a good ſoldier too, Lady.

Beat. And a good ſoldier to a lady? but what is he to a lord?

Meſſ. A lord to a lord, a man to a man, ſtufft with all honourable virtues.

* *is Signior* Montanto *return'd*] Montante, in *Spaniſh*, is a *huge two-handed-ſword*, given, with much Humour, to one, the Speaker would repreſent as a Boaſter or Bravado.

Beat.

Beat. It is ſo, indeed: he is no leſs than a ſtufft man: but for the ſtuffing,—well, we are all mortal.

Leon. You muſt not, Sir, miſtake my Neice; there is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior *Benedick* and her; they never meet, but there's a ſkirmiſh of Wit between them.

Beat. Alas, he gets nothing by That. In our laſt conflict, four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man govern'd with one: So that if he have * wit enough to keep himſelf from harm, let him bear it for a difference between himſelf and his horſe; for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reaſonable creature. Who is his companion now? he hath every month a new ſworn brother.

Meſſ. Is it poſſible?

Beat. Very eaſily poſſible; he wears his faith but as the faſhion of his hat, it ever changes with the next block.

Meſſ. I ſee, Lady, the gentleman is not in your books.

Beat. No; an he were, I would burn my Study. But, I pray you, who is his companion? is there no young ſquarer now, that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

Meſſ. He is moſt in the company of the right noble *Claudio.*

Beat. O lord, he will hang upon him like a diſeaſe; he is ſooner caught than the peſtilence, and the taker runs preſently mad. God help the noble *Claudio*, if he have caught the *Benedick*; it will coſt him a thouſand pounds ere he be cur'd.

* *wit enough to keep himſelf* warm,] But how would that make a *difference between him and his Horſe*? We ſhould read, *Wit enough to keep himſelf* from harm. This ſuits the ſatirical Turn of her Speech, in the Character ſhe would give of *Benedick*; and this would make the Difference ſpoken of. For 'tis the Nature of Horſes, when wounded, to run upon the Point of the Weapon.

Meſſ. I will hold friends with you, Lady.
Beat. Do, good friend.
Leon. You'll ne'er run mad, Neice.
Beat. No, not 'till a hot *January*.
Meſſ. Don *Pedro* is approach'd.

SCENE II.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthazar, *and Don* John.

Pedro. GOOD Signior *Leonato*, you are come to meet your trouble: the faſhion of the world is to avoid coſt, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my houſe in the likeneſs of your Grace; for trouble being gone, comfort ſhould remain; but when you depart from me, ſorrow abides, and happineſs takes his leave.

Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly: I think, this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me ſo.

Bene. Were you in doubt, Sir, that you aſkt her?

Leon. Signior *Benedick*, no; for then were you a child.——

Pedro. You have it full, *Benedick;* We may gueſs by this what you are, being a man: truly, the lady fathers herſelf; be happy, lady, for you are like an honourable father.

Bene. If Signior *Leonato* be her Father, ſhe would not have his head on her ſhoulders for all *Meſſina*, as like him as ſhe is.

Beat. I wonder, that you will ſtill be talking, Signior *Benedick;* no body marks you.

Bene. What, my dear lady *Diſdain!* are you yet living?

Beat. Is it poſſible, Diſdain ſhould die, while ſhe hath ſuch meet food to feed it, as Signior *Benedick?* Courteſy itſelf muſt convert to Diſdain, if you come in her preſence.

Bene.

Bene. Then is courteſy a turn-coat; but it is certain, I am lov'd of all ladies, only you excepted; and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart, for truly I love none.

Beat. A dear happineſs to women; they would elſe have been troubled with a pernicious ſuitor. I thank God and my cold blood, I am of your Humour for that; I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man ſwear he loves me.

Bene. God keep your ladyſhip ſtill in that mind! ſo ſome gentleman or other ſhall ſcape a predeſtinate ſcratcht face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worſe, an 'twere ſuch a face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue is better than a beaſt of yours.

Bene. I would, my horſe had the ſpeed of your tongue, and ſo good a continuer: but keep your way o'God's name, I have done.

Beat. You always end with a jade's trick; I know you of old.

Pedro. This is the ſum of all: *Leonato*, —Signior *Claudio*, and Signior *Benedick*,——my dear friend, *Leonato* hath invited you all; I tell him, we ſhall ſtay here at the leaſt a month; and he heartily prays, ſome occaſion may detain us longer; I dare ſwear, he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you ſwear, my Lord, you ſhall not be forſworn.——Let me bid You welcome, my lord, being reconciled to the prince your brother; I owe you all duty.

John. I thank you; I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon. Pleaſe it your Grace lead on?

Pedro. Your hand, *Leonato;* we will go together.

[*Exeunt all but* Benedick *and* Claudio.

SCENE III.

Claud. BENEDICK, didſt thou note the daughter of Signior *Leonato?*

Bene. I noted her not, but I look'd on her.

Claud. Is ſhe not a modeſt young lady?

Bene. Do you queſtion me, as an honeſt man ſhould do, for my ſimple true judgment? or would you have me ſpeak after my cuſtom, as being a profeſſed tyrant to their ſex?

Claud. No, I pr'ythee, ſpeak in ſober judgment.

Bene. Why, i'faith, methinks, ſhe is too low for an high praiſe, too brown for a fair praiſe, and too little for a great praiſe; only this commendation I can afford her, that were ſhe other than ſhe is, ſhe were unhandſome; and being no other but as ſhe is, I do not like her.

Claud. Thou think'ſt, I am in ſport; I pray thee, tell me truly how thou lik'ſt her.

Bene. Would you buy her, that you enquire after her?

Claud. Can the world buy ſuch a jewel?

Bene. Yea, and a caſe to put it into; but ſpeak you this with a ſad brow? or do you play the flouting *Jack*, to tell us *Cupid* is a good hare-finder, and *Vulcan* a rare carpenter? come, in what key ſhall a man take you to go in the Song?

Claud. In mine eye, ſhe is the ſweeteſt lady that I ever look'd on.

Bene. I can ſee yet without ſpectacles, and I ſee no ſuch matter; there's her Couſin, if ſhe were not poſſeſt with ſuch a Fury, exceeds her as much in beauty, as the firſt of *May* doth the laſt of *December*: but I hope, you have no intent to turn huſband, have you?

Claud. I would ſcarce truſt myſelf, tho' I had ſworn the contrary, if *Hero* would be my wife.

Bene.

Bene. Is't come to this, in faith? hath not the world one man, but he will wear his cap with ſuſpicion? ſhall I never ſee a bachelor of threeſcore again? go to, i'faith, if thou wilt needs thruſt thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and ſigh away *Sundays:* look, Don *Pedro* is return'd to ſeek you.

SCENE IV.

Re-enter Don Pedro *and Don* John.

Pedro. WHAT Secret hath held you here, that you follow'd not to *Leonato*'s houſe?

Bene. I would your Grace would conſtrain me to tell.

Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Bene. You hear, Count *Claudio,* I can be ſecret as a dumb man, I would have you think ſo; but on my allegiance, mark you this, on my allegiance:—he is in love; with whom? now that is your Grace's part: mark, how ſhort his anſwer is, with *Hero, Leonato*'s ſhort-daughter.

Claud. If this were ſo, ſo were it uttered.

Bene. Like the old tale, my lord, it is not ſo, nor 'twas not ſo; but, indeed, God forbid it ſhould be ſo.

Claud. If my paſſion change not ſhortly, God forbid it ſhould be otherwiſe.

Pedro. Amen, if you love her, for the Lady is very well worthy.

Claud. You ſpeak this to fetch me in, my Lord.

Pedro. By my troth, I ſpeak my thought.

Claud. And, in faith, my Lord, I ſpoke mine.

Bene. And by my two faiths and troths, my Lord, I ſpeak mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

Pedro. That ſhe is worthy, I know.

Bene. That I neither feel how ſhe ſhould be loved, nor know how ſhe ſhould be worthy, is the opinion

that fire cannot melt out of me; I will die in it at the ſtake.

Pedro. Thou waſt ever an obſtinate heretic in the deſpight of beauty.

Claud. And never could maintain his part, but in the force of his will.

Bene. That a woman conceiv'd me, I thank her; that ſhe brought me up, I likewiſe give her moſt humble thanks: but that I will have a recheate winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldric, all women ſhall pardon me; becauſe I will not do them the Wrong to miſtruſt any, I will do myſelf the Right to truſt none: and the fine is, (for the which I may go the finer,) I will live a bachelor.

Pedro. I ſhall ſee thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

Bene. With anger, with ſickneſs, or with hunger, my lord, not with love: prove, that ever I loſe more blood with love, than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-houſe for the Sign of blind *Cupid.*

Pedro. Well, if ever thou doſt fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and ſhoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapt on the ſhoulder, and call'd **Adam.*

Pedo. Well, as time ſhall try; in time the ſavage bull doth bear the yoke.

Bene. The ſavage bull may, but if ever the ſenſible *Benedick* bear it, pluck off the bull's-horns, and ſet them in my forehead, and let me be vilely painted; and in ſuch great letters as they write, *Here is good Horſe to hire,* let them ſignify under my Sign, *Here you may ſee* Benedick *the marry'd the man.*

* *Adam Bell,* at that time famous for Archery. Mr. *Theobald.*

Claud.

Claud. If this ſhould ever happen, thou would'ſt be horn-mad.

Pedro. Nay, if *Cupid* hath not ſpent all his quiver in *Venice*, thou wilt quake for this ſhortly.

Bene. I look for an earthquake too then.

Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the hours; in the mean time, good Signior *Benedick*, repair to *Leonato*'s, commend me to him, and tell him I will not fail him at ſupper; for, indeed, he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I have almoſt matter enough in me for ſuch an embaſſage, and ſo I commit you——

Claud. To the tuition of God; From my houſe, if I had it,——

Pedro. The ſixth of *July*, your loving friend, *Benedick*.

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not; the body of your diſcourſe is ſometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but ſlightly baſted on neither: ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conſcience, and ſo I leave you. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Claud. MY Liege, your Highneſs now may do me good.

Pedro. My love is thine to teach, teach it but how,
And thou ſhalt ſee how apt it is to learn
Any hard leſſon that may do thee good.

Claud. Hath *Leonato* any ſon, my lord?

Pedro. No child but *Hero*, ſhe's his only heir:
Doſt thou affect her, *Claudio*?

Claud. O my lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I look'd upon her with a ſoldier's eye;
That lik'd, but had a rougher taſk in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love;
But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts

Have left their places vacant; in their rooms
Come throngings ſoft and delicate Deſires,
All prompting me how fair young *Hero* is;
Saying, I lik'd her ere I went to wars.

Pedro. Thou wilt be a lover preſently,
And tire the hearer with a book of words:
If thou doſt love fair *Hero*, cheriſh it,
And I will break with her, and with her Father,
And thou ſhalt have her: was't not to this end,
That thou began'ſt to twiſt ſo fine a ſtory?

Claud. How ſweetly do you miniſter to love,
That know love's grief by his complexion!
But leſt my liking might too ſudden ſeem,
I would have ſalv'd it with a longer treatiſe.

Pedro. What need the bridge much broader than the flood?
The faireſt grant is the neceſſity;
Look, what will ſerve, is fit; 'tis once, thou lov'ſt;
And I will fit thee with the remedy.
I know, we ſhall have revelling to-night;
I will aſſume thy part in ſome diſguiſe,
And tell fair *Hero* I am *Claudio;*
And in her boſom I'll unclaſp my heart,
And take her hearing priſoner with the force
And ſtrong encounter of my amorous tale:
Then, after, to her father will I break;
And the concluſion is, ſhe ſhall be thine;
In practice let us put it preſently. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Leonato *and* Antonio.

Leon. How now, Brother, where is my Couſin your ſon? hath he provided this muſic?

Ant. He is very buſy about it; but, brother, I can tell you news that you yet dream'd not of.

Leon. Are they good?

Ant. As the event ſtamps them, but they have a good cover; they ſhow well outward. The Prince and Count *Claudio,* walking in a thick-pleached alley in

in my orchard, were thus over-heard by a man of mine: The Prince diſcover'd to *Claudio*, that he lov'd my neice your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and if he found her accordant, he meant to take the preſent time by the top, and inſtantly break with you of it.

Leon. Hath the fellow any wit, that told you this?

Ant. A good ſharp fellow; I will ſend for him, and queſtion him yourſelf.

Leon. No, no; we will hold it as a dream, 'till it appear itſelf; but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that ſhe may be the better prepared for anſwer, if peradventure this be true; go you and tell her of it: Couſins, you know what you have to do. [*Several croſs the Stage here.*] O, I cry you mercy, friend, go you with me and I will uſe your ſkill; good Couſin, have a care this buſy time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to an Apartment in Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter Don John *and* Conrade.

Conr. WHAT the good-jer, my lord, why are you thus out of meaſure ſad?

John. There is no meaſure in the occaſion that breeds it, therefore the ſadneſs is without limit.

Conr. You ſhould hear reaſon.

John. And when I have heard it, what Bleſſing bringeth it?

Conr. If not a preſent remedy, yet a patient ſufferance.

John. I wonder, that thou (being, as thou ſay'ſt thou art, born under *Saturn*) goeſt about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying miſchief: I cannot hide what I am: I muſt be ſad when I have cauſe, and ſmile at no man's jeſts; eat when I have ſtomach, and wait for no man's leiſure; ſleep when I am drow-

ſy, and tend on no man's buſineſs; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour.

Conr. Yea, but you muſt not make the full ſhow of this, 'till you may do it without controulment; you have of late ſtood out againſt your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace, where it is impoſſible you ſhould take root, but by the fair weather that you make yourſelf; it is needful that you frame the ſeaſon for your own harveſt.

John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a roſe in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be diſdain'd of all, than to faſhion a carriage to rob love from any: in this, (though I cannot be ſaid to be a flattering honeſt man) it muſt not be deny'd but I am a plain-dealing villain; I am truſted with a muzzel, and infranchiſed with a clog, therefore I have decreed not to ſing in my cage: if I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the mean time let me be that I am, and ſeek not to alter me.

Conr. Can you make no uſe of your diſcontent?

John. I will make all uſe of it, for I uſe it only. Who comes here? what news, *Borachio?*

Enter Borachio.

Boar. I came yonder from a great ſupper; the Prince, your brother, is royally entertain'd by *Leonato*, and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

John. Will it ſerve for any model to build miſchief on? what is he for a fool, that betroths himſelf to unquietneſs?

Bora. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

John. Who, the moſt exquiſite *Claudio?*

Bora. Even he.

John. A proper Squire! and who, and who? which way looks he!

Bora. Marry, on *Hero*, the daughter and heir of *Leonato*.

John.

John. A very forward *March* chick! How come you to this?

Bora. Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was ſmoaking a muſty room, comes me the Prince and *Claudio* hand in hand in ſad conference: I whipt behind the Arras, and there heard it agreed upon, that the Prince ſhould woo *Hero* for himſelf; and having obtain'd her, give her to Count *Claudio*.

John. Come, come, let us thither, this may prove food to my diſpleaſure: that young ſtart-up hath all the glory of my overthrow; if I can croſs him any way, I bleſs myſelf every way; you are both ſure, and will aſſiſt me.

Conr. To the death, my lord.

John. Let us to the great ſupper; their Cheer is the greater, that I am ſubdu'd; 'would the cook were of my mind! —— ſhall we go prove what's to be done?

Bora. We'll wait upon your lordſhip. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *a Hall in* Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter Leonato, Antonio, Hero, Beatrice, Margaret *and* Urſula.

LEONATO.

WAS not Count *John* here at Supper?

Ant. I ſaw him not.

Beat. How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can ſee him, but I am heart-burn'd an hour after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy diſpoſition.

Beat. He were an excellent man, that were made juſt in the mid-way between him and *Benedick;* the one is too like an image, and ſays nothing: and the other too like my lady's eldeſt ſon, evermore tatling.

Leon. Then half Signior *Benedick*'s tongue in Count *John*'s mouth, and half Count *John*'s melancholy, in Signior *Benedick*'s face——

Beat. With a good Leg, and a good Foot, Uncle, and money enough in his purſe, ſuch a man would win any woman in the world, if he could get her good Will.

Leon. By my troth, Neice, thou wilt never get thee a huſband, if thou be ſo ſhrewd of thy tongue.

Ant. In faith, ſhe's too curſt.

Beat. Too curſt is more than curſt; I ſhall leſſen God's ſending that way; for it is ſaid, God ſends a curſt Cow ſhort horns; but to a Cow too curſt he ſends none.

Leon. So, by being too curſt, God will ſend you no horns.

Beat. Juſt, if he ſend me no Huſband; for the which Bleſſing I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening: Lord! I could not endure a huſband with a beard on his face, I had rather lie in woollen.

Leon. You may light upon a huſband, that hath no beard.

Beat. What ſhould I do with him? dreſs him in my apparel, and make him my waiting-gentlewoman? he that hath a beard is more than a youth, and he that hath no beard is leſs than a man; and he that is more than a youth, is not for me; and he that is leſs than a man, I am not for him: therefore I will even take ſix-pence in earneſt of the bear-herd, and lead his apes into hell.

Ant. Well, Neice, I truſt, you will be rul'd by your father. [*To* Hero.

Beat. Yes, faith, it is my Couſin's duty to make curtſy, and ſay, *Father, as it pleaſes you*; but yet for all that, Couſin, let him be a handſome fellow, or elſe make another curtſy, and ſay, *Father, as it pleaſes me.*

Leon. Well, Neice, I hope to ſee you one day fitted with a huſband.

Beat.

Beat. Not 'till God make men of ſome other metal than earth; would it not grieve a woman to be over-maſter'd with a piece of valiant duſt? to make account of her life to a clod of way-ward marle? no, uncle, I'll none; *Adam*'s ſons are my brethren, and, truly, I hold it a ſin to match in my kindred.

Leon. Daughter, remember, what I told you; if the Prince do ſolicit you in that kind, you know your anſwer.

Beat. The fault will be in the muſic, couſin, if you be not woo'd in good time; If the Prince be too important, tell him, there is meaſure in every thing, and ſo dance out the Anſwer; for hear me, *Hero*, wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a *Scotch* jig, a meaſure, and a cinque-pace; the firſt ſuit is hot and haſty, like a *Scotch* jig, and full as fantaſtical; the wedding mannerly-modeſt, as a meaſure, full of ſtate and anchentry; and then comes repentance, and with his bad legs falls into his cinque-pace faſter and faſter, 'till he ſinks into his grave.

Leon. Couſin, you apprehend paſſing ſhrewdly.

Beat. I have a good eye, uncle, I can ſee a church by day-light.

Leon. The revellers are entring, brother; make good room.

SCENE II.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthazar, *and others in Maſquerade.*

Pedro. LADY, will you walk with your friend?

Hero. So you walk ſoftly, and look ſweetly, and ſay nothing, I am yours for the walk, and eſpecially when I walk away.

Pedro. With me in your company?

Hero. I may ſay ſo, when I pleaſe.

Pedro. And when pleaſe you to ſay ſo?

Hero.

Hero. When I like your favour; for God defend, the lute ſhould be like the caſe!

Pedro. My viſor is *Philemon's* roof; within the houſe is *Jove.*

Hero. Why, then your viſor ſhould be thatch'd.

Pedro. Speak low, if you ſpeak love.

Balth. Well; I would, you did like me.

Marg. So would not I for your own ſake, for I have many ill qualities.

Balth. Which is one?

Marg. I ſay my Prayers aloud.

Balth. I love you the better, the hearers may cry Amen.

Marg. God match me with a good dancer!

Balth. Amen.

Marg. And God keep him out of my ſight when the dance is done! Anſwer, Clerk.

Balth. No more words, the clerk is anſwer'd.

Urſ. I know you well enough; you are Signior *Antonio.*

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urſ. I know you by the wagling of your head.

Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Urſ. You could never do him ſo ill-well, unleſs you were the very man: here's his dry hand up and down; you are he, you are he.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urſ. Come, come, do you think, I do not know you by your excellent wit? can virtue hide itſelf? go to, mum, you are he; graces will appear, and there's an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me, who told you ſo?

Bene. No, you ſhall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you not tell me, who you are?

Bene. Not now.

Beat. That I was diſdainful, and that I had my good Wit out of *The Hundred merry Tales;* well, this was Signior *Benedick* that ſaid ſo.

Bene.

Bene. What's he?

Beat. I am ſure, you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, believe me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you, what is he?

Beat. Why, he is the Prince's jeſter; a very dull fool, only his gift is in deviſing impoſſible ſlanders: none but libertines delight in him, and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villany; for he both pleaſeth men and angers them, and then they laught at him, and beat him; I am ſure, he is in the fleet; I would, he had boarded me.

Bene. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you ſay.

Beat. Do, do, he'll but break a compariſon or two on me; which, peradventure, not mark'd, or not laugh'd at, ſtrikes him into melancholy, and then there's a partridge wing ſav'd, for the fool will eat no ſupper that night. We muſt follow the leaders. [*Muſic within.*

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Manent John, Borachio, *and* Claudio.

John. SURE, my brother is amorous on *Hero*, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it: the ladies follow her, and but one viſor remains.

Bora. And that is *Claudio*; I know him by his Bearing.

John. Are you not Signior *Benedick*?

Claud. You know me well, I am he.

John. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love, he is enamour'd on *Hero*; I pray you, diſſuade him from her, ſhe is no equal for his birth; you may do the part of an honeſt man in it.

Claud.

Claud. How know ye, he loves her?

John. I heard him ſwear his affection.

Bora. So did I too, and he ſwore he would marry her to-night.

John. Come, let us to the banquet.

[*Exeunt* John *and* Bor.

Claud. Thus anſwer I in name of *Benedick*,
But hear this ill news with the ears of *Claudio*.
'Tis certain ſo, the Prince wooes for himſelf.
Friendſhip is conſtant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love;
Therefore all hearts in love ſue your own tongues!
Let every eye negotiate for itſelf,
And truſt no agent; beauty is a witch,
Againſt whoſe charms * faith melteth into blood.
This is an accident of hourly proof,
Which I miſtruſted not. Farewel then, *Hero!*

Enter Benedick.

Bene. Count *Claudio?*

Claud. Yea, the ſame.

Bene. Come, will you go with me?

Claud. Whither?

Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own buſineſs, Count. What faſhion will you wear the garland of? about your neck, like an Uſurer's chain? or under your arm, like a Lieutenant's ſcarf? you muſt wear it one way, for the Prince hath got your *Hero*.

Claud. I wiſh him Joy of her.

Bene. Why, that's ſpoken like an honeſt drover; ſo they ſell bullocks: but did you think, the Prince would have ſerved you thus?

Claud. I pray you, leave me.

* —— *Faith melteth into Blood.*] i. e. Theſe intemperate Deſires make Men treacherous; but the Expreſſion alludes to the old Opinion of Superſtition concerning Witches; that they turned wholeſome Liquors into Blood by their Charms.

Bene.

Bene. Ho! now you ſtrike like the blind man; 'twas the boy that ſtole your meat, and you'll beat the Poſt.

Claud. If it will not be, I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Bene. Alas, poor hurt fowl! now will he creep into ſedges. But, that my Lady *Beatrice* ſhould know me, and not know me! the Prince's fool! ha? it may be, I go under that Title, becauſe I am merry; yea, but ſo I am apt to do myſelf wrong: I am not ſo reputed. It is the baſe (tho' bitter) diſpoſition of *Beatrice*, that puts the World into her perſon, and ſo gives me out; well, I'll be reveng'd as I may.

SCENE IV.

Enter Don Pedro.

Pedro. NOW, Signior, where's the Count? did you ſee him?

Bene. Troth, my lord, I have play'd the part of lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren, I told him (and I think, told him true) that your Grace had got the Will of this young lady, and I offer'd him my company to a willow-tree, either to make him a garland, as being forſaken, or to hind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipt.

Pedro. To be whipt! what's his fault?

Bene. The flat tranſgreſſion of a School-boy; who, being overjoy'd with finding a bird's neſt, ſhews it his companion, and he ſteals it.

Pedro. Wilt thou make a truſt, a tranſgreſſion? the tranſgreſſion is in the ſtealer.

Bene. Yet it had not been amiſs, the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himſelf, and the rod he might have beſtow'd on you, who (as I take it) have ſtol'n his bird's neſt.

Pedro.

Beat. Speak, Count, 'tis your cue.——

Claud. Silence is the perfecteſt herald of joy; I were but little happy, if I could ſay how much. Lady, as you are mine, I am yours: I give away myſelf for you, and doat upon the exchange.

Beat. Speak, Couſin, or (if you cannot) ſtop his mouth with a kiſs, and let him not ſpeak neither.

Pedro. In faith, Lady, you have a merry heart.

Beat. Yea, my Lord, I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy ſide of care; my couſin tells him in his ear, that he is in her heart.

Claud. And ſo ſhe doth, couſin.

Beat. Good Lord, for alliance! thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am ſun-burn'd; I may ſit in a corner, and cry *heigh ho!* for a huſband.

Pedro. Lady *Beatrice*, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your Father's getting: hath your Grace ne'er a brother like you? your Father got excellent Huſbands, if a maid could come by them.

Pedro. Will you have me, Lady?

Beat. No, my Lord, unleſs I might have another for working days; your Grace is too coſtly to wear every day: but I beſeech your Grace, pardon me, I was born to ſpeak all mirth and no matter.

Pedro. Your ſilence moſt offends me, and to be merry beſt becomes you; for, out of queſtion, you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No, ſure, my Lord, my mother cry'd; but then there was a ſtar danc'd, and under that I was born. Couſins, God give you joy.

Leon. Neice, will you look to thoſe things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy, Uncle: by your Grace's pardon. [*Exit* Beatrice.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Pedro. BY my troth, a pleaſant-ſpirited Lady.

Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her, my Lord; ſhe is never ſad but when ſhe ſleeps, and not ever ſad then; for I have heard my daughter ſay, ſhe hath often dream'd of unhappineſs, and wak'd herſelf with laughing.

Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a huſband.

Leon. O, by no means, ſhe mocks all her wooers out of ſuit.

Pedro. She were an excellent wife for *Benedick.*

Leon. O Lord, my Lord, if they were but a week marry'd, they would talk themſelves mad.

Pedro. Count *Claudio*, when mean you to go to church?

Claud. To-morrow, my Lord; time goes on crutches, 'till love have all his rites.

Leon. Not 'till *Monday*, my dear ſon, which is hence a juſt ſeven-night, and a time too brief too, to have all things anſwer my mind.

Pedro. Come, you ſhake the head at ſo long a breathing; but, I warrant thee, *Claudio*, the time ſhall not go dully by us. I will in the *Interim* undertake one of *Hercules*'s labours, which is, to bring Signior *Benedick* and the Lady *Beatrice* into a mountain of affection the one with the other; I would fain have it a match, and I doubt not to faſhion it, if you three will but miniſter ſuch aſſiſtance as I ſhall give you direction.

Leon. My Lord, I am for you, though it coſt me ten nights watchings.

Claud. And I, my Lord.

Pedro. And you too, gentle *Hero?*

Hero. I will do any modeſt office, my Lord, to help my Couſin to a good huſband.

Pedro.

Pedro. And *Benedick* is not the unhopefulleſt huſband that I know: thus far I can praiſe him, he is of a noble ſtrain, of approv'd valour, and confirm'd honeſty. I will teach you how to humour your Couſin, that ſhe ſhall fall in love with *Benedick*; and I, with your two helps, will ſo practice on *Benedick*, that in deſpight of his quick wit, and his queaſy ſtomach, he ſhall fall in love with *Beatrice*. If we can do this, *Cupid* is no longer an archer, his glory ſhall be ours, for we are the only Love-Gods; go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Changes to another Apartment in Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter Don John *and* Borachio.

John. IT is ſo, the Count *Claudio* ſhall marry the Daughter of *Leonato.*

Bora. Yea, my Lord, but I can croſs it.

John. Any bar, any croſs, any impediment will be medicinable to me; I am ſick in diſpleaſure to him; and whatſoever comes athwart his affection, ranges evenly with mine. How canſt thou croſs this marriage?

Bora. Not honeſtly, my Lord, but ſo covertly that no diſhoneſty ſhall appear in me.

John. Shew me briefly how.

Bora. I think, I told your lordſhip a year ſince, how much I am in the favour of *Margaret*, the waiting-gentlewoman to *Hero.*

John. I remember.

Bora. I can, at any unſeaſonable inſtant of the night, appoint her to look out at her Lady's chamber-window.

John. What life is in That, to be the death of this marriage?

Bora.

Bora. The poiſon of That lies in you to temper; go you to the Prince your brother, ſpare not to tell him, that he hath wrong'd his Honour in marrying the renown'd *Claudio,* (whoſe eſtimation do you mightily hold up) to a contaminated Stale, ſuch a one as *Hero.*

John. What proof ſhall I make of That?

Bora. Proof enough to miſuſe the Prince, to vex *Claudio,* to undo *Hero,* and kill *Leonato;* look you for any other iſſue?

John. Only to deſpite them, I will endeavour any thing.

Bora. Go then find me a meet hour, to draw Don *Pedro,* and the Count *Claudio,* alone; tell them, that you know, *Hero* loves me; intend a kind of zeal both to the Prince and *Claudio,* as in a love of your Brother's honour who hath made this match; and his friend's reputation, (who is thus like to be cozen'd with the ſemblance of a maid,) that you have diſcover'd thus; they will hardly believe this without trial: offer them inſtances, which ſhall bear no leſs likelihood than to ſee me at her chamber-window; hear me call *Margaret, Hero*; hear *Margaret* term me *Borachio:* and bring them to ſee this, the very night before the intended Wedding; for in the mean time I will ſo faſhion the matter, that *Hero* ſhall be abſent; and there ſhall appear ſuch ſeeming truths of *Hero*'s diſloyalty, that jealouſy ſhall be call'd aſſurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

John. Grow this to what adverſe iſſue it can, I will put it in practice: be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thouſand ducats.

Bora. Be thou conſtant in the accuſation, and my cunning ſhall not ſhame me.

John. I will preſently go learn their day of marriage. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE VIII

Changes to Leonato's *Orchard.*

Enter Benedick, *and a Boy.*

Bene. BOY,——

Boy. Signior.

Bene. In my chamber-window lies a book, bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am here already, Sir. [*Exit Boy.*

Bene. I know that, but I would have thee hence, and here again.——I do much wonder, that one man, ſeeing how much another man is a fool, when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laught at ſuch ſhallow follies in others, become the argument of his own ſcorn, by falling in love! and ſuch a man is *Claudio*. I have known, when there was no muſic with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the taber and the pipe; I have known, when he would have walk'd ten mile a-foot, to ſee a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the faſhion of a new doublet. He was wont to ſpeak plain, and to the purpoſe, like an honeſt man and a ſoldier; and now he is turn'd orthographer, his words are a very fantaſtical banquet, juſt ſo many ſtrange diſhes. May I be ſo converted, and ſee with theſe eyes? I cannot tell; I think not. I will not be ſworn, but love may transform me to an oyſter; but I'll take my oath on it, 'till he have made an oyſter of me, he ſhall never make me ſuch a fool: one woman is fair, yet I am well; another is wiſe, yet I am well; another virtuous, yet I am well. But 'till all graces be in one woman, one woman ſhall not come in my grace. Rich ſhe ſhall be, that's certain; *'wiſe, or I'll none;

* Theſe Words added out of the Editions of 1623. *Mr. Pope.*

virtuous,

virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her: fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me;' noble, or not I for an angel; of good diſcourſe, an excellent muſician, and her * hair ſhall be of what colour it pleaſe God. Ha! the Prince and Monſieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour. [*Withdraws.*

SCENE IX.

Enter Don Pedro, Leonato, Claudio, *and* Balthazar.

Pedro. COME, ſhall we hear this muſic?

Claud. Yea, my good lord; how ſtill the evening is,
As huſh'd on purpoſe to grace harmony!

Pedro. See you were *Benedick* hath hid himſelf?

Claud. O very well, my lord; the muſic ended,
We'll fit the hid fox with a penny-worth.

Pedro. Come, *Balthazar*, we'll hear that Song again.

Balth. O good my lord, tax not ſo bad a voice
To ſlander muſic any more than once.

Pedro. It is the witneſs ſtill of excellency,
To put a ſtrange face on his own perfection;
I pray thee, ſing; and let me woo no more.

Balth. Becauſe you talk of wooing, I will ſing;
Since many a wooer doth commence his ſuit
To her he thinks not worthy, yet he wooes;
Yet will he ſwear, he loves.

Pedro. Nay, pray thee, come;
Or if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes,
There's not a note of mine, that's worth the noting.

Pedro. Why, theſe are very crotchets that he ſpeaks,
Note, notes, forſooth, and noting.

* *and her hair ſhall be of what colour it pleaſe God.*] i. e. She ſhall not diſcolour it; hinting at the Faſhion of diſcolouring their Hair, by Art, when it was not of the Colour in eſteem.

Bene. Now, divine air; now is his ſoul raviſh'd! is it not ſtrange, that ſheeps guts ſhould hale ſouls out of men's bodies? well, a horn for my money, when all's done.

The SONG.

Sigh no more, ladies, ſigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in ſea, and one on ſhore,
To one thing conſtant never:
Then ſigh not ſo, but let them go,
And be you blith and bonny;
Converting all your ſounds of woe
Into hey nony, nony.

Sing no more ditties, ſing no mo
Of dumps ſo dull and heavy;
The frauds of men were ever ſo,
Since ſummer was firſt leafy:
Then ſigh not ſo, &c.

Pedro. By my troth, a good Song.

Balth. And an ill ſinger, my lord.

Pedro. Ha, no; no, faith; thou ſing'ſt well enough for a ſhift.

Bene. If he had been a dog, that ſhould have howl'd thus, they would have hang'd him; and, I pray God, his bad voice bode no miſchief: I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

Pedro. Yea, marry, doſt thou hear, *Balthazar*? I pray thee, get us ſome excellent muſic: for to-morrow night we would have it at the lady *Hero*'s chamber-window.

Balth. The beſt I can, my lord. [*Exit* Balthazar.

Pedro. Do ſo: farewel. Come hither, *Leonato*; what was it you told me of to-day, that your Neice *Beatrice* was in love with Signior *Benedick*?

Claud. O, ay;——ſtalk on, ſtalk on, the fowl ſits. I did never think, that lady would have loved any man.

Leon.

Leon. No, nor I neither; but moſt wonderful, that ſhe ſhould ſo doat on Signior *Benedick*, whom ſhe hath in all outward behaviours ſeem'd ever to abhor.

Bene. Is't poſſible, ſits the wind in that corner? [*Aſide.*

Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it; but that ſhe loves him with an inraged affection,—it is paſt the definite of thought.——

Pedro. May be, ſhe doth but counterfeit.

Claud. Faith, like enough.

Leon. O God! counterfeit? there was never counterfeit of paſſion came ſo near the life of paſſion, as ſhe diſcovers it.

Pedro. Why, what effects of paſſion ſhews ſhe?

Claud. Bait the hook well, this fiſh will bite. [*Aſide.*

Leon. What effects, my lord? ſhe will ſit you, you heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did, indeed.

Pedro. How, how, I pray you? you amaze me: I would have thought, her ſpirit had been invincible againſt all aſſaults of affection.

Leon. I would have ſworn, it had, my lord; eſpecially againſt *Benedick*.

Bene. [*Aſide.*] I ſhould think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow ſpeaks it; knavery cannot, ſure, hide himſelf in ſuch reverence.

Claud. He hath ta'en th' infection, hold it up. [*Aſide.*

Pedro. Hath ſhe made her affection known to *Benedick*?

Leon. No, and ſwears ſhe never will; that's her torment.

Claud. 'Tis true, indeed, ſo your daughter ſays: ſhall I, ſays ſhe, that have ſo oft encounter'd him with ſcorn, write to him that I love him?

Leon. This ſays ſhe now, when ſhe is beginning to write to him; for ſhe'll be up twenty times a night,

and there will ſhe ſit in her ſmock, 'till ſhe have writ a ſheet of paper; my daughter tells us all.

Claud. Now you talk of a ſheet of paper, I remember a pretty jeſt your daughter told us of.

Leon. O, —— when ſhe had writ it, and was reading it over, ſhe found *Benedick* and *Beatrice* between the ſheet.

Claud. That——

Leon. * O, ſhe tore the letter into a thouſand halfpence; rail'd at herſelf, that ſhe ſhould be ſo immodeſt, to write to one that, ſhe knew, wou'd flout her: I meaſure him, ſays ſhe, by my own Spirit, for I ſhould flout him if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I ſhould.

Claud. Then down upon her knees ſhe falls, weeps, ſobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curſes; O ſweet *Benedick!* God give me patience!

Leon. She doth, indeed, my daughter ſays ſo; and the ecſtaſy hath ſo much overborne her, that my daughter is ſometime afraid, ſhe will do deſperate outrage to herſelf; it is very true.

Pedro. It were good, that *Benedick* knew of it by ſome other, if ſhe will not diſcover it.

Claud. To what end? he would but make a ſport of it, and torment the poor lady worſe.

Pedro. If he ſhould, it were an Alms to hang him; ſhe's an excellent ſweet lady, and (out of all ſuſpicion) ſhe is virtuous.

Claud. And ſhe is exceeding wiſe.

Pedro. In every thing, but in loving *Benedick.*

Leon. O my lord, wiſdom and blood combating in ſo tender a body, we have ten proofs to one, that blood hath the victory; I am ſorry for her, as I have juſt cauſe, being her uncle and her guardian.

Pedro. I would, ſhe had beſtow'd this dotage on me; I would have dafft all other reſpects, and made

* *O, ſhe tore the letter into a thouſand* half-pence;] i. e. into a thouſand Pieces of the ſame Bigneſs.

her

her half myſelf; I pray you, tell *Benedick* of it; and hear what he will ſay.

Leon. Were it good, think you?

Claud. Hero thinks, ſurely ſhe will die; for ſhe ſays, ſhe will die if he love her not, and ſhe will die ere ſhe make her love known; and ſhe will die if he woo her, rather than ſhe will bate one breath of her accuſtom'd croſſneſs.

Pedro. She doth well; if ſhe ſhould make tender of her love, 'tis very poſſible, he'll ſcorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible ſpirit.

Claud. He is a very proper man.

Pedro. He hath, indeed, a good outward happineſs.

Claud. 'Fore God, and, in my mind, very wiſe.

Pedro. He doth, indeed, ſhew ſome ſparks that are like wit.

Leon. And I take him to be valiant.

Pedro. As *Hector*, I aſſure you; and in the managing of quarrels you may ſay he is wiſe; for either he avoids with great diſcretion, or undertakes them with a chriſtian-like fear.

Leon. If he do fear God, he muſt neceſſarily keep peace; if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

Pedro. And ſo will he do, for the man doth fear God, howſoever it ſeems not in him, by ſome large jeſts he will make. Well, I am ſorry for your Neice: ſhall we go ſeek *Benedick*, and tell him of her love?

Claud. Never tell him, my lord; let her wear it with good counſel.

Leon. Nay, that's impoſſible, ſhe may wear her heart out firſt.

Pedro. Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter; let it cool the while. I love *Benedick* well; and I could wiſh he would modeſtly examine himſelf, to ſee how much he is unworthy to have ſo good a lady.

Leon. My Lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

Claud.

Claud. If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never truſt my expectation. [*Aſide.*

Pedro Let there be the ſame net ſpread for her, and that muſt your daughter and her gentlewomen carry; the ſport will be, when they hold an opinion of one another's dotage, and no ſuch matter; that's the Scene that I would ſee, which will be merely a Dumb Show; let us ſend her to call him to dinner. [*Aſide.*] *Exeunt.*

SCENE X.

Benedick *advances from the Arbour.*

Bene. THIS can be no trick, the conference was ſadly borne; they have the truth of this from *Hero;* they ſeem to pity the lady; it ſeems, her affections have the full bent. Love me! why, it muſt be requited: I hear, how I am cenſur'd; they ſay, I will bear myſelf proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they ſay too, that ſhe will rather die than give any ſign of affection.——I did never think to marry——I muſt not ſeem proud——happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending: they ſay, the lady is fair; 'tis a truth, I can bear them witneſs: and virtuous;—'tis ſo, I cannot reprove it: and wiſe, but for loving me——by my troth, it is no addition to her wit, nor no great argument of her folly; for I will be horribly in love with her.——I may chance to have ſome odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, becauſe I have rail'd ſo long againſt marriage; but doth not the appetite alter? a man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quipps and ſentences, and theſe paper-bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? no: the world muſt be peopled. When I ſaid, I would die a bachelor, I did not think I ſhould

ſhould live 'till I were marry'd. Here comes *Beatrice:* by this day, ſhe's a fair lady; I do ſpy ſome marks of love in her.

Enter Beatrice.

Beat. Againſt my will, I am ſent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Fair *Beatrice*, I thank you for your pains.

Beat. I took no more pains for thoſe thanks, than you take pains to thank me; if it had been painful, I would not have come.

Bene. You take pleaſure then in the meſſage.

Beat. Yea, juſt ſo much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choak a daw withal: you have no ſtomach, Signior; fare you well. [*Exit.*

Bene. Ha! *againſt my will I am ſent to bid you come in to dinner;* —— there's a double meaning in that. *I took no more pains for thoſe thanks, than you took pains to thank me;* — that's as much as to ſay, any pains that I take for you is as eaſy as thanks. If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a *Jew;* I will go get her Picture. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Continues in the Orchard.

Enter Hero, Margaret, *and* Urſula.

HERO.

GOOD *Margaret*, run thee into the parlour,
There ſhalt thou find my Couſin *Beatrice*,
Propoſing with the Prince and *Claudio;*
Whiſper her ear, and tell her, I and *Urſula*
Walk in the orchard, and our whole diſcourſe
Is all of her; ſay, that thou overheard'ſt us;
And bid her ſteal into the pleached Bower,
Where honey-ſuckles, ripen'd by the Sun,

Forbid the Sun to enter; like to Favourites,
Made proud by Princes, that advance their pride
Againſt that power that bred it: there will ſhe hide
To liſten our Purpoſe; this is thy office. [her,
Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Marg. I'll make her come, I warrant preſently.
[*Exit.*

Hero. Now, *Urſula*, when *Beatrice* doth come,
As we do trace this alley up and down,
Our Talk muſt only be of *Benedick*;
When I do name him, let it be thy Part
To praiſe him more than ever man did merit.
My Talk to thee muſt be, how *Benedick*
Is ſick in love with *Beatrice*; of this matter
Is little *Cupid*'s crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hear-ſay: now begin.

Enter Beatrice, *running towards the Arbour.*

For look, where *Beatrice*, like a lapwing, runs
Cloſe by the ground to hear our conference.

Urſu. The pleaſant'ſt angling is to ſee the fiſh
Cut with her golden oars the ſilver ſtream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait;
So angle we for *Beatrice*, who e'en now
Is couched in the woodbine-coverture;
Fear you not my part of the dialogue. [thing

Hero. Then go we hear her, that her ear loſe no-
Of the falſe ſweet bait that we lay for it.——
No, truly, *Urſula*, ſhe's too diſdainful;
I know, her ſpirits are as coy and wild
As haggards of the rock.

Urſu. But are you ſure,
That *Benedick* loves *Beatrice* ſo intirely?

Hero. So ſays the Prince, and my new-trothed lord.

Urſu. And did they bid you tell her of it, Madam?

Hero. They did intreat me to acquaint her of it;
But I perſuaded them, if they lov'd *Benedick*,

To

To wiſh him wraſtle with affection,
And never to let *Beatrice* know of it.

Urſu. Why did you ſo? doth not the Gentleman
Deſerve as full, as fortunate a bed,
As ever *Beatrice* ſhall couch upon?

Hero. O God of love! I know, he doth deſerve
As much as may be yielded to a man:
But Nature never fram'd a woman's heart
Of prouder ſtuff than that of *Beatrice.*
Diſdain and ſcorn ride ſparkling in her eyes,
Miſ-prizing what they look on; and her wit
Values itſelf ſo highly, that to her
All matter elſe ſeems weak; ſhe cannot love,
Nor take no ſhape nor project of affection,
She is ſo ſelf-indeared.

Urſu. Sure, I think ſo;
And therefore certainly it were not good
She knew his love, leſt ſhe make ſport at it.

Hero. Why, you ſpeak truth. I never yet ſaw man,
How wiſe, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,
But ſhe would ſpell him backward; if fair-fac'd,
She'd ſwear, the gentleman ſhould be her ſiſter;
If black, why, Nature, drawing of an antic,
Made a foul blot; if tall, a launce ill-headed;
* If low, an Aglet very vilely cut;
If ſpeaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;

* *If low, an* Agat *very vilely cut;*] But why an *Agat*, if low? For what Likeneſs between a *little Man* and an *Agat?* The Ancients, indeed, uſed this Stone to cut upon; but very exquiſitely. I make no Queſtion but the Poet wrote;

——— *an* Aglet *very vilely cut;*

An *Aglet* was the Tag of thoſe Points, formerly ſo much in Faſhion. Theſe Tags were either of Gold, Silver, or Braſs, according to the Quality of the Wearer; and were commonly in the Shape of little Images; or at leaſt had a Head cut at the extremity. The *French* call them *aiguillettes. Mezeray*, ſpeaking of *Henry* IIId's Sorrow for the Death of the Princeſs of *Conti*, ſays,—*portant meme ſur ſes* aiguillettes *de petites tetes de Mort.* And as a *tall* Man is before compar'd to a *Launce ill-headed;* ſo, by the ſame Figure, a *little Man* is very aptly liken'd to an *Aglet ill-cut.*

If ſilent, why a block moved with none.
So turns ſhe every man the wrong ſide out,
And never gives to truth and virtue That,
Which ſimpleneſs and merit purchaſeth.

Urſu. Sure, ſure, ſuch carping is not commendable.

Hero. No; for to be ſo odd, and from all faſhions,
As *Beatrice* is, cannot be commendable.
But who dare tell her ſo? if I ſhould ſpeak,
She'd mock me into air; O, ſhe would laugh me
Out of myſelf, preſs me to death with wit.
Therefore let *Benedick*, like cover'd fire,
Conſume away in ſighs, waſte inwardly;
It were a better death than die with mocks,
Which is as bad as 'tis to die with tickling.

Urſu. Yet tell her of it; hear what ſhe will ſay.

Hero. No, rather I will go to *Benedick*,
And counſel him to fight againſt his paſſion.
And, truly, I'll deviſe ſome honeſt ſlanders
To ſtain my Couſin with; one doth not know,
How much an ill word may impoiſon liking.

Urſu. O, do not do your Couſin ſuch a wrong.
She cannot be ſo much without true judgment,
(Having ſo ſwift and excellent a wit,
As ſhe is priz'd to have) as to refuſe
So rare a gentleman as *Benedick*.

Hero. He is the only man of *Italy*,
Always excepted my dear *Claudio*.

Urſu. I pray you, be not angry with me, Madam,
Speaking my fancy; Signior *Benedick*,
For ſhape, for bearing, argument and valour,
Goes foremoſt in report through *Italy*.

Hero. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

Urſu. His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.
When are you marry'd, Madam?

Hero. Why, every day; to-morrow; come, go in,
I'll ſhew thee ſome attires, and have thy counſel
Which is the beſt to furniſh me to-morrow.

Urſu.

Urſu. She's lim'd, I warrant you; we have caught her, Madam.

Hero. If it prove ſo, then loving goes by haps; Some *Cupids* kill with arrows, ſome with traps.

[*Exeunt.*

Beatrice, *advancing.*

Beat. * What fire is in my ears? can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for Pride and Scorn ſo much?
Contempt, farewel! and maiden pride, adieu!
No glory lives behind the back of ſuch.
And, *Benedick*, love on, I will requite thee;
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand;
If thou doſt love, thy kindneſs ſhall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band.
For others ſay, thou doſt deſerve; and I
Believe it better than reportingly. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick *and* Leonato.

Pedro. I Do but ſtay 'till your marriage be conſummate, and then go I toward *Arragon.*

Claud. I'll bring you thither my lord, if you'll vouchſafe me.

Pedro. Nay, That would be as great a ſoil in the new gloſs of your marriage, as to ſhew a child his new coat and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with *Benedick* for his company; for, from the crown of his head to the ſole of his foot, he is all mirth; he hath twice or thrice cut *Cupid*'s bow-ſtring, and the little hangman dare not ſhoot at him; he hath a heart as ſound as a bell, and his tongue

* *What fire is in my ears?*——] Alluding to a proverbial Saying of the common People, that their Ears burn when others are talking of them.

is the clapper; for what his heart thinks, his tongue ſpeaks.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leon. So ſay I; methinks, you are ſadder.

Claud. I hope, he is in love.

Pedro. Hang him, truant, there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touch'd with love; if he be ſad, he wants money.

Bene. I have the tooth-ach.

Pedro. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it.

Claud. You muſt hang it firſt, and draw it afterwards.

Pedro. What? ſigh for the tooth-ach!

Leon. Which is but a humour, or a worm.

Bene. Well, every one can maſter a grief but he that has it.

Claud. Yet ſay I, he is in love.

Pedro. There is no appearance of fancy in him, unleſs it be a fancy that he hath to ſtrange diſguiſes, as to be a *Dutch* man to day, a *French* man to morrow; or in the ſhape of two countries at once, a *German* from the waſte downward, all flops; and a *Spaniard* from the hip upward, no doublet: Unleſs he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it to appear he is.

Claud. If he be not in love with ſome woman, there is no believing old ſigns; he bruſhes his hat o'mornings; what ſhould that bode?

Pedro. Hath any man ſeen him at the barber's?

Claud. No, but the barber's man hath been ſeen with him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already ſtuft tennis-balls.

Leon. Indeed, he looks younger than he did by the loſs of a beard.

Pedro. Nay, he rubs himſelf with civet; can you ſmell him out by that?

Claud.

Claud. That's as much as to ſay, the ſweet youth's in love.

Pedro. The greateſt note of it is his melancholy.

Claud. And when was he wont to waſh his face?

Pedro. Yea, or to paint himſelf? for the which, I hear what they ſay of him.

Claud. Nay, but his jeſting ſpirit, which is now crept into a lute-ſtring and now govern'd by ſtops—

Pedro. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him. Conclude, he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

Pedro. That would I know too: I warrant, one that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions, and in deſpight of all, dies for him.

Pedro. She ſhall be bury'd with her face upwards.

Bene. Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ach. Old Signior, walk aſide with me, I have ſtudy'd eight or nine wiſe words to ſpeak to you which theſe hobby-horſes muſt not hear. [*Exeunt* Benedick *and* Leonato.

Pedro. For my life, to break with him about *Beatrice.*

Claud. 'Tis even ſo. *Hero* and *Margaret* have by this play'd their parts with *Beatrice;* and then the two bears will not bite one another, when they meet.

SCENE III.

Enter Don John.

John. MY Lord and Brother, God ſave you.

Pedro. Good den, brother.

John. If your leaſure ſerv'd, I would ſpeak with you.

Pedro. In private?

John. If it pleaſe you; yet Count *Claudio* may hear; for, what I would ſpeak of, concerns him.

Pedro. What's the matter?

John.

John. Means your lordſhip to be marry'd to-morrow? [*To* Claudio.

Pedro. You know, he does.

John. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you, diſcover it.

John. You may think, I love you not; let that appear hereafter; and aim better at me by That I now will manifeſt; for my brother, I think, he holds you well, and in dearneſs of heart hath holp to effect your enſuing marriage; ſurely, Suit ill ſpent, and Labour ill beſtow'd!

Pedro. Why, what's the matter?

John. I came hither to tell you, and circumſtances ſhorten'd, (for ſhe hath been too long a talking of) the Lady is diſloyal.

Claud. Who? *Hero?*

John. Even ſhe; *Leonato*'s *Hero*, your *Hero*, every man's *Hero*.

Claud. Diſloyal?

John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedneſs; I could ſay, ſhe were worſe; think you of a worſe title, and I will fit her to it; wonder not 'till further warrant; go but with me to night, you ſhall ſee her chamber-window enter'd, even the night before her wedding-day; if you love her, then to morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

Claud. May this be ſo?

Pedro. I will not think it.——

John. If you dare not truſt that you ſee, confeſs not that you know; if you will follow me, I will ſhew you enough; and when you have ſeen more and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claud. If I ſee any thing to night why I ſhould not marry her to morrow; in the Congregation, where I ſhould wed, there will I ſhame her.

Pedro.

Pedro. And as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to diſgrace her.

John. I will diſparage her no farther, 'till you are my witneſſes; bear it coldly but 'till night, and let the iſſue ſhew itſelf.

Pedro. O day untowardly turned!

Claud. O miſchief ſtrangely thwarting!

John. O plague right well prevented!

So you will ſay, when you have ſeen the ſequel.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to the Street.

Enter Dogberry *and* Verges, *with the Watch.*

Dogb. ARE you good men and true?

Verg. Yea, or elſe it were pity but they ſhould ſuffer ſalvation, body and ſoul.

Dogb. Nay, that were a puniſhment too good for them, if they ſhould have any allegiance in them, being choſen for the Prince's Watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge, neighbour *Dogberry.*

Dogb. Firſt, who think you the moſt deſartleſs man to be conſtable?

1 *Watch. Hugh Oatcake*, Sir, or *George Seacole;* for they can write and read.

Dogb. Come hither, neighbour *Seacole:* God hath bleſt you with a good name; and to be a well-favour'd man is the gift of fortune, but to write and read comes by nature.

2 *Watch:* Both which, maſter conſtable——

Dogb. You have: I knew, it would be your anſwer. Well, for your Favour, Sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boaſt of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is more need of ſuch vanity: you are thought here to be the moſt ſenſeleſs and fit man for the Conſtable of

the

the Watch, therefore bear you the lanthorn; this is your charge: you ſhall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man ſtand, in the Prince's name.

2 *Watch.* How if he will not ſtand?

Dogb. Why, then take no note of him, but let him go; and preſently call the reſt of the Watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verg. If he will not ſtand when he is bidden, he is none of the Prince's Subjects.

Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with none but the Prince's Subjects: you ſhall alſo make no noiſe in the ſtreets; for, for the Watch to babble and talk, is moſt tolerable, and not to be endur'd.

2 *Watch.* We will rather ſleep than talk; we know what belongs to a Watch.

Dogb. Why, you ſpeak like an ancient and moſt quiet watchman, for I cannot ſee how Sleeping ſhould offend; only have a care that your Bills be not ſtolen: well, you are to call at all the ale-houſes, and bid them that are drunk get them to bed.

2 *Watch.* How if they will not?

Dogb. Why then let them alone 'till they are ſober; if they make you not then the better anſwer, you may ſay, they are not the men you took them for.

2 *Watch.* Well, Sir.

Dogb. If you meet a thief, you may ſuſpect him by vertue of your office to be no true man; and for ſuch kind of men, the leſs you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honeſty.

2 *Watch.* If we know him to be a thief, ſhall we not lay hands on him?

Dogb. Truly, by your office you may; but, I think, they that touch pitch will be defil'd: the moſt peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him ſhew himſelf what he is, and ſteal out of your company.

Verg.

Verg. You have been always call'd a merciful man, Partner.

Dogb. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will, much more a man who hath any honeſty in him.

Verg. If you hear a child cry in the night, you muſt call to the nurſe and bid her ſtill it.

2 *Watch.* How if the nurſe be aſleep, and will not hear us?

Dogb. Why, then depart in Peace, and let the child wake her with crying: for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never anſwer a calf when he bleats.

Verg. 'Tis very true.

Dogb. This is the end of the charge: you, conſtable, are to preſent the Prince's own perſon; if you meet the Prince in the night, you may ſtay him.

Verg. Nay, birlady, that, I think, he cannot.

Dogb. Five ſhillings to one on't with any man that knows the Statues, he may ſtay him; marry, not without the Prince be willing: for, indeed, the Watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to ſtay a man againſt his will.

Verg. Birlady, I think, it be ſo.

Dogb. Ha, ha, ha! well, maſters, good night; an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me; keep your fellow's counſels and your own, and good night; come, neighbour.

2 *Watch.* Well, maſters, we hear our charge; let us go ſit hear upon the church-bench 'till two, and then all to bed.

Dogb. One word more, honeſt neighbours. I pray you, watch about Signior *Leonato*'s door, for the Wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to night; adieu; be vigilant, I beſeech you.

[*Exeunt* Dogberry *and* Verges.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter Borachio *and* Conrade.

Bora. WHAT? *Conrade* ——

Watch. Peace, ſtir not. [*Aſide.*

Bora. Conrade, I ſay.

Conr. Here, Man, I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Maſs, and my elbow itch'd, I thought there would a ſcab follow.

Conr. I will owe thee an anſwer for that, and now forward with thy tale.

Bora. Stand thee cloſe then under this pent-houſe, for it drizzles rain, and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch. Some Treaſon, maſters; yet ſtand cloſe.

Bora. Therefore know, I have earned of Don *John* a thouſand ducats.

Conr. Is it poſſible that any Villany ſhould be ſo dear?

Bora. Thou ſhould'ſt rather aſk, if it were poſſible any villain ſhould be ſo rich? for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Conr. I wonder at it.

Bora. That ſhews, thou'art unconfirm'd; thou know-eſt, that the faſhion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak is nothing to a man.

Conr. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean the faſhion.

Conr. Yes, the faſhion is the faſhion.

Bora. Tuſh, I may as well ſay, the fool's the Fool; but ſeeſt thou not, what a deformed thief this faſhion is?

Watch. I know that *Deformed*; he has been a vile thief theſe ſeven years; he goes up and down like a gentleman: I remember his name.

Bora. Didſt thou not hear ſome body?

Conr.

Conr. No, 'twas the vane on the houſe.

Bora. Seeſt thou not, I ſay, what a deformed thief this faſhion is? how giddily he turns about all the hot-bloods between fourteen and five and thirty, ſometimes, faſhioning them like *Pharao*'s ſoldiers in the reachy Painting; ſometimes, like the God *Bel*'s prieſts in the old church-window; ſometimes, like the ſhaven *Hercules* in the ſmirch worm-eaten tapeſtry, where his codpiece ſeems as maſſy as his club.

Conr. All this I ſee, and ſee, that the faſhion wears out more apparel than the man; but art not thou thyſelf giddy with the faſhion too, that thou haſt ſhifted out of thy tale into telling me of the faſhion?

Bora. Not ſo neither; but know, that I have to night wooed *Margaret*, the Lady *Hero*'s Gentlewoman, by the name of *Hero*; ſhe leans me out at her miſtreſs's chamber-window, bids me a thouſand times good night—I tell this tale vilely—I ſhould firſt tell thee, how the Prince, *Claudio*, and my maſter, planted and placed, and poſſeſſed by my maſter Don *John*, ſaw a far off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

Conr. And thought they, *Margaret* was *Hero*?

Bora. Two of them did, the Prince and *Claudio*; but the devil my maſter knew, ſhe was *Margaret*; and partly by his oaths, which firſt poſſeſt them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villany, which did confirm any ſlander that Don *John* had made, away went *Claudio* enraged; ſwore, he would meet her as he was appointed next morning at the Temple, and there before the whole Congregation ſhame her with what he ſaw o'er night, and ſend her home again without a huſband.

1 *Watch.* We charge you in the Prince's name, ſtand.

2 *Watch.* Call up the right maſter conſtable; we have here recovered the moſt dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the common-wealth.

1 *Watch.*

1 *Watch.* And one *Deformed* is one of them; I know him, he wears a lock.

Conr. Maſters, maſters,——

2 *Watch.* You'll be made bring *Deformed* forth, I warrant you.

Conr. Maſters,——

1 *Watch.* Never ſpeak; we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.

Bora. We are like to prove a goodly Commodity, being taken up of theſe men's bills.

Conr. A commodity in queſtion, I warrant you: come, we'll obey you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Hero's *Apartment in* Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter Hero, Margaret *and* Urſula.

Hero. GOOD *Urſula*, wake my couſin *Beatrice*, and deſire her to riſe.

Urſu. I will, lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Urſu. Well.

Marg. Troth, I think, your other Rebato were better.

Hero. No, pray thee, good *Meg*, I'll wear this.

Marg. By my troth, it's not ſo good; and I warrant, your couſin will ſay ſo.

Hero. My couſin's a fool, and thou art another. I'll wear none but this.

Marg. I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner; and your gown's a moſt rare faſhion, i'faith. I ſaw the Dutcheſs of *Milan*'s gown, that they praiſe ſo.

Hero. O, that exceeds, they ſay.

Marg. By my troth, it's but a night-gown in reſpect of yours; cloth of gold and cuts, and lac'd with

with ſilver, ſet with pearls down-ſleeves, ſide-ſleeves and ſkirts, round underborne with a blueiſh tinſel; but for a fine, quaint, graceful and excellent faſhion, your's is worth ten on't.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy!

Marg. 'Twill be heavier ſoon by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee, art not aſham'd?

Marg. Of what, lady? of ſpeaking honourably? is not marriage honourable in a beggar? is not your Lord honourable without marriage? I think, you would have me ſay (ſaving your reverence) a huſband. If bad thinking do not wreſt true ſpeaking, I'll offend no body; is there any harm in the heavier for a Huſband? none, I think, if it be the right Huſband, and the right wife, otherwiſe 'tis light and not heavy; aſk my lady *Beatrice* elſe, here ſhe comes.

SCENE VII.

Enter Beatrice.

Hero. GOOD morrow, coz.

Beat. Good morrow, ſweet *Hero.*

Hero. Why, how now? do you ſpeak in the ſick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Marg. Clap us into *Light o' love;* that goes without a burden; do you ſing it, and I'll dance it.

Beat. Yes, *Light o' love* with your heels; then if your huſband have ſtables enough, you'll look he ſhall lack no barns.

Marg. O illegitimate conſtruction! I ſcorn that with my heels.

Beat. 'Tis almoſt five o'clock, couſin; 'tis time you were ready: by my troth, I am exceeding ill; hey ho!

Marg.

Marg. For a hawk, a horſe, or a huſband?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.

Marg. Well, if you be not turn'd *Turk*, there's no more ſailing by the ſtar.

Beat. What means the fool, trow?

Marg. Nothing I, but God ſend every one their heart's deſire!

Hero. Theſe gloves the count ſent me, they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am ſtufft, couſin, I cannot ſmell.

Marg. A maid, and ſtufft! there's goodly catching of cold.

Beat. O, God help me, God help me, how long have you profeſt apprehenſion?

Marg. Ever ſince you left it; doth not my wit become me rarely?

Beat. It is not ſeen enough, you ſhould wear it in your cap. By my troth, I am ſick.

Marg. Get you ſome of this diſtill'd *Carduus Benedictus*, and lay it to your heart; it is the only thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prick'ſt her with a thiſtle.

Beat. *Benedictus?* why *Benedictus?* you have ſome moral in this *Benedictus*.

Marg. Moral? no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning, I meant plain holy-thiſtle: you may think, perchance, that I think you are in love; nay, birlady, I am not ſuch a fool to think what I liſt; nor I liſt not to think what I can; nor, indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out with thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love: yet *Benedick* was ſuch another, and now he is become a man; he ſwore, he would never marry; and yet now, in deſpight of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging; and how you may be converted, I know not; but, methinks, you look with your eyes as other women do.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

Marg.

Marg. Not a falſe gallop.

Urſu. Madam, withdraw; the Prince, the Count, Signior *Benedick*, Don *John*, and all the Gallants of the town are come to fetch you to church.

Hero. Help to dreſs me, good coz, good *Meg*, good *Urſula*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Another Apartment in Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter Leonato, *with* Dogberry *and* Verges.

Leon. WHAT would you with me, honeſt neighbour?

Dogb. Marry, Sir, I would have ſome confidence with you, that decerns you nearly.

Leon. Brief, I pray you; for, you ſee, 'tis a buſy time with me.

Dogb. Marry, this it is, Sir.

Verg. Yes, in truth it is, Sir.

Leon. What is it, my good friends?

Dogb. Goodman *Verges*, Sir, ſpeaks a little of the matter; an old man, Sir, and his wits are not ſo blunt, as, God help, I would deſire they were; but, in faith, as honeſt as the ſkin between his brows.

Verg. Yes, I thank God, I am as honeſt as any man living, that is an old man, and no honeſter than I.

Dogb. Compariſons are odorous; *palabras*, neighbour *Verges*.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dogb. It pleaſes your worſhip to ſay ſo, but we are the poor Duke's officers; but, truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a King, I could find in my heart to beſtow it all of your worſhip.

Leon. All thy tediouſneſs on me, ha?

Dogb. Yea, and 'twere a thouſand times more than 'tis, for I hear as good exclamation on your worſhip as of any man in the city; and tho' I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

Verg.

Verg. And ſo am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to ſay.

Verg. Marry, Sir, our Watch to night, excepting your worſhip's preſence, hath ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in *Meſſina.*

Dogb. A good old man, Sir; he will be talking, as they ſay; when the age is in, the wit is out; God help us, it is a world to ſee: well ſaid, i'faith, neighbour *Verges,* well, he's a good man; an two men ride an horſe, one muſt ride behind; an honeſt ſoul, i'faith, Sir, by my troth he is, as ever broke bread, but God is to be worſhipp'd; all men are not alike, alas, good neighbour!

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too ſhort of you.

Dogb. Gifts, that God gives.

Leon. I muſt leave you.

Dogb. One word, Sir; our Watch have, indeed, comprehended two auſpicious perſons; and we would have them this morning examin'd before your worſhip.

Leon. Take their examination yourſelf, and bring it me: I am now in great haſte, as may appear unto you.

Dogb. It ſhall be ſuffigance.

Leon. Drink ſome wine ere you go: fare you well.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My lord, they ſtay for you to give your daugter to her huſband.

Leon. I'll wait upon them. I am ready. [*Ex.* Leon.

Dogb. Go, good Partner, go get you to *Francis Seacole,* bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the jail; we are now to examine thoſe men.

Verg. And we muſt do it wiſely.

Dogb. We will ſpare for no wit, I warrant; here's That ſhall drive ſome of them to a noncome. Only get the learned writer to ſet down our excommunication, and meet me at the Jail. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A CHURCH.

Enter D. Pedro, *D.* John, Leonato, Friar, Claudio, Benedick, Hero, *and* Beatrice.

LEONATO.

COME, friar *Francis*, be brief, only to the plain form of marriage, and you ſhall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, my Lord, to marry this lady?

Claud. No.

Leon. To be marry'd to her, friar, you come to marry her.

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be marry'd to this Count?

Hero. I do.

Friar. If either of you know any inward impediment why you ſhould not be conjoin'd, I charge you on your ſouls to utter it.

Claud. Know you any, *Hero?*

Hero. None, my Lord.

Friar. Know you any, Count?

Leon. I dare make his anſwer, none.

Claud. O what men dare do! what men may do! what Men daily do! not knowing what they do!

Bene. How now? Interjections? why, then ſome be of laughing, as ha, ha, he!

Claud. Stand thee by, friar: father, by your leave;
Will you with free and unconſtrained ſoul
Give me this maid your daughter?

Leon. As freely, ſon, as God did give her me.

Claud. And what have I to give you back, whoſe worth
May counterpoiſe this rich and precious gift?
Pedro. Nothing, unleſs you render her again.
Claud. Sweet Prince, you learn me noble thankfulneſs:
There, *Leonato*, take her back again;
Give not this rotten orange to your friend.
She's but the ſign and ſemblance of her honour;
Behold, how like a maid ſhe bluſhes here!
O, what authority and ſhew of truth
Can cunning ſin cover itſelf withal!
Comes not that blood, as modeſt evidence,
To witneſs ſimple virtue? would you not ſwear,
All you that ſee her, that ſhe were a maid,
By theſe exterior ſhews? but ſhe is none:
She knows the heat of a luxurious bed;
Her bluſh is guiltineſs, not modeſty,
Leon. What do you mean, my Lord?
Claud. Not to be marry'd,
Not knit my ſoul to an approved Wanton.
Leon. Dear my Lord, if you in your own approof
Have vanquiſh'd the reſiſtance of your youth,
And made defeat of her virginity——
Claud. I know what you would ſay: if I have known her,
You'll ſay, ſhe did embrace me as a huſband,
And ſo extenuate the forehand ſin.
No, *Leonato*,
I never tempted her with word too large;
But, as a brother to his ſiſter, ſhew'd
Baſhful ſincerity, and comely love.
Hero. And ſeem'd I ever otherwiſe to you?
Claud. Out on thy ſeeming! * I will write againſt it;
You ſeem to me as *Dian* in her orb,
As chaſte as is the bud ere it be blown:

* *I will* write *againſt it;*] What? a Libel? Nonſenſe. We ſhould read, *I will* rate *againſt it*, i. e. rail or revile.

But

But you are more intemperate in your blood
Than *Venus*, or thoſe pamper'd animals
That rage in ſavage ſenſuality.
Hero. Is my lord well, that he doth ſpeak ſo wide?
Leon. Sweet Prince, why ſpeak not you?
Pedro. What ſhould I ſpeak?
I ſtand diſhonour'd, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common Stale.
Leon. Are theſe things ſpoken, or do I but dream?
John. Sir, they are ſpoken, and theſe things are true.
Bene. This looks not like a Nuptial.
Hero. True! O God!
Claud. Leonato, ſtand I here?
Is this the Prince? Is this the Prince's Brother?
Is this face *Hero*'s? are our eyes our own?
Leon. All this is ſo; but what of this, my lord?
Claud. Let me but move one queſtion to your daughter,
And, by that fatherly and kindly power
That you have in her, bid her anſwer truly.
Leon. I charge thee do ſo, as thou art my child.
Hero. O God defend me, how am I beſet!
What kind of catechizing call you this?
Claud. To make you anſwer truly to your name.
Hero. Is it not *Hero?* who can blot that name
With any juſt reproach?
Claud. Marry, that can *Hero;*
Hero herſelf can blot out *Hero*'s virtue.
What man was he talk'd with you yeſternight
Out at your window betwixt twelve and one?
Now, if you are a maid, anſwer to this.
Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my Lord,
Pedro. Why, then you are no maiden. *Leonato,*
I am ſorry, you muſt hear; upon mine Honour,
Myſelf, my Brother, and this grieved Count
Did ſee her, hear her, at that hour laſt night
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;

Who hath, indeed, * like an illiberal villain,
Confeſs'd the vile encounters they have had
A thouſand times in ſecret.

John. Fie, fie, they are not to be nam'd, my Lord,
Not to be ſpoke of;
There is not chaſtity enough in language,
Without offence, to utter them: thus, pretty lady,
I am ſorry for thy much miſgovernment.

Claud. O *Hero!* what a *Hero* hadſt thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been plac'd
About the thoughts and counſels of thy heart?
But fare thee well, moſt foul, moſt fair! farewel
Thou pure impiety, and impious purity!
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eyelids ſhall Conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm;
And never ſhall it more be gracious.

Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?

Beat. Why, how now, couſin, wherefore ſink you down?

John. Come, let us go; theſe things, come thus to light,
Smother her ſpirits up.

[*Exeunt* D. *Pedro*, D. *John* and *Claud.*

SCENE II.

Bene. HOW doth the lady?

Beat. Dead, I think; help, uncle,
Hero! why, *Hero!* uncle! Signior *Benedick!* friar!

Leon. O fate! take not away thy heavy hand;
Death is the faireſt cover for her ſhame,
That may be wiſh'd for.

Beat. How now, couſin *Hero?*

Friar. Have comfort, Lady.

Leon. Doſt thou look up?

* *moſt like a* liberal *villain,*] We ſhould read, *like an* illiberal *villain.*

Leon.

Leon. Wherefore? why, doth not every earthly thing
Cry ſhame upon her? could ſhe here deny
The ſtory that is printed in her blood?
Do not live, *Hero*, do not ope thine eyes:
For did I think, thou wouldſt not quickly die,
Thought I, thy ſpirits were ſtronger than thy ſhames,
Myſelf would on the rereward of reproaches
Strike at thy life. Griev'd I, I had but one?
Chid I for That at frugal nature's 'fraine?
I've one too much by thee. Why had I one?
Why ever waſt thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had I not, with charitable hand,
Took up a beggar's iſſue at my gates?
Who ſmeered thus, and mir'd with infamy,
I might have ſaid, no part of it is mine;
This ſhame derives itſelf from unknown loins:
But mine, as mine I lov'd, as mine I prais'd,
As mine that I was proud on, mine ſo much,
That I myſelf was to myſelf not mine,
Valuing of her; why, ſhe,——O, ſhe is fall'n
Into a pit of ink, that the wide ſea
Hath drops too few to waſh her clean again;
And ſalt too little, which may ſeaſon give
To her foul tainted fleſh!

Bene. Sir, Sir, be patient;
For my part, I am ſo attir'd in wonder,
I know not what to ſay.

Beat. O, on my ſoul, my couſin is bely'd.

Bene. Lady, were you her bedfellow laſt night?

Beat. No, truly, not; altho' until laſt night
I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd! O, That is ſtronger made,
Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron.
Would the two Princes lie? and *Claudio* lie?
Who lov'd her ſo, that, ſpeaking of her foulneſs,
Waſh'd it with tears? hence from her, let her die.

Friar. Hear me a little,
For I have only been ſilent ſo long,
And given way unto this courſe of fortune,
By noting of the lady. I have mark'd
A thouſand bluſhing apparitions
To ſtart into her face; a thouſand innocent ſhames
In angel whiteneſs bear away thoſe bluſhes;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
To burn the errors that theſe Princes hold
Againſt her maiden truth. Call me a fool,
Truſt not my reading, nor my obſervations,
Which with experimental ſeal do warrant
The tenour of my book; truſt not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this ſweet lady lie not guiltleſs here
Under ſome biting error.

Leon. Friar, it cannot be;
Thou ſeeſt, that all the grace, that ſhe hath left,
Is, that ſhe will not add to her damnation
A ſin of perjury; ſhe not denies it:
Why ſeek'ſt thou then to cover with excuſe
That, which appears in proper nakedneſs?

Friar. Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of?

Hero. They know, that do accuſe me; I know none:
If I know more of any man alive,
Than that which maiden modeſty doth warrant,
Let all my ſins lack mercy! O my father,
Prove you that any man with me convers'd
At hours unmeet, or that I yeſternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
Refuſe me, hate me, torture me to death.

Friar. There is ſome ſtrange miſpriſion in the Princes.

Bene. Two of them have the very bent of honour,
And if their wiſdom be miſ-led in this,
The Practice of it lives in *John* the baſtard,
Whoſe ſpirits toil in frame of villanies.

Leon.

Leon. I know not: if they ſpeak but truth of her,
Theſe hands ſhall tear her; if they wrong her honour,
The proudeſt of them ſhall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet ſo dry'd this blood of mine,
Nor age to eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made ſuch havock of my means,
Nor my bad life reft me ſo much of friends,
But they ſhall find awak'd, in ſuch a kind,
Both ſtrength of limb, and policy of mind,
Ability in means, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them throughly.

Friar. Pauſe a while,
And let my counſel ſway you in this caſe.
Your daughter here the Princes' left for dead;
Let her awhile be ſecretly kept in,
And publiſh it, that ſhe is dead, indeed:
Maintain a mourning oſtentation,
And on your family's old Monument
Hang mournful Epitaphs, and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial.

Leon. What ſhall become of this? what will this [do?

Friar. Marry, this, well carry'd, ſhall on her behalf
Change ſlander to remorſe; that is ſome good:
But not for that dream I on this ſtrange courſe,
But on this travel look for greater birth:
She dying, as it muſt be ſo maintain'd,
Upon the inſtant that ſhe was accus'd
Shall be lamented, pity'd, and excus'd,
Of every hearer: for it ſo falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and loſt,
Why, then we rack the value; then we find
The virtue that poſſeſſion would not ſhew us
Whilſt it was ours; ſo will it fare with *Claudio*:
When he ſhall hear ſhe dy'd upon his words,
Th' idea of her Life ſhall ſweetly creep
Into his ſtudy of imagination,
And every lovely organ of her life

Shall come apparel'd in more precious habit;
More moving, delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and proſpect of his ſoul,
Than when ſhe liv'd indeed. Then ſhall he mourn,
If ever love had intereſt in his liver,
And wiſh, he had not ſo accuſed her;
No, though he thought his accuſation true:
Let this be ſo, and doubt not, but ſucceſs
Will faſhion the event in better ſhape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But if all Aim but this be levell'd falſe,
The ſuppoſition of the lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her infamy.
And, if it ſort not well, you may conceal her,
As beſt befits her wounded reputation,
In ſome recluſive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

Bene. Signior *Leonato*, let the Friar adviſe you:
And though, you know, my inwardneſs and love
Is very much unto the Prince and *Claudio*,
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As ſecretly and juſtly as your ſoul
Should with your body.

Leon. Being that I flow in grief,
The ſmalleſt twine may lead me.

Friar. 'Tis well conſented, preſently away;
For to ſtrange ſores, ſtrangely they ſtrain the cure.
Come, lady, die to live; this wedding day,
Perhaps, is but prolong'd: have patience and endure. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Manent Benedick *and* Beatrice.

Bene. LADY *Beatrice*, have you wept all this while?

Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

Bene. I will not deſire that.

Beat. You have no reaſon, I do it freely.

Bene.

Bene. Surely, I do believe, your fair couſin is wrong'd.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deſerve of me, that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to ſhew ſuch friendſhip?

Beat. A very even way, but no ſuch friend.

Bene. May a man do it?

Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours.

Bene. I do love nothing in the world ſo well as you; is not that ſtrange?

Beat. As ſtrange as the thing I know not; it were as poſſible for me to ſay, I loved nothing ſo well as you; but believe me not; and yet I lie not; I confeſs nothing, nor I deny nothing. I am ſorry for my couſin.

Bene. By my ſword, *Beatrice*, thou lov'ſt me.

Beat. Do not ſwear by it, and eat it.

Bene. I will ſwear by it that you love me; and I will make him eat it, that ſays, I love not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

Bene. With no ſauce that can be devis'd to it; I proteſt, I love thee.

Beat. Why then, God forgive me.

Bene. What offence, ſweet *Beatrice?*

Beat. You have ſtay'd me in a happy hour; I was about to proteſt, I lov'd you.

Bene. And do it with all thy heart.

Beat. I love you with ſo much of my heart, that none is left to proteſt.

Bene. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill *Claudio.*

Bene. Ha! not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to deny; farewel.

Bene. Tarry, ſweet *Beatrice.*

Beat. I am gone, tho' I am here; there is no love in you; nay, I pray you, let me go.

Bene. Beatrice, ——

Beat. In faith, I will go.

Bene. We'll be friends firſt.

Beat. You dare eaſier be friends with me, than fight with mine enemy.

Bene. Is *Claudio* thine enemy?

Beat. Is he not approved in the height a villain, that hath ſlander'd, ſcorn'd, diſhonour'd my kinſwoman! O, that I were a man! what! bear her in hand until they come to take hands, and then with public accuſation, uncover'd ſlander, unmitigated rancour—O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Hear me, *Beatrice.*

Beat. Talk with a man out at a window?—a proper ſaying!

Bene. Nay, but *Beatrice.*

Beat. Sweet *Hero!* ſhe is wrong'd, ſhe is ſlander'd, ſhe is undone.

Bene. Beat.——

Beat. Princes and Counts! ſurely, a princely teſtimony, a goodly count-comfect, a ſweet gallant, ſurely! O that I were a man for his ſake! Or that I had any friend would be a man for my ſake! but manhood is melted into curteſies, valour into compliment, and men are only turn'd into tongue, and trim ones too; he is now as valiant as *Hercules*, that only tells a lie, and ſwears it: I cannot be a man with wiſhing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

Bene. Tarry good *Beatrice;* by this hand, I love thee.

Beat. Uſe it for my love ſome other way than ſwearing by it.

Bene. Think you in your ſoul, the Count *Claudio* hath wrong'd *Hero?*

Beat. Yea, as ſure as I have a thought or a ſoul.

Bene. Enough, I am engag'd; I will challenge him, I will kiſs your hand, and ſo leave you; by this hand, *Claudio* ſhall render me a dear account;

as

as you hear of me, ſo think of me; go comfort your couſin; I muſt ſay, ſhe is dead, and ſo farewel.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to a Priſon.

Enter Dogberry, Verges, Borachio, Conrade, *the Town-Clerk and Sexton in Gowns.*

To. Cl. IS our whole diſſembly appear'd? [ton!

Dogb. O, a ſtool and a cuſhion for the ſex-

Sexton. Which be the malefactors?

Verg. Marry, that am I and my Partner.

Dogb. Nay, that's certain, we have the exhibition to examine.

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be examin'd? let them come before maſter conſtable.

To. Cl. Yea, marry, let them come before me; what is your name, friend?

Bora. Borachio.

To. Cl. Pray, write down, *Borachio.* Yours, Sirrah?

Conr. I am a gentleman, Sir, and my name is *Conrade.*

To. Cl. Write down, maſter gentleman *Conrade;* maſters, do you ſerve God?

Both. Yea, Sir, we hope.

To. Cl. Write down, that they hope they ſerve God: and write God firſt: for God defend, but God ſhould go before ſuch villains. —— Maſters, it is proved already that you are little better than falſe knaves, and it will go near to be thought ſo ſhortly; how anſwer you for yourſelves?

Conr. Marry, Sirs, we ſay, we are none.

To. Cl. A marvellous witty fellow, I aſſure you, but I will go about with him. Come you hither, ſirrah, a word in your ear, Sir; I ſay to you, it is thought you are both falſe knaves.

Bora. Sir, I ſay to you, we are none.

To. Cl. Well, ſtand aſide; 'fore God, they are both in a tale; have you writ down, that they are none?

Sexton. Maſter town-clerk, you go not the way to examine, you muſt call the watch that are their accuſers.

To. Cl. Yea, marry, that's the defteſt way, let the Watch come forth; maſters, I charge you in the Prince's name accuſe theſe men.

Enter Watchmen.

1 *Watch.* This man ſaid, Sir, that Don *John* the Prince's brother was a villain.

To. Cl. Write down, Prince *John* a villain; why this is flat perjury, to call a Prince's brother villain.

Bora. Maſter town-clerk——

To. Cl. Pray thee, fellow, Peace; I do not like thy look, I promiſe thee.

Sexton. What heard you him ſay elſe?

2 *Watch.* Marry, that he had receiv'd a thouſand ducats of Don *John*, for accuſing the lady *Hero* wrongfully.

To. Cl. Flat burglary, as ever was committed.

Dogb. Yea, by th' maſs, that it is.

Sexton. What elſe, fellow?

1 *Watch.* And that Count *Claudio* did mean, upon his words, to diſgrace *Hero* before the whole aſſembly, and not marry her.

To. Cl. O villain! thou wilt be condemn'd into everlaſting redemption for this.

Sexton. What elſe?

2 *Watch.* This is all.

Sexton. And this is more, maſters, than you can deny. Prince *John* is this morning ſecretly ſtoll'n away: *Hero* was in this manner accus'd, and in this very manner refus'd, and upon the grief of this ſuddenly dy'd. Maſter Conſtable, let theſe men be bound

bound and brought to *Leonato*; I will go before, and ſhew him their examination.

Dogb. Come, let them be opinion'd.

* *Sexton.* Let them be in hand. [*Exit.*

Conr. Off, Coxcomb.

Dogb. God's my life, where's the Sexton? let him write down the Prince's officer *Coxcomb:* come, bind them, thou naughty varlet.

Conr. Away! you are an aſs, you are an aſs.——

Dogb. Doſt thou not ſuſpect my place? doſt thou not ſuſpect my years? O, that he were here to write me down an aſs! but, maſters, remember, that I am an aſs; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an aſs; no, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as ſhall be prov'd upon thee by good witneſs; I am a wiſe fellow, and which is more, an officer; and which is more, an houſholder; and which is more, as pretty a piece of fleſh as any in *Meſſina,* and one that knows the law; go to, and a rich fellow enough; go to, and a fellow that hath had loſſes; and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handſome about him; bring him away; O, that I had been writ down an aſs!—— [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Before Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter Leonato *and* Antonio.

ANTONIO.

IF you go on thus, you will kill yourſelf;
And 'tis not wiſdom thus to ſecond grief
Againſt yourſelf. *Leon.*

* Sexton. *Let them be in the hands of Coxcomb.*] So the Editions. Mr. *Theobald* gives the Words to *Conrade,* and ſays, *But why the Sexton ſhould be ſo pert upon his Brother Officers, there ſeems no Reaſon from any*

Leon. I pray thee, ceaſe thy counſel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitleſs
As water in a ſieve; give not me counſel,
Nor let no Comforter delight mine ear,
But ſuch a one whoſe wrongs do ſuit with mine.
Bring me a father, that ſo lov'd his child.
Whoſe joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him ſpeak of patience;
Meaſure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
And let it anſwer every ſtrain for ſtrain:
As thus for thus, and ſuch a grief for ſuch,
In every lineament, branch, ſhape and form.
If ſuch a one will ſmile and ſtroke his beard,
And Sorrow waive; cry, hem! when ſhe ſhould groan;
Patch grief with proverbs; make misfortune drunk
With candle-waſters; bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience.
But there is no ſuch man; for, brother, men
Can counſel, and give comfort to that grief
Which they themſelves not feel; but taſting it,
Their counſel turns to paſſion, which before
Would give preceptial medicine to rage;
Fetter ſtrong madneſs in a ſilken thread;
Charm ach with air, and agony with words.
No, no; 'tis all men's office to ſpeak patience
To thoſe, that wring under the load of ſorrow;
But no man's virtue, nor ſufficiency,
To be ſo moral, when he ſhall endure
The like himſelf; therefore give me no counſel;
My griefs cry louder than advertiſement.

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leon. I pray thee, peace; I will be fleſh and blood;

any ſuperior Qualifications in him; or any ſuſpicion he ſhews of knowing their Ignorance. This is ſtrange. The Sexton throughout ſhews as good Senſe in their Examination as any Judge upon the Bench could do. And as to *his Suſpicion of their Ignorance*, he tells the Town-Clerk, *That he goes not the Way to examine.*

For

For there was never yet philoſopher,
That could endure the tooth-ach patiently;
* However they have writ the ſtyle of Gods,
† And made a piſh at chance and ſufferance.
Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourſelf:
Make thoſe, that do offend you, ſuffer too.
Leon. There thou ſpeak'ſt reaſon; nay, I will do ſo.
My ſoul doth tell me, *Hero* is bely'd;
And that ſhall *Claudio* know, ſo ſhall the Prince;
And all of them, that thus diſhonour her.

SCENE II.

Enter Don Pedro, *and* Claudio.

Ant. HERE comes the Prince and *Claudio* haſtily.
Pedro. Good den, good den.
Claud. Good day to both of you.
Leon. Hear you, my lords?
Pedro. We have ſome haſte, *Leonato.*
Leon. Some haſte, my lord! well, fare you well, my lord.
Are you ſo haſty now? well, all is one.
Pedro. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.
Ant. If he could right himſelf with quarrelling,
Some of us would lie low.
Claud. Who wrongs him?
Leon. Marry, thou doſt wrong me, thou diſſembler, thou!
Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy ſword,
I fear thee not.
Claud. Marry, beſhrew my hand,
If it ſhould give your age ſuch cauſe of fear;
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my ſword.

* *However they have writ* the ſtyle of Gods,] This alludes to the extravagant Titles the Stoics gave their wiſe Man.

† *And made a piſh at* chance and ſufferance.] Alludes to their famous *Apathy.*

Leon.

Leon. Tuſh, tuſh, man, never fleer and jeſt at me,
I ſpeak not like a dotard, nor a fool;
As, under privilege of age, to brag
What I have done being young, or what would do,
Were I not old: know, *Claudio*, to thy head,
Thou haſt ſo wrong'd my innocent child and me,
That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by;
And, with grey hairs, and bruiſe of many days,
Do challenge thee to trial of a man;
I ſay, thou haſt bely'd mine innocent child,
Thy ſlander hath gone through and through her heart;
And ſhe lies bury'd with her anceſtors,
O, in a tomb where never ſcandal ſlept,
Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villany!

Claud. My villany?

Leon. Thine, *Claudio;* thine, I ſay.

Pedro. You ſay not right, old man.

Leon. My lord, my lord,
I'll prove it on his body, if he dare;
Deſpight his nice fence and his active practice,
His *May* of youth, and bloom of luſtyhood.

Claud. Away, I will not have to do with you.

Leon. Canſt thou ſo doffe me? thou haſt kill'd my child;
If thou kill'ſt me, boy, thou ſhalt kill a man.

* *Ant.* He ſhall kill two of us, and men indeed;
But that's no matter, let him kill one firſt;

* Ant. *He ſhall kill two of us*, &c.] This *Brother Anthony* is the trueſt Picture imaginable of human Nature. He had aſſumed the Character of a Sage to comfort his Brother, o'erwhelm'd with Grief for his only Daughter's Affront and Diſhonour; and had ſeverely reproved him for not commanding his Paſſion better on ſo trying an Occaſion. Yet, immediately after this, no ſooner does he begin to ſuſpect that his *Age* and *Valour* are ſlighted, but he falls into the moſt intemperate Fit of Rage himſelf: and all his Brother can do or ſay is not of power to pacify him. This is copying Nature with a Penetration and Exactneſs of Judgment peculiar to *Shakeſpear*. As to the Expreſſion, too, of his Paſſion, nothing can be more highly painted.

Win

Win me and wear me; let him anſwer me;
Come, follow me, boy; come, boy, follow me;
Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence;
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leon. Brother,—— [Neice;

Ant. Content yourſelf; God knows, I lov'd my
And ſhe is dead, ſlander'd to death by villains,
That dare as well anſwer a man, indeed,
As I dare take a ſerpent by the tongue.
Boys, apes, braggarts, jacks, milkſops!

Leon. Brother *Anthony*——

Ant. Hold you content; what, man? I know them, yea,
And what they weigh, even to the utmoſt ſcruple:
Scambling, out-facing, faſhion-mongring boys,
That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave and ſlander,
Go untidy, and ſhow an outward hideouſneſs,
And ſpeak off half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durſt;
And this is all.

Leon. But, brother *Anthony*,—

Ant. Come, 'tis no matter;
Do not you meddle, let me deal in this.

Pedro. Gentlemen both, * we will not wrack your patience.
My heart is ſorry for your daughter's death;
But, on my Honour, ſhe was charg'd with nothing
But what was true, and very full of proof.

Leon. My lord, my lord——

Pedro. I will not hear you.

Leon. No! come, brother, away, I will be heard.

Ant. And ſhall, or ſome of us will ſmart for it.

[*Exeunt ambo.*

* *we will not* wake *your patience.*] This conveys a Sentiment that the Speaker would by no Means have implied, That the Patience of the two Old Men was not exerciſed, but aſleep, which upbraids them for Inſenſibility under their Wrong. *Shakeſpear* muſt have wrote——*We will not* wrack, *i. e.* deſtroy your Patience by tantalizing you.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Benedick.

Pedro. SEE, ſee, here comes the man we went to ſeek.

Claud. Now, Signior, what news?

Bene. Good day, my lord.

Pedro. Welcome, Signior; you are almoſt come tó part almoſt a fray.

Claud. We had like to have had our two noſes ſnapt off with two old men without teeth.

Pedro. Leonato and his brother; what think'ſt thou? had we fought, I doubt, we ſhould have been too young for them.

Bene. In a falſe quarrel there is no true valour: I came to ſeek you both.

Claud. We have been up and down to ſeek thee; for we are high-proof melancholy, and would fain have it beaten away: wilt thou uſe thy wit?

Bene. It is in my ſcabbard; ſhall I draw it?

Pedro. Doſt thou wear thy wit by thy ſide?

Claud. Never any did ſo, though very many have been beſide their wit. I will bid thee draw, as we do the minſtrels; draw, to pleaſure us.

Pedro. As I am an honeſt man, he looks pale: art thou ſick or angry?

Claud. What! courage, man: what tho' care kill'd a cat, thou haſt mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Bene. Sir, I ſhall meet your wit in the career, if you charge it againſt me.—I pray you, chuſe another ſubject.

Claud. Nay, then give him another ſtaff; this laſt was broke croſs.

Pedro. By this light, he changes more and more: I think, he be angry, indeed.

Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.

Bene. Shall I ſpeak a word in your ear?

Claud.

Claud. God bleſs me from a challenge!

Bene. You are a villain; I jeſt not. I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare. Do me right, or I will proteſt your cowardiſe. You have kill'd a ſweet lady, and her death ſhall fall heavy on you. Let me hear from you.

Claud. Well, I will meet you, ſo I may have good cheer.

Pedro. What, a feaſt?

Claud. I'faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to a calves-head and a capon, the which if I do not carve moſt curiouſly, ſay, my knife's naught. Shall I not find a woodcock too?

Bene. Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes eaſily.

Pedro. I'll tell thee, how *Beatrice* prais'd thy wit the other day: I ſaid, thou hadſt a fine wit; right, ſays ſhe, a fine little one; no, ſaid I, a great wit; juſt, ſaid ſhe, a great groſs one; nay, ſaid I, a good wit; juſt, ſaid ſhe, it hurts no body; nay, ſaid I, the gentleman is wiſe; certain, ſaid ſhe, a wiſe gentleman; nay, ſaid I, he hath the tongues; that I believe, ſaid ſhe, for he ſwore a thing to me on *Monday* night, which he forſwore on *Tueſday* morning; there's a double tongue, there's two tongues. Thus did ſhe an hour together trans-ſhape thy particular virtues; yet, at laſt, ſhe concluded with a ſigh, thou waſt the properèſt man in *Italy*.

Claud. For the which ſhe wept heartily, and ſaid, ſhe car'd not.

Pedro. Yea, that ſhe did; but yet for all that, and if ſhe did not hate him deadly, ſhe would love him dearly; the old man's daughter told us all.

Claud. All, all; and moreover, *God ſaw him when he was hid in the garden.*

Pedro. But when ſhall we ſet the ſavage bull's horns on the ſenſible *Benedick*'s head?

Claud. Yea, and text underneath, Here dwells *Benedick* the married man.

Bene.

Bene. Fare you well, boy, you know my mind; I will leave you now to your goſſip-like humour; you break jeſts as braggars do their blades, which, God be thank'd, hurt not. My lord, for your many courteſies I thank you; I muſt diſcontinue your company; your brother, the baſtard, is fled from *Meſſina;* you have among you killed a ſweet and innocent lady. For my lord lack-beard there, he and I ſhall meet; and 'till then peace be with him!

[*Exit* Benedick.

Pedro. He is in earneſt.

Claud. In moſt profound earneſt, and, I'll warrant you, for the love of *Beatrice.*

Pedro. And hath challeng'd thee?

Claud. Moſt ſincerely.

Pedro. *What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hoſe, and leaves off his wit!

SCENE IV.

Enter Dogberry, Verges, Conrade *and* Borachio *guarded.*

Claud. HE is then a giant to an ape; but then is an ape a doctor to ſuch a man.

Pedro. But, ſoft you, let me ſee, pluck up my heart and be ſad; did he not ſay, my brother was fled?

Dogb. Come, you, Sir; if juſtice cannot tame you, ſhe ſhall ne'er weigh more reaſons in her balance; nay, an you be a curſing hypocrite once, you muſt be look'd to.

Pedro. How now, two of my brother's men bound? *Borachio,* one?

* *What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hoſe, and leaves off his wit!*] It was eſteemed a Mark of Levity and Want of becoming Gravity, at that Time, *to go in the Doublet and Hoſe, and leave off the Cloak,* to which this well turn'd *Expreſſion* alludes. The *Thought* is, that Love makes a Man as ridiculous, and expoſes him as naked as being in the Doublet and Hoſe without a Cloak.

Claud.

Claud. Hearken after their offence, my lord.

Pedro. Officers, what offence have theſe men done?

Dogb. Marry, Sir, they have committed falſe report; moreover, they have ſpoken untruths; ſecondarily, they are ſlanders; ſixth and laſtly, they have bely'd a lady; thirdly, they have verify'd unjuſt things; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

Pedro. Firſt, I aſk thee what they have done; thirdly, I aſk thee what's their offence; ſixth and laſtly, why they are committed; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge?

Claud. Rightly reaſon'd and in his own diviſion; and, by my troth, there's one meaning well ſuited.

Pedro. Whom have you offended, maſters, that you are thus bound to your anſwer? This learned conſtable is too cunning to be underſtood. What's your offence?

Bora. Sweet Prince, let me go no further to mine anſwer: do you hear me, and let this Count kill me: I have deceiv'd even your very eyes; what your wiſdoms could not diſcover, theſe ſhallow fools have brought to light, who in the night overheard me confeſſing to this man, how Don *John* your brother incens'd me to ſlander the lady *Hero;* how you were brought into the orchard, and ſaw me court *Margaret* in *Hero*'s garments; how you diſgrac'd her, when you ſhould marry her; my villany they have upon record, which I had rather ſeal with my death, than repeat over to my ſhame; the lady is dead upon mine and my maſter's falſe accuſation; and briefly, I deſire nothing but the reward of a villain.

Pedro. Runs not this ſpeech like iron through your blood?

Claud. I have drunk poiſon, while he utter'd it.

Pedro. But did my brother ſet thee on to this?

Bora. Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

Pedro. He is compos'd and fram'd of treachery; And fled he is upon this villany.

Claud.

Claud. Sweet *Hero!* now thy image doth appear
In the rare ſemblance that I lov'd it firſt.

Dogb. Come, bring away the Plaintiffs; by this time, our Sexton hath reform'd Signior *Leonato* of the matter; and maſters do not forget to ſpecify, when time and place ſhall ſerve, that I am an aſs.

Verg. Here, here comes maſter Signior *Leonato*, and the Sexton too.

SCENE V.

Enter Leonato *and Sexton.*

Leon. WHICH is the villain? let me ſee his eyes;
That when I note another man like him,
I may avoid him; which of theſe is he?

Bora. If you would know your wronger, look on me.

Leon. Art thou, art thou the ſlave, that with thy breath
Haſt kill'd mine innocent child?

Bora. Yea, even I alone.

Leon. No, not ſo, villain; thou bely'ſt thyſelf;
Here ſtand a pair of honourable men,
A third is fled, that had a hand in it:
I thank you, Princes, for my daughter's death;
Record it with your high and worthy deeds;
'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

Claud. I know not how to pray your patience,
Yet I muſt ſpeak: chuſe your revenge yourſelf;
Impoſe me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my ſin; yet ſinn'd I not,
But in miſtaking.

Pedro. By my ſoul, nor I;
And yet, to ſatisfy this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight,
That he'll enjoyn me to.

Leon.

Leon. You cannot bid my daughter live again,
That were impoſſible; but, I pray you both,
Poſſeſs the People in *Meſſina* here
How innocent ſhe dy'd; and if your love
Can labour aught in ſad invention,
Hang her an Epitaph upon her tomb,
And ſing it to her bones; ſing it to-night:
To-morrow morning come you to my houſe,
And ſince you could not be my ſon-in-law,
Be yet my nephew; my brother hath a daughter,
Almoſt the copy of my child that's dead,
And ſhe alone is heir to both of us;
Give her the Right you ſhould have given her Couſin,
And ſo dies my revenge.

Claud. O noble Sir!
Your over-kindneſs doth wring tears from me:
I do embrace your offer; and diſpoſe
For henceforth of poor *Claudio.*

Leon. To-morrow then I will expect your Coming,
To-night I take my leave. This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to *Margaret,*
Who, I believe, was pack'd in all this wrong,
Hir'd to it by your brother.

Bora. No, by my ſoul, ſhe was not;
Nor knew not what ſhe did, when ſhe ſpoke to me.
But always hath been juſt and virtuous,
In any thing that I do know by her.

Dogb. Moreover, Sir, which indeed is not under white and black, this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me aſs: I beſeech you, let it be remember'd in his puniſhment; and alſo the watch heard them talk of one *Deformed:* they ſay, *he wears a key in his ear, and

* *he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it; and borrows money in God's name.*] There could not be a pleaſanter Ridicule on the Faſhion, than the Conſtable's Deſcant on his own Blunder. They heard the Conſpirators ſatyrize the *faſhion;* Whom they took to be a Man, ſirnamed, *Deformed.* This the Conſtable applies with exquiſite Humour to the Courtiers, in a Deſcription of one of the moſt fantaſtical

and a lock hanging by it; and borrows money in God's name, the which he hath us'd ſo long, and never paid, that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for God's ſake. Pray you, examine him upon that point.

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honeſt pains.

Dogb. Your Worſhip ſpeaks like a moſt thankful and reverend youth; and I praiſe God for you.

Leon. There's for thy pains.

Dogb. God ſave the foundation!

Leon. Go, I diſcharge thee of thy priſoner; and I thank thee.

Dogb. I leave an errant knave with your Worſhip, which, I beſeech your Worſhip, to correct yourſelf, for the example of others. God keep your Worſhip; I wiſh your Worſhip well: God reſtore you to health; I humbly give you leave to depart; and if a merry meeting may be wiſh'd, God prohibit it. Come, neighbour. [*Exeunt.*

Leon. Until to-morrow morning, Lords, farewel.

Ant. Farewel, my Lords; we look for you to-morrow.

Pedro. We will not fail.

Claud. To night I'll mourn with *Hero.*

Leon. Bring you theſe fellows on, we'll talk with *Margaret*,
How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.
[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter Benedick, *and* Margaret.

Bene. PRAY thee, ſweet Miſtreſs *Margaret*, deſerve well at my hands, by helping me to the ſpeech of *Beatrice.*

cal Faſhions of that Time, the Men's wearing Rings in their Ears, and indulging a favourite Lock of Hair which was brought before, and tied with Ribbons, and called a *Love-lock.*

Marg.

Marg. Will you then write me a ſonnet in praiſe of my beauty?

Bene. In ſo high a ſtyle, *Margaret*, that no man living ſhall come over it; for, in moſt comely truth, thou deſerveſt it.

Marg. To have no Man come over me? why ſhall I always keep above ſtairs?

Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth, it catches.

Marg. And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A moſt manly wit, *Margaret*, it will not hurt a woman; and ſo, I pray thee, call *Beatrice*; I give thee the bucklers.

Marg. Give us the ſwords; we have bucklers of our own.

Bene. If you uſe them, *Margaret*, you muſt put in the pikes with a vice, and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

Marg. Well, I will call *Beatrice* to you, who, I think, hath legs. [*Exit* Margaret.

Bene. And therefore will come. [*Sings.*] *The God of love, that ſits above, and knows me, and knows me, how pitiful I deſerve*,——I mean, in ſinging; but in loving, *Leander* the good ſwimmer, *Troilus* the firſt employer of pandars, and a whole book full of theſe *quondam* carpet-mongers, whoſe names yet run ſmoothly in the even road of a blank verſe; why, they were never ſo truly turn'd over and over, as my poor ſelf, in love; marry, I cannot ſhew it in rhime; I have try'd; I can find out no rhime to *lady* but *baby*, an innocent's rhime; for *ſcorn*, *horn*, a hard rhime; for *ſchool*, *fool*, a babbling rhime; very ominous endings; no, I was not born under a rhiming planet, for I cannot woo in feſtival terms.

SCENE VII.

Enter Beatrice.

Sweet *Beatrice*, would'ſt thou come when I call thee?

Beat. Yea, Signior, and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O, ſtay but 'till then.

Beat. Then, is ſpoken; fare you well now; and yet ere I go, let me go with that I came for, which is, with knowing what hath paſt between you and *Claudio.*

Bene. Only foul words, and thereupon I will kiſs thee.

Beat. Foul words are but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noiſome; therefore I will depart unkiſt.

Bene. Thou haſt frighted the word out of its right ſenſe, ſo forcible is thy wit; but, I muſt tell thee plainly, *Claudio* undergoes my challenge; and either I muſt ſhortly hear from him, or I will ſubſcribe him a coward; and I pray thee, now tell me, for which of my bad parts didſt thou firſt fall in love with me?

Beat. For them all together; which maintain'd ſo politic a ſtate of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them, but for which of my good parts did you firſt ſuffer love for me?

Bene. Suffer love! a good epithet: I do ſuffer love, indeed, for I love thee againſt my will.

Beat. In ſpight of your heart, I think; alas! poor heart, if you ſpight it for my ſake, I will ſpight it for yours; for I will never love that, which my friend hates.

Bene. Thou and I are too wiſe to woo peaceably.

Beat. It appears not in this confeſſion; there's not one wiſe man among twenty that will praiſe himſelf.

Bene. An old, an old inſtance, *Beatrice*, that liv'd in the time of good neighbours; if a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he ſhall

live

live no longer in monuments, than the bells ring, and the widow weeps.

Beat. And how long is that, think you?

Bene. Queſtion?—why, an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum; therefore it is moſt expedient for the wife, if Don worm (his conſcience) find no impediment to the contrary, to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myſelf; ſo much for praiſing myſelf; who, I myſelf will bear witneſs, is praiſe-worthy; and now tell me, how doth your Couſin?

Beat. Very ill.

Bene. And how do you?

Beat. Very ill too.

Bene. Serve God, love me, and mend; there will I leave you too, for here comes one in haſte.

Enter Urſula.

Urſu. Madam, you muſt come to your uncle; yonder's old coil at home; it is proved, my lady *Hero* hath been falſely accus'd; the Prince and *Claudio* mightily abus'd; and Don *John* is the author of all, who is fled and gone: will you come preſently?

Beat. Will you go hear this news, Signior?

Bene. I will live in thy eyes, die in thy lap, and be bury'd in thy heart; and moreover I will go with thee to thy uncle. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Changes to a CHURCH.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, *and Attendants with tapers.*

Claud. IS this the monument of *Leonato?*

Attend. It is, my lord.

EPITAPH.

Done to death by ſlanderous tongues
Was the Hero, *that here lies:*
Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies.
So the life, that dy'd with ſhame,
Lives in death with glorious fame.
Hang thou there upon the tomb,
Praiſing her when I am dumb.

Claud. Now muſic ſound, and ſing your ſolemn hymn.

SONG.

Pardon, Goddeſs of the night,
Thoſe that ſlew thy virgin knight;
For the which, with ſongs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go.
Midnight, aſſiſt our moan;
Help us to ſigh and groan
Heavily, heavily:
Graves, yawn and yield your dead,
'Till death be uttered,
Heavily, heavily.

Claud. Now unto thy bones good night!
Yearly will I do this Right.
Pedro. Good morrow, maſters, put your torches out;
The wolves have prey'd; and, look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of *Phœbus*, round about
Dapples the drouſy eaſt with ſpots of grey:
Thanks to you all, and leave us; fare you well.
Claud. Good morrow, maſters; each his ſeveral way.
Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds;
And then to *Leonato*'s we will go.

Claud.

Claud. And *Hymen* now with luckier iſſue ſpeed's,
Than this, for whom we render'd up this woe!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Changes to Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter Leonato, Benedick, Margaret, Urſula, Antonio, Friar, *and* Hero.

Friar. DID I not tell you, ſhe was innocent?
Leon. So are the Prince and *Claudio*, who accus'd her,
Upon the error that you heard debated.
But *Margaret* was in ſome fault for this;
Although againſt her will, as it appears,
In the true courſe of all the queſtion.
Ant. Well; I am glad, that all things ſort ſo well.
Bene. And ſo am I, being elſe by faith enforc'd
To call young *Claudio* to a reckoning for it.
Leon. Well, Daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by yourſelves.
And when I ſend for you, come hither maſk'd:
The Prince and *Claudio* promis'd by this hour
To viſit me; you know your office, brother,
You muſt be father to your brother's daughter,
And give her to young *Claudio.* [*Exeunt Ladies.*
Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.
Bene. Friar, I muſt intreat your pains, I think.
Friar. To do what, Signior?
Bene. To bind me, or undo me, one of them:
Signior *Leonato*, truth it is, good Signior,
Your neice regards me with an eye of favour.
Leon. That eye my daughter lent her, 'tis moſt true.
Bene. And I do with an eye of love requite her.
Leon. The ſight whereof, I think, you had from me,
From *Claudio* and the Prince; but what's your will?

Bene. Your anſwer, Sir, is enigmatical;
But for my will, my will is, your good will
May ſtand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd
I' th' ſtate of honourable marriage;
In which, good Friar, I ſhall deſire your help.
Leon. My heart is with your liking.
Friar. And my help.

SCENE X.

Enter Don Pedro *and* Claudio, *with Attendants.*

Pedro. GOOD morrow to this fair aſſembly.
Leon. Good morrow, Prince; good morrow, *Claudio*,
We here attend you; are you yet determin'd
To day to marry with my brother's daughter?
Claud. I'll hold my mind, were ſhe an *Ethiope.*
Leon. Call her forth, brother, here's the Friar ready.
[*Exit* Antonio.
Pedro. Good morrow, *Benedick*; why, what's the matter,
That you have ſuch a *February*-face,
So full of froſt, of ſtorm and cloudineſs?
Claud. I think, he thinks upon the ſavage bull:
Tuſh, fear not, man, we'll tip thy horns with gold,
And ſo all *Europe* ſhall rejoice at thee;
As once *Europa* did at luſty *Jove*,
When he would play the noble beaſt in love.
Bene. Bull *Jove*, Sir, had an amiable low,
And ſome ſuch ſtrange bull leapt your father's cow;
And got a calf, in that ſame noble feat,
Much like to you; for you have juſt his bleat.

SCENE XI.

Enter Antonio, *with* Hero, Beatrice, Margaret, *and* Urſula, *maſk'd.*

Claud. FOR this I owe you; here come other reckonings.
Which is the lady I muſt ſeize upon? *Ant.*

Ant. This ſame is ſhe, and I do give you her.
Claud. Why, then ſhe's mine; Sweet, let me ſee your face.
Leon. No, that you ſhall not, 'till you take her hand
Before this Friar, and ſwear to marry her.
Claud. Give me your hand; before this holy Friar,
I am your huſband if you like of me.
Hero. And when I liv'd, I was your other wife.
[*Unmaſking.*
And when you lov'd, you were my other huſband.
Claud. Another *Hero?*
Hero. Nothing certainer.
One *Hero* dy'd defil'd, but I do live;
And, ſurely, as I live, I am a maid.
Pedro. The former *Hero! Hero*, that is dead!
Leon. She dy'd, my lord, but whiles her ſlander liv'd.
Friar. All this amazement can I qualify.
When, after that the holy rites are ended,
I'll tell thee largely of fair *Hero*'s death:
Mean time let wonder ſeem familiar,
And to the chapel let us preſently.
Bene. Soft and fair, friar. Which is *Beatrice?*
Beat. I anſwer to that name; what is your will?
Bene. Do not you love me?
Beat. Why, no, no more than reaſon.
Bene. Why, then your Uncle, and the Prince, and *Claudio*, have been deceiv'd; they ſwore, you did.
Beat. Do not you love me?
Bene. Troth, no, no more than reaſon.
Beat. Why, then my Couſin, *Margaret* and *Urſula*, Have been deceiv'd; for they did ſwear, you did.
Bene. They ſwore, you were almoſt ſick for me.
Beat. They ſwore, you were well-nigh dead for me.
Bene. 'Tis no matter; then you do not love me?
Beat. No, truly, but in friendly recompence.

Leon. Come, Couſin, I am ſure, you love the gentleman.

Claud. And I'll be ſworn upon't, that he loves her;
For here's a paper written in his hand,
A halting ſonnet of his own pure brain,
Faſhion'd to *Beatrice.*

Hero. And here's another,
Writ in my Couſin's hand, ſtolen from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto *Benedick.*

Bene. A miracle! here's our own hands againſt our hearts; come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.

Beat. I would not deny you; but, by this good day, I yield upon great perſuaſion, and partly to ſave your life; for as I was told, you were in a conſumption.

Bene. Peace, I will ſtop your mouth.——

[*Kiſſing her.*

Pedro. How doſt thou, *Benedick*, the married man?

Bene. I'll tell thee what, Prince; a College of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour: doſt thou think, I care for a ſatire, or an epigram? no: if a man will be beaten with brains, he ſhall wear nothing handſome about him; in brief, ſince I do purpoſe to marry, I will think nothing to any purpoſe that the world can ſay againſt it; and therefore never flout at me, for what I have ſaid againſt it; for man is a giddy thing, and this is my concluſion; for thy part, *Claudio*, I did think to have beaten thee; but in that thou art like to be my kinſman, live unbruis'd, and love my couſin.

Claud. I had well hoped, thou wouldſt have denied *Beatrice*, that I might have cudgell'd thee out of thy ſingle life, to make thee a double dealer; which, out of queſtion, thou wilt be, if my Couſin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends; let's have a Dance

Dance ere we are marry'd, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives heels.

Leon. We'll have dancing afterwards.

Bene. Firſt, o' my word; therefore, play, muſic. Prince, thou art ſad, get thee a wife, get thee a wife; there is no ſtaff more reverend than one tipt with horn.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My Lord, your brother *John* is ta'en in flight, And brought with armed men back to *Meſſina.*

Bene. Think not on him 'till to-morrow: I'll deviſe thee brave puniſhments for him. Strike up, Pipers. [*Dance.*

[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE

MERCHANT

OF

VENICE.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

DUKE of Venice.
Morochius, *a* Mooriſh *Prince*, } *Suiters to* Portia.
Prince of Arragon, }
Anthonio, *the Merchant of* Venice.
Baſſanio, *his Friend, in love with* Portia.
Salanio, }
Solarino, } *Friends to* Anthonio *and* Baſſanio.
Gratiano, }
Lorenzo, *in love with* Jeſſica.
Shylock, *a* Jew.
Tubal, *a* Jew, *his Friend.*
Launcelot, *a Clown, Servant to the* Jew.
Gobbo, *an old Man, Father to* Launcelot.
Leonardo, *Servant to* Baſſanio.
Balthazar, } *Servants to* Portia.
Stephano, }

Portia, *an Heireſs of great Quality and Fortune.*
Neriſſa, *Confident to* Portia.
Jeſſica, *Daughter to* Shylock.

Senators of Venice, *Officers, Jailer, Servants and other Attendants.*

SCENE, *partly at* Venice; *and partly at* Belmont, *the Seat of* Portia *upon the Continent.*

THE

THE MERCHANT *of* VENICE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Street in Venice.

Enter Anthonio, Solarino, *and* Salanio.

ANTHONIO.

IN ſooth, I know not why I am ſo ſad:
It wearies me; you ſay, it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What ſtuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn ——
And ſuch a want-wit ſadneſs makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myſelf.

Sal. Your mind is toſſing on the ocean;
There, where your *Argoſies with portly Sail,
Like ſigniors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or as it were the pageants of the Sea,
Do over-peer the petty traffickers,
That curtſy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Sola. Believe me, Sir, had I ſuch venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I ſhould be ſtill
Plucking the graſs, to know where ſits the wind;
Peering in maps for ports, and peers, and roads;
And every object, that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,
Would make me ſad.

* *Argoſy*, a Ship from *Argo*. Mr. *Pope*.

Sal.

Sal. My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at ſea.
I ſhould not ſee the ſandy hour-gloſs run,
But I ſhould think of ſhallows and of flats;
And ſee my wealthy *Andrew* dock'd in ſand,
Vailing her high top lower than her ribs,
To kiſs her burial. Should I go to church,
And ſee the holy edifice of ſtone,
And not bethink me ſtrait of dang'rous rocks?
Which, touching but my gentle veſſel's ſide,
Would ſcatter all the ſpices on the ſtream,
Enrobe the roaring waters with my ſilks;
And in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing. Shall I have the thought
To think on this, and ſhall I lack the thought,
That ſuch a thing, bechanc'd, would make me ſad?
But tell not me;——I know, *Anthonio*
Is ſad to think upon his merchandize.

Anth. Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom truſted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole eſtate
Upon the fortune of this preſent year:
Therefore, my merchandize makes me not ſad.

Sola. Why then you are in love.

Anth. Fie, fie!

Sola. Not in love neither! then let's ſay, you're ſad,
Becauſe you are not merry; and 'twere as eaſy
For you to laugh and leap, and ſay, you're merry,
Becauſe you are not ſad. *Now by two-headed *Janus*,
Nature hath fram'd ſtrange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper;
And others of ſuch vinegar-aſpect,

That

*——*Now by two-headed* Janus,] Here *Shakeſpear* ſhews his Knowledge in the antique. By *two-headed* Janus is meant thoſe antique bifrontine Heads, which generally repreſent a young and ſmiling Face

That they'll not ſhow their teeth in way of ſmile,
Though *Neſtor* ſwear, the jeſt be laughable.

Enter Baſſanio, Lorenzo, *and* Gratiano.

Sal. Here comes *Baſſanio*, your moſt noble kinſman,
Gratiano and *Lorenzo*: fare ye well;
We leave ye now with better company.
Sola. I would have ſtaid 'till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.
Anth. Your worth is very dear in my regard:
I take it, your own buſineſs calls on you,
And you embrace th' occaſion to depart.
Sal. Good-morrow, my good lords.
Baſſ. Good Signiors both, when ſhall we laugh? ſay, when?
You grow exceeding ſtrange; muſt it be ſo?
Sal. We'll make our leiſures to attend on yours.
Sola. My lord *Baſſanio*, ſince you've found *Anthonio*,
We two will leave you; but at dinner-time,
I pray you, have in mind where we muſt meet.
Baſſ. I will not fail you. [*Exeunt* Solar. *and* Sala.
Gra. You look not well, Signior *Anthonio;*
You have too much reſpect upon the world:
They loſe it, that do buy it with much care.
Believe me, you are marvellouſly chang'd.
Anth. I hold the world but as the world, *Gratiano*,
A ſtage, where every man muſt play his part,
And mine's a ſad one.
Gra. Let me play the Fool;——
With mirth, and laughter, let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why ſhould a man, whoſe blood is warm within,

Face, together with an old and wrinkled one, being of *Pan* and *Bacchus;* of *Saturn* and *Apollo*, &c. Theſe are not uncommon in Collections of Antiques; and in the Books of the Antiquaries, as *Montfaucon, Spanheim*, &c.

Sit

Sit like his grandfire cut in Alabaſter?
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
By being peeviſh? I'll tell thee what, *Anthonio*,
(I love thee, and it is my love that ſpeaks:)
There are a ſort of men, whoſe viſages
Do cream and mantle like a ſtanding pond;
And do a wilful ſtillneſs entertain,
With purpoſe to be dreſt in an opinion
Of wiſdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who ſhould ſay, I am *Sir Oracle*,
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!
O my *Anthonio*, I do know of thoſe,
That therefore only are reputed wiſe,
For ſaying nothing; who, I'm very ſure,
If they ſhould ſpeak, would almoſt damn thoſe ears,
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.
I'll tell thee more of this another time:
But fiſh not with this melancholy bait,
For this fool's gudgeon, this opinion.
Come, good *Lorenzo;* fare ye well a while;
* I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

Lor. Well, we will leave you then 'till dinner-time,
I muſt be one of theſe ſame dumb wiſe men;
For *Gratiano* never lets me ſpeak.

Gra. Well, keep me company but two years more,
Thou ſhalt not know the ſound of thine own tongue.

Anth. Fare well; I'll grow a talker for this gear.

Gra. Thanks, i'faith; for ſilence is only commendable
In a neats tongue dry'd, and a maid not vendible.
[*Exeunt* Gra. *and* Loren.

Anth. Is that any thing now?

Baſſ. Gratiano ſpeaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all *Venice:* his reaſons are as

* *I'll end my exhortation after dinner.*] The Humour of this conſiſt in its being an Alluſion to the Practice of the Puritan Preachers of thoſe Times; who being generally very long and tedious, were often forced to put off that Part of their Sermon called the *Exhortation* till after Dinner.

two

two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day ere you find them, and when you have them, they are not worth the search.

Anth. Well; tell me now, what lady is the same,
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to day promis'd to tell me of?

Bass. 'Tis not unknown to you, *Anthonio*,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By shewing something a more swelling port,
Than my faint means would grant continuance;
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd
From such a noble rate; but my chief care
Is to come fairly off from the great debts,
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gaged: to you, *Anthonio*,
I owe the most in money, and in love;
And from your love I have a warranty
T' unburthen all my plots and purposes,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Anth. I pray you, good *Bassanio*, let me know it;
And if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honour; be assur'd,
My purse, my person, my extreamest means
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

Bass. In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way, with more advised watch,
To find the other forth; by ventring both,
I oft found both. I urge this child-hood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much, and, like a witless youth,
That which I owe is lost; but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

Anth. You know me well; and herein spend but time,

To

To wind about my love with circumſtance;
And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong,
In making queſtion of my uttermoſt,
Than if you had made waſte of all I have.
Then do but ſay to me, what I ſhould do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am preſt unto it: therefore, ſpeak.

Baſſ. In *Belmont* is a lady richly left,
And ſhe is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wond'rous virtues; ſometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair ſpeechleſs meſſages;
Her name is *Portia*, nothing undervalu'd
To *Cato*'s daughter, *Brutus*' *Portia:*
Nor is the wide world ign'rant of her worth;
For the four winds blow in from every coaſt
Renowned ſuitors; and her ſunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
Which makes her ſeat of *Belmont*, *Colchos*' ſtrand;
And many *Jaſons* come in queſt of her.
O my *Anthonio*, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind preſages me ſuch thrift,
That I ſhould queſtionleſs be fortunate.

Anth. Thou know'ſt, that all my fortunes are at ſea,
Nor have I money, nor commodity
To raiſe a preſent ſum; therefore, go forth;
Try what my credit can in *Venice* do;
That ſhall be rack'd even to the uttermoſt,
To furniſh thee to *Belmont*, to fair *Portia:*
Go, preſently enquire, and ſo will I,
Where money is; and I no queſtion make,
To have it of my truſt, or for my ſake. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Changes to BELMONT.

Three Caſkets are ſet out, one of gold, another of ſilver, and another of lead.

Enter Portia *and* Neriſſa.

Por. BY my troth, *Neriſſa*, my little body is weary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, ſweet madam, if your miſeries were in the ſame abundance as your good fortunes are; and yet, for aught I ſee, they are as ſick, that ſurfeit with too much, as they that ſtarve with nothing; therefore it is no mean happineſs to be ſeated in the mean; ſuperfluity comes ſooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Por. Good ſentences, and well pronounc'd.

Ner. They would be better, if well follow'd.

Por. If to do, were as eaſy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches; and poor men's cottages, Princes' palaces. He is a good divine, that follows his own inſtructions; I can eaſier teach twenty what were good to be done, than to be one of the twenty to follow my own teaching. The brain may deviſe laws for the blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree; ſuch a hare is madneſs the youth, to ſkip o'er the meſhes of good counſel the cripple! But this reaſoning is not in faſhion to chuſe me a huſband: O me, the word, chuſe! I may neither chuſe whom I would, nor refuſe whom I diſlike; ſo is the will of a living daughter curb'd by the will of a dead father: is it not hard, *Neriſſa*, that I cannot chuſe one, nor refuſe none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous, and holy men at their death have good inſpirations; therefore, the lottery, that he hath deviſed in theſe three cheſts of gold,

gold, ſilver, and lead, (whereof who chuſes his meaning, chuſes you) will no doubt never be choſen by any rightly, but one whom you ſhall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of theſe princely ſuitors, that are already come?

Por. I pray thee, over-name them; and as thou nam'ſt them, I will deſcribe them; and, according to my deſcription, level at my affection.

Ner. Firſt, there is the *Neapolitan* Prince.

Por. Ay, that's a Colt, indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horſe; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can ſhoe him himſelf: I am much afraid, my lady, his mother, play'd falſe with a ſmith.

Ner. Then, there is the Count *Palatine.*

Por. He doth nothing but frown, as who ſhould ſay, if you will not have me, chuſe: he hears merry tales, and ſmiles not; I fear, he will prove the weeping philoſopher when he grows old, being ſo full of unmannerly ſadneſs in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of theſe. God defend me from theſe two!

Ner. How ſay you by the *French* Lord, Monſieur *Le Boun?*

Por. God made him, and therefore let him paſs for a man; in truth, I know, it is a ſin to be a mocker; but, he! why, he hath a horſe better than the *Neapolitan*'s; a better bad habit of frowning than the Count *Palatine;* he is every man in no man; if a throſtle ſing, he falls ſtrait a capering; he will fence with his own ſhadow; if I ſhould marry him, I ſhould marry twenty huſbands. If he would deſpiſe me, I would forgive him; for if he love me to madneſs, I ſhall never requite him.

Ner. What ſay you then to *Faulconbridge*, the young Baron of *England?*

Por.

Por. You know, I ſay nothing to him, for he underſtands not me, nor I him; he hath neither *Latin*, *French*, nor *Italian;* and you may come into the court and ſwear, that I have a poor pennyworth in the *Engliſh.* He is a proper man's picture, but, alas! who can converſe with a dumb ſhow? how oddly he is ſuited! I think, he bought his doublet in *Italy*, his round hoſe in *France*, his bonnet in *Germany*, and his behaviour every where.

Ner. What think you of the *Scotiſh* lord, his neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he borrow'd a box of the ear of the *Engliſhman*, and ſwore he would pay him again, when he was able. * I think, the *Frenchman* became his ſurety, and ſealed under for another.

Ner. How like you the young *German*, the Duke of *Saxony*'s nephew?

Por. Very vilely in the morning when he is ſober, and moſt vilely in the afternoon when he is drunk; when he is beſt, he is a little worſe than a man; and when he is worſt, he is little better than a beaſt; and the worſt fall that ever fell, I hope, I ſhall make ſhift to go without him.

Ner. If he ſhould offer to chuſe, and chuſe the right caſket, you ſhould refuſe to perform your father's will, if you ſhould refuſe to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worſt, I pray thee, ſet a deep glaſs of *Rheniſh* wine on the contrary caſket; for if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know, he will chuſe it. I will do any thing, *Neriſſa*, ere I will be marry'd to a ſpunge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of theſe lords: they have acquainted me with their de-

* *I think, the* Frenchman *became his ſurety,*] Alluding to the conſtant Aſſiſtance, or rather conſtant Promiſes of Aſſiſtance, that the *French* gave the *Scots* in their Quarrels with the *Engliſh.* This Alliance is here humourouſly ſatirized.

terminations,

terminations, which is, indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more ſuit; unleſs you may be won by ſome other ſort than your father's impoſition, depending on the caſkets.

Por. If I live to be as old as *Sibylla*, I will die as chaſte as *Diana*, unleſs I be obtain'd by the manner of my father's will: I am glad, this parcel of wooers are ſo reaſonable; for there is not one among them but I doat on his very abſence, and wiſh them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a *Venetian*, a ſcholar and a ſoldier, that came hither in company of the Marquiſs of *Mountferrat?*

Por. Yes, yes, it was *Baſſanio;* as I think, he was ſo call'd.

Ner. True, Madam; he, of all the men that ever my fooliſh eyes look'd upon, was the beſt deſerving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praiſe. How now? what news?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. The four ſtrangers ſeek for you, madam, to take their leave; and there is a fore-runner come from a fifth, the Prince of *Morocco*, who brings word, the Prince, his maſter, will be here to night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with ſo good heart as I can bid the other four farewel, I ſhould be glad of his approach; if he have the condition of a ſaint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he ſhould ſhrive me, than wive me. Come, *Neriſſa.* Sirrah, go before; while we ſhut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

A public Place in VENICE.

Enter Baſſanio *and* Shylock.

Shy. THREE thouſand ducats? well,

Baſſ. Ay, Sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months? well.

Baſſ. For the which, as I told you, *Anthonio* ſhall be bound.

Shy. Anthonio ſhall become bound? well.

Baſſ. May you ſtead me? will you pleaſure me? ſhall I know your anſwer?

Shy. Three thouſand ducats for thee months, and *Anthonio* bound?

Baſſ. Your anſwer to that.

Shy. Anthonio is a good man.

Baſſ. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. No, no, no, no; my meaning, in ſaying he is a good man, is to have you underſtand me, that he is ſufficient: yet his means are in ſuppoſition: he hath an Argoſy bound to *Tripolis*, another to the *Indies;* I underſtand moreover upon the *Ryalto*, he hath a third at *Mexico*, a fourth for *England;* and other ventures he hath, ſqander'd abroad. But ſhips are but boards, ſailors but men; there be land-rats, and water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves; I mean, pirates; and then there is the peril of waters, winds and rocks. The man is, notwithſtanding ſufficient; three thouſand ducats? I think, I may take his bond.

Baſſ. Be aſſur'd, you may.

Shy. I will be aſſur'd, I may; and that I may be aſſur'd, I will bethink me; may I ſpeak with *Anthonio?*

Baſſ. If it pleaſe you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to ſmell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet the *Nazarite* conjur'd the devil into! I will buy with you, ſell with you, talk with you,

you, walk with you, and ſo following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the *Ryalto?*———who is he, comes here?

Enter Anthonio.

Baſſ. This is Signior *Anthonio.*

Shy. [*Aſide.*] How like a fawning *Publican* he looks!
I hate him, for he is a chriſtian:
But more, for that in low ſimplicity
He lends out money *gratis*, and brings down
The rate of uſance here with us in *Venice.*
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our ſacred nation; and he rails,
Ev'n there where merchants moſt do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls intereſt. Curſed be my tribe,
If I forgive him!

Baſſ. Shylock, do you hear?——

Shy. I am debating of my preſent ſtore,
And by the near gueſs of my memory,
I cannot inſtantly raiſe up the groſs
Of full three thouſand ducats: what of that?
Tubal, a wealthy *Hebrew* of my tribe,
Will furniſh me; but ſoft, how many months
Do you deſire? Reſt you fair, good Signior;
[*To* Anth.
Your worſhip was the laſt man in our mouths.

Anth. Shylock, although I neither lend nor borrow
By taking, nor by giving of exceſs,
Yet, to ſupply the ripe wants of my friend,
I'll break a cuſtom.——Is he yet poſſeſt,
How much you would?

Shy. Ay, ay, three thouſand ducats.

Anth. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot, three months, you told me ſo;
Well then, your bond; and let me ſee,——but hear you, Me-

Methought, you ſaid, you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.

Anth. I do never uſe it.

Shy. When *Jacob* graz'd his uncle *Laban*'s ſheep,—
This *Jacob* from our holy *Abraham* was
(As his wiſe mother wrought in his behalf)
The third poſſeſſor; ay, he was the third.

Anth. And what of him? did he take intereſt?

Shy. No, not take int'reſt; not, as you would ſay,
Directly, int'reſt; mark, what *Jacob* did.
When *Laban* and himſelf were compromis'd,
That all the yeanlings, which were ſtreak'd and pied,
Should fall as *Jacob*'s hire; the ewes, being rank,
In th' end of autumn turned to the rams;
And when the work of generation was
Between theſe woolly breeders in the act,
The ſkilful ſhepherd peel'd me certain wands;
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,
He ſtuck them up before the fulſome ewes;
Who, then conceiving, did in yeaning time
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and thoſe were *Jacob*'s.
This was a way to thrive, and he was bleſt;
And thrift is bleſſing, if men ſteal it not.

Anth. This was a venture, Sir, that *Jacob* ſerv'd for;
A thing, not in his power to bring to paſs,
But ſway'd, and faſhion'd, by the hand of heav'n.
Was this inſerted to make int'reſt good?
Or is your gold, and ſilver, ewes and rams?

Shy. I cannot tell; I make it breed as faſt;
But note me, Signior.

Anth. Mark you this, *Baſſanio*?
The devil can cite ſcripture for his purpoſe.——
An evil ſoul, producing holy witneſs,
Is like a villain with a ſmiling cheek;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
O, what a goodly outſide's falſhood hath!

Shy. Three thouſand ducats! 'tis a good round ſum.
Three months from twelve, then let me ſee the rate.

Anth. Well, *Shylock*, ſhall we be beholden to you?

Shy. Signior *Anthonio*, many a time and oft
In the *Ryalto* you have rated me,
About my monies and my uſances.
Still have I born it with a patient ſhrug;
(For ſufferance is the badge of all our tribe.)
You call me miſbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And ſpit upon my *Jewiſh* gaberdine;
And all for uſe of that, which is my own.
Well then, it now appears, you need my help:
Go to then; you come to me, and you ſay,
Shylock, we would have monies; you ſay ſo;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me, as you ſpurn a ſtranger cur
Over your threſhold: money is your ſuit;
What ſhould I ſay to you? ſhould I not ſay,
Hath a dog money? is it poſſible,
A cur can lend three thouſand ducats? or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With bated breath, and whiſp'ring humbleneſs,
Say this,—fair Sir, you ſpit on me laſt *Wedneſday*,
You ſpurn'd me ſuch a day; another time
You call'd me dog; and for theſe curteſies
I'll lend you thus much monies?

Anth. I am as like to call thee ſo again,
To ſpit on thee again, to ſpurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friend, (for when did friendſhip take
A breed of barren metal of his friend?)
But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who, if he break, thou may'ſt with better face
Exact the penalty.

Shy. Why, how you ſtorm?
I would be friends with you, and have your love;
Forget the ſhames that you have ſtain'd me with;
Supply your preſent wants, and take no doit
Of uſance for my monies, and you'll not hear me:
This is kind I offer.

Anth.

Anth. This were kindneſs.
Shy. This kindneſs will I ſhow;
Go with me to a Notary, ſeal me there
Your ſingle bond; and in a merry ſport,
If you repay me not on ſuch a day,
In ſuch a place, ſuch ſum, or ſums, as are
Expreſs'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair fleſh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body it ſhall pleaſe me.
Anth. Content, in faith; I'll ſeal to ſuch a bond,
And, ſay there is much kindneſs in the *Jew*.
Baſſ. You ſhall not ſeal to ſuch a bond for me,
I'll rather dwell in my neceſſity.
Anth. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it;
Within theſe two months (that's a month before
This bond expires) I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.
Shy. O father *Abraham*, what theſe chriſtians are!
Whoſe own hard dealings teach them to ſuſpect
The thoughts of others! pray you, tell me this,
If he ſhould break his day, what ſhould I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of man's fleſh, taken from a man,
Is not ſo eſtimable or profitable,
As fleſh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I ſay,
To buy his favour, I extend this friendſhip;
If he will take it, ſo; if not, adieu;
And for my love, I pray you, wrong me not.
Anth. Yes, *Shylock*, I will ſeal unto this bond.
Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the Notary's.
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purſe the ducats ſtrait;
See to my houſe, left in the fearleſs guard
Of an unthrifty knave, and preſently
I will be with you. [*Exit.*
Anth. Hie thee, gentle *Jew*.
This *Hebrew* will turn chriſtian; he grows kind.

Baſſ. I like not fair terms, and a villain's mind.
Anth. Come on, in this there can be no diſmay;
My ſhips come home a month before the day. [*Exe.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

BELMONT.

Enter Morochius, *a Tawny-Moor, all in white; and three or four Followers accordingly; with* Portia, Neriſſa, *and her train. Flouriſh Cornets.*

MOROCHIUS.

MISLIKE me not for my complexion,
The ſhadow'd livery of the burniſh'd ſun,
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.
Bring me the faireſt creature northward born,
Where *Phœbus'* fire ſcarce thaws the iſicles,
And let us make inciſion for your love,
To prove whoſe blood is reddeſt, his or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aſpect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant; by my love, I ſwear,
The beſt regarded virgins of our clime
Have lov'd it too: I would not change this hue,
Except to ſteal your thoughts, my gentle Queen.
Por. In terms of choice I am not ſolely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes:
Beſides, the lottery of my deſtiny
Bars me the right of voluntary chuſing.
But if my father had not ſcanted me,
And hedg'd me by his wit to yield myſelf
His wife, who wins me by that means I told you;
Yourſelf, renowned Prince, then ſtood as fair,
As any comer I have look'd on yet,
For my affection.
Mor. Ev'n for that I thank you;

There-

Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caſkets
To try my fortune. By this ſcimitar,
That ſlew the Sophy and a *Perſian* Prince,
That won three fields of Sultan *Solymon*,
I would out-ſtare the ſterneſt eyes that look,
Out-brave the heart moſt daring on the earth,
Pluck the young ſucking cubs from the ſhe-bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady. But, alas the while!
If *Hercules* and *Lichas* play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is *Alcides* beaten by his page;
And ſo may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miſs that, which one unworthier may attain;
And die with grieving.

Por. You muſt take your chance,
And either not attempt to chuſe at all,
Or ſwear, before you chuſe, if you chuſe wrong,
Never to ſpeak to lady afterward
In way of marriage; therefore be advis'd.

Mor. Nor will not; therefore, bring me to my chance.

Por. Firſt, forward to the temple; after dinner
Your hazard ſhall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then, [*Cornets.*
To make me bleſt, or curſed'ſt among men! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to Venice.

Enter Launcelot *alone.*

Laun. CERTAINLY, my conſcience will ſerve me to run from this *Jew* my maſter. The fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me, ſaying to me, *Gobbo*, *Launcelot Gobbo*, good *Launcelot*, or good *Gobbo*, or good *Launcelot Gobbo*, uſe your legs, take the ſtart,

run away. My conſcience ſays, no; take heed, honeſt *Launcelot;* take heed, honeſt *Gobbo;* or, as aforeſaid, honeſt *Launcelot Gobbo*, do not run; ſcorn running with thy heels. Well, the moſt courageous fiend bids me pack; *via!* ſays the fiend; away! ſays the fiend; for the heav'ns rouſe up a brave mind, ſays the fiend, and run. Well, my conſcience, hanging about the neck of my heart, ſays very wiſely to me, my honeſt friend *Launcelot*, being an honeſt man's ſon, or rather an honeſt woman's ſon——(for, indeed, my father did ſomething ſmack, ſomething grow to: he had a kind of taſte.)——well, my conſcience ſays, budge not; budge, ſays the fiend; budge not, ſays my conſcience; conſcience, ſay I, you counſel ill; fiend, ſay I, you counſel ill. To be rul'd by my conſcience, I ſhould ſtay with the *Jew* my maſter, who, God bleſs the mark, is a kind of devil; and to run away from the *Jew*, I ſhould be rul'd by the fiend, who, ſaving your reverence, is the devil himſelf. Certainly, the *Jew* is the very devil incarnal; and in my conſcience, my conſcience is but a kind of hard conſcience, to offer to counſel me to ſtay with the *Jew*. The fiend gives the more friendly counſel; I will run, fiend, my heels are at your commandment, I will run.

Enter old Gobbo, *with a baſket.*

Gob. Maſter young man, you, I pray you, which is the way to maſter *Jew*'s?

Laun. O heav'ns, this is my true-begotten father, who being more than ſand-blind, high-gravel-blind, knows me not; I will try confuſions with him.

Gob. Maſter young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to maſter *Jew*'s?

Laun. Turn up, on your right hand at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the *Jew*'s houſe.

Gob.

Gob. By God's ſonties, 'twill be a hard way to hit; can you tell me whether one *Launcelot*, that dwells with him, dwell with him or no?

Laun. Talk you of young maſter *Launcelot?* (mark me now, now will I raiſe the waters;) talk you of young maſter *Launcelot?*

Gob. No maſter, Sir, but a poor man's ſon. His father, though I ſay't, is an honeſt exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

Laun. Well, let his father be what he will, we talk of young maſter *Launcelot.*

Gob. Your worſhip's friend and *Launcelot*, Sir.

Laun. But, I pray you *ergo*, old man; *ergo*, I beſeech you, talk you of young maſter *Launcelot?*

Gob. Of *Launcelot*, an't pleaſe your maſterſhip.

Laun. Ergo, maſter *Launcelot*; talk not of maſter *Launcelot*, father, for the young gentleman (according to fates and deſtinies, and ſuch odd ſayings, the ſiſters three, and ſuch branches of learning,) is, indeed, deceaſed; or, as you would ſay, in plain terms, gone to heav'n.

Gob. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very ſtaff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel-poſt, a ſtaff or a prop? do you know me, father?

Gob. Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman; but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy, God reſt his ſoul, alive or dead?

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack, Sir, I am ſand-blind, I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wiſe father, that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your ſon; give me your bleſſing, truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long, a man's ſon may; but in the end, truth will out.

Gob. Pray you, Sir, ſtand up; I am ſure, you are not *Launcelot* my boy.

Laun. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your bleſſing; I am *Launcelot*, your boy that was, your ſon that is, your child that ſhall be.

Gob. I cannot think, you are my ſon.

Laun. I know not, what I ſhall think of that: but I am *Launcelot* the *Jew*'s man, and, I am ſure, *Margery* your wife is my mother.

Gob. Her name is *Margery*, indeed. I'll be ſworn, if thou be *Launcelot*, thou art my own fleſh and blood: lord worſhip'd might he be! what a beard haſt thou got! thou haſt got more hair on thy chin, than *Dobbin* my Thill-horſe has on his tail.

Laun. It ſhould ſeem then, that *Dobbin*'s tail grows backward; I am ſure, he had more hair on his tail, than I have on my face, when I laſt ſaw him.

Gob. Lord, how art thou chang'd! how doſt thou and thy maſter agree? I have brought him a preſent; how agree you now?

Laun. Well, well; but for mine own part, as I have ſet up my reſt to run away, ſo I will not reſt 'till I have run ſome ground. My maſter's a very *Jew:* give him a preſent! give him a halter: I am famiſh'd in his ſervice. You may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come; give me your preſent to one maſter *Baſſanio*, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries; if I ſerve him not, I will run as far as God has any ground. O rare fortune, here comes the man; to him, father, for I am a *Jew*, if I ſerve the *Jew* any longer.

Enter Baſſanio *with* Leonardo, *and a follower or two more.*

Baſſ. You may do ſo; but let it be ſo haſted, that ſupper be ready at the fartheſt by five of the clock: ſee

ee theſe letters deliver'd, put the liveries to making, and deſire *Gratiano* to come anon to my lodging.

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bleſs your worſhip!

Baſſ. Gramercy, would'ſt thou ought with me?

Gob. Here's my ſon, Sir, a poor boy,——

Laun. Not a poor boy, Sir, but the rich *Jew*'s man, that would, Sir, as my father ſhall ſpecify,——

Gob. He hath a great infection, Sir, as one would ſay, to ſerve.

Laun. Indeed, the ſhort and the long is, I ſerve the *Jew*, and have a deſire, as my father ſhall ſpecify,——

Gob. His maſter and he, ſaving your worſhip's reverence, are ſcarce catercouſins.

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is, that the *Jew*, having done me wrong, doth cauſe me, as my father, being I hope an old man, ſhall frutify unto you,——

Gob. I have here a diſh of doves, that I would beſtow upon your worſhip; and my ſuit is——

Laun. In very brief, the ſuit is impertinent to myſelf, as your worſhip ſhall know by this honeſt old man; and, though I ſay it, though old man, yet poor man my father.

Baſſ. One ſpeak for both, what would you?

Laun. Serve you, Sir.

Gob. This is the very defect of the matter, Sir.

Baſſ. I know thee well, thou haſt obtain'd thy Suit;
Shylock, thy maſter, ſpoke with me this day,
And hath preferr'd thee; if it be preferment
To leave a rich *Jew*'s ſervice to become
The follower of ſo poor a gentleman.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted between my maſter *Shylock* and you, Sir; you have the grace of God, Sir, and he hath enough.

Baſſ. Thou ſpeak'ſt it well; go, father, with thy ſon:
Take leave of thy old maſter, and enquire

My lodging out; give him a livery,
More guarded than his fellows: ſee it done.

Laun. Father, in; I cannot get a ſervice, no? I have ne'er a tongue in my head? well, if any man in *Italy* have a fairer table, * which doth ****** offer to ſwear upon a book. I ſhall have good fortune; go to, here's a ſimple line of life; here's a ſmall trifle of wives; alas, fifteen wives is nothing, eleven widows and nine maids is a ſimple coming-in for one man! and then 'ſcape drowning thrice, and to be † in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed, here are ſimple 'ſcapes! well, if fortune be a woman, ſhe's a good wench for this geer. Father, come; I'll take my leave of the *Jew* in the twinkling of an eye. [*Exeunt* Laun. *and* Gob.

Baſſ. I pray thee, good *Leonardo*, think on this.
Theſe things being bought and orderly beſtowed,
Return in haſte, for I do feaſt to night
My beſt-eſteem'd acquaintance; hie thee, go.

Leon. My beſt endeavours ſhall be done herein.

SCENE III.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. WHERE is your maſter?

Leon. Yonder, Sir, he walks. [*Exit* Leonardo.

* *which doth offer to ſwear upon a book,* &c.] This Nonſenſe ſeems to have taken its riſe from the Accident of a loſt Line in tranſcribing the Play for the Preſs; ſo that the Paſſage, for the future, ſhould be printed thus, —— *Well, if any man in* Italy *have a fairer table, which doth* ****** *offer to ſwear upon a book I ſhall have good fortune.* It is impoſſible to find, again, the loſt Line; but the loſt Senſe is eaſy enough —— *if any man in* Italy *have a fairer table, which doth* [promiſe good Luck, I am miſtaken. I durſt almoſt] *offer to* ſwear upon a Book, I ſhall have good Fortune.

† *in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed,*] A cant Phraſe to ſignify the Danger of marrying.——A certain *French* Writer uſes the ſame Kind of Figure, *O mon Ami, j'aimerois mieux etre tombe,, ſur la pointe d'un Oreiller, & m' etre rompu le Cou.* ——

Gra.

Gra. Signior *Baſſanio*,——
Baſſ. *Gratiano!*
Gra. I have a ſuit to you.
Baſſ. You have obtain'd it.
Gra. You muſt not deny me; I muſt go with you to *Belmont.* [*tiano*,
Baſſ. Why, then you muſt: but hear thee, *Gra-*
Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;
Parts, that become thee happily enough,
And in ſuch eyes as ours appear not faults;
But where thou art not known, why, there they ſhew
Something too liberal; pray thee, take pain
T' allay with ſome cold drops of modeſty
Thy ſkipping ſpirit; leſt, through thy wild behaviour,
I be miſconſtru'd in the place I go to,
And loſe my hopes.
Gra. Signior *Baſſanio*, hear me.
If I do not put on a ſober habit,
Talk with reſpect, and ſwear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely;
Nay more, while grace is ſaying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and ſigh, and ſay, Amen;
Uſe all th' obſervance of civility,
Like one well ſtudied in a ſad oſtent
To pleaſe his grandam; never truſt me more.
Baſſ. Well, we ſhall ſee your bearing. [me
Gra. Nay, but I bar to night, you ſhall not gage
By what we do to night.
Baſſ. No, that were pity.
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldeſt ſuit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpoſe merriment: but fare you well,
I have ſome buſineſs.
Gra. And I muſt to *Lorenzo* and the reſt:
But we will viſit you at ſupper-time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to Shylock's *Houſe.*

Enter Jeſſica *and* Launcelot.

Jeſ. I'M ſorry, thou wilt leave my father ſo;
Our houſe is hell, and thou, a merry devil,
Didſt rob it of ſome taſte of tedioufneſs;
But fare the well, there is a ducat for thee.
And, *Launcelot*, ſoon at ſupper ſhalt thou ſee
Lorenzo, who is thy new maſter's gueſt;
Give him this letter, do it ſecretly,
And ſo farewel: I would not have my father
See me talk with thee.

Laun. Adieu! tears exhibit my tongue; moſt beautiful Pagan, moſt ſweet *Jew!* if a chriſtian did not play the knave, and get thee, I am much deceiv'd; but, adieu! theſe fooliſh drops do ſomewhat drown my manly ſpirit: adieu! [*Exit.*

Jeſ. Farewel, good *Launcelot.*
Alack, what heinous ſin is it in me,
To be aſham'd to be my father's child?
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners: O *Lorenzo*,
If thou keep promiſe, I ſhall end this ſtrife,
Become a chriſtian, and thy loving wife. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

The Street.

Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Solarino, *and* Salanio.

Lor. NAY, we will ſlink away in ſupper-time, diſguiſe us at my lodging, and return all in an hour.

Gra. We have not made good preparation.

Sal. We have not ſpoke us yet of torch-bearers.

Sola.

Sola. 'Tis vile, unleſs it may be quaintly ordered,
And better in my mind not undertook.

Lor. 'Tis now but four a-clock, we have two hours
To furniſh us. Friend *Launcelot*, what's the news?

Enter Launcelot, *with a letter.*

Laun. An' it ſhall pleaſe you to break up this, it ſhall ſeem to ſignify.

Lor. I know the hand; in faith, 'tis a fair hand;
And whiter than the paper, it writ on,
Is the fair hand that writ.

Gra. Love-news, in faith.

Laun. By your leave, Sir.

Lor. Whither goeſt thou?

Laun. Marry, Sir, to bid my old maſter the *Jew* to ſup to night with my new maſter the chriſtian.

Lor. Hold, here, take this; tell gentle *Jeſſica*,
I will not fail her; ſpeak it privately.
Go.——Gentlemen, will you prepare for this maſque to night?
I am provided of a torch-bearer. [*Exit* Laun.

Sal. Ay marry, I'll be gone about it ſtrait.

Sola. And ſo will I.

Lor. Meet me, and *Gratiano*,
At *Gratiano*'s lodging ſome hour hence.

Sal. 'Tis good, we do ſo. [*Exit.*

Gra. Was not that letter from fair *Jeſſica?*

Lor. I muſt needs tell thee all; ſhe hath directed,
How I ſhall take her from her father's houſe;
What gold and jewels ſhe is furniſh'd with;
What page's ſuit ſhe hath in readineſs.
If e'er the *Jew* her father come to heav'n,
It will be for his gentle daughter's ſake:
And never dare misfortune croſs her foot,
Unleſs ſhe doth it under this excuſe,
That ſhe is iſſue to a faithleſs *Jew*.
Come, go with me; peruſe this, as thou goeſt;
Fair *Jeſſica* ſhall be my torch-bearer. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Shylock's *Houſe.*

Enter Shylock *and* Launcelot.

Shy. WELL, thou ſhalt ſee, thy eyes ſhall be thy judge,
The difference of old *Shylock* and *Baſſanio.*
What, *Jeſſica!*——thou ſhalt not gormandize,
As thou haſt done with me——what, *Jeſſica!*—
And ſleep and ſnore, and rend apparel out.
Why, *Jeſſica!* I ſay.

Laun. Why, *Jeſſica!* I ſay.

Shy. Who bids thee call? I did not bid thee call.

Laun. Your worſhip was wont to tell me, that I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter Jeſſica.

Jeſ. Call you? what is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth to ſupper, *Jeſſica;*
There are my keys: but wherefore ſhould I go?
I am not bid for love; they flatter me:
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal chriſtian. *Jeſſica*, my girl,
Look to my houſe; I am right loth to go;
There is ſome ill a brewing towards my reſt,
For I did dream of money-bags to night.

Laun. I beſeech you, Sir, go; my young maſter doth expect your reproach.

Shy. So do I his.

Laun. And they have conſpired together, I will not ſay, you ſhall ſee a maſque; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my noſe fell a bleeding on black Monday laſt, at ſix a clock i' th' morning, falling out that year on Aſh-Wedneſday was four year in the afternoon.

Shy.

Shy. What! are there maſques? hear you me, *Jeſſica.*
Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile ſqueaking of the wry-neck'd fife.
Clamber not you up to the caſements then,
Nor thruſt your head in the public ſtreet,
To gaze on chriſtian fools with varniſh'd faces:
But ſtop my houſe's ears; I mean, my caſements;
Let not the ſound of ſhallow foppery enter
My ſober houſe. By *Jacob*'s ſtaff, I ſwear,
I have no mind of feaſting forth to night:
But I will go; go you before me, ſirrah:
Say, I will come.

Laun. I will go before, Sir.
Miſtreſs, look out at window, for all this;
There will come a chriſtian by,
Will be worth a *Jewes*' eye. [*Exit* Laun.

Shy. What ſays that fool of *Hagar*'s off-ſpring, ha?

Jeſ. His words were, farewel, miſtreſs; nothing elſe.

Shy. The patch is kind enough, but a huge feeder:
Snail-ſlow in profit, but he ſleeps by day
More than the wild cat; drones hive not with me,
Therefore I part with him; and part with him
To one, That I would have him help to waſte
His borrow'd purſe. Well, *Jeſſica*, go in;
Perhaps, I will return immediately;
Do, as I bid you.——
Shut the doors after you; *faſt bind, faſt find;*
A proverb never ſtale in thrifty mind. [*Exit.*

Jeſ. Farewel; and if my fortune be not croſt,
I have a father, you a daughter, loſt. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

The STREET.

Enter Gratiano *and* Salanio *in maſquerade.*

Gra. THIS is the pent-houſe, under which *Lorenzo* deſired us to make a ſtand.

Sal.

Sal. His hour is almoſt paſt.

Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.

Sal. O, ten times faſter *Venus'* Widgeons fly
To ſeal love's bonds new made, than they are wont
To keep obliged faith unforfeited!

Gra. That ever holds. Who riſeth from a feaſt,
With that keen appetite that he ſits down?
Where is the horſe, that doth untread again
His tedious meaſures with th' unbated fire,
That he did pace them firſt? all things that are,
Are with more ſpirit chaſed than enjoy'd.
How like a younker, or a prodigal,
The ſkarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the ſtrumpet wind!
How like the prodigal doth ſhe return,
With over-weather'd ribs and ragged ſails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the ſtrumpet wind!

Enter Lorenzo.

Sal. Here comes *Lorenzo:* more of this hereafter.

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode;
Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait;
When you ſhall pleaſe to play the thieves for wives,
I'll watch as long for you then; come, approach;
Here dwells my father *Jew.* Hoa, who's within?

Jeſſica *above, in boy's clothes.*

Jeſ. Who are you? tell me for more certainty,
Albeit I'll ſwear, that I do know your tongue.

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.

Jeſ. Lorenzo certain, and my love, indeed;
For who love I ſo much? and now who knows,
But you, *Lorenzo*, whether I am yours?

Lor. Heav'n and thy thoughts are witneſs, that thou art.

Jeſ. Here catch this caſket, it is worth the pains.

I'm

I'm glad, 'tis night, you do not look on me;
For I am much aſham'd of my exchange;
But love is blind, and lovers cannot ſee
The pretty follies that themſelves commit;
For if they could, *Cupid* himſelf would bluſh
To ſee me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Deſcend, for you muſt be my torch-bearer.

Jeſ. What muſt I hold a candle to my ſhames?
They in themſelves, goodſooth, are too, too, light.
Why, 'tis an office of diſcovery, love,
And I ſhould be obſcur'd.

Lor. So are you, ſweet,
Ev'n in the lovely garniſh of a boy.
But come at once——
For the cloſe night doth play the run-away,
And we are ſtaid for at *Baſſanio*'s feaſt.

Jeſ. I will make faſt the doors, and gild myſelf
With ſome more ducats, and be with you ſtrait.
[*Exit from above.*

Gra. Now by my hood, a Gentile, and no *Jew*.

Lor. Beſhrew me, but I love her heartily;
For ſhe is wiſe, if I can judge of her;
And fair ſhe is, if that mine eyes be true;
And true ſhe is, as ſhe hath prov'd herſelf;
And therefore like herſelf, wiſe, fair, and true,
Shall ſhe be placed in my conſtant ſoul.

Enter Jeſſica, *to them.*

What, art thou come? on, gentlemen, away;
Our maſquing mates by this time for us ſtay. [*Exit.*

Enter Anthonio.

Anth. Who's there?

Gra. Signior *Anthonio*,——

Anth. Fie, *Gratiano*, where are all the reſt?
'Tis nine o'clock, our friends all ſtay for you;
No maſque to night; the wind is come about,

Baſ-

Baſſanio preſently will go aboard;
I have ſent twenty out to ſeek for you.
Gra. I'm glad on't; I deſire no more delight
Than to be under ſail, and gone to night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Changes to Belmont.

Enter Portia *with* Morochius, *and both their trains.*

Por. GO, draw aſide the curtains, and diſcover
The ſev'ral caſkets to this noble Prince.
Now make your choice. [*Three caſkets are diſcover'd.*
Mor. The firſt of gold, which this inſcription bears,
Who chuſeth me, ſhall gain what many men deſire.
The ſecond ſilver, which this promiſe carries,
Who chuſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerves.
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,
Who chuſeth me, muſt give and hazard all he hath.
How ſhall I know, if I do chuſe the right?
Por. The one of them contains my picture, Prince;
If you chuſe that, then I am yours withal.
Mor. Some God direct my judgment! let me ſee,
I will ſurvey th' inſcriptions back again;
What ſays this leaden caſket?
Who chuſeth me, muſt give and hazard all he hath.
Muſt give, for what? for lead? hazard for lead?
This caſket threatens. Men, that hazard all,
Do it in hope of fair advantages:
A golden mind ſtoops not to ſhows of droſs;
I'll then not give, nor hazard, aught for lead.
What ſays the ſilver, with her virgin hue?
Who chuſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerves.
As much as he deſerves? pauſe there, *Morochius;*
And weigh thy value with an even hand.
If thou be'ſt rated by thy eſtimation,
Thou doſt deſerve enough; and yet enough
May not extend ſo far as to the lady;

And

And yet to be afraid of my deſerving,
Were but a weak diſabling of myſelf.
As much as I deſerve —— why, that's the lady:
I do in birth deſerve her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding:
But more than theſe, in love I do deſerve.
What if I ſtray'd no farther, but choſe here?
Let's ſee once more this ſaying grav'd in gold.
Who chuſeth me, ſhall gain what many men deſire.
Why, that's the lady; all the world deſires her;
From the four corners of the earth they come
To kiſs the ſhrine, this mortal breathing ſaint.
Th' *Hyrcanian* deſerts, and the vaſty wilds
Of wide *Arabia*, are as thorough-fares now,
For Princes to come view fair *Portia*.
The wat'ry kingdom, whoſe ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To ſtop the foreign ſpirits; but they come,
As o'er a brook, to ſee fair *Portia*.
One of theſe three contains her heav'nly picture.
Is't like, that lead contains her? 'twere damnation,
To think ſo baſe a thought: it were too groſs
To rib her ſearcloth in the obſcure grave.
Or ſhall I think, in ſilver ſhe's immur'd,
Being ten times undervalu'd to try'd gold?
O ſinful thought, never ſo rich a gem
Was ſet in worſe than gold! they have in *England*
A coin, that bears the figure of an angel
Stamped in gold, but that's inſculpt upon:
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lies all within. Deliver me the key;
Here do I chuſe, and thrive I as I may!

Por. There take it, Prince, and if my form lie there,
Then I am yours. [*Unlocking the gold caſket.*

Mor. O hell! what have we here? a carrion death,
Within whoſe empty eye there is a ſcrowl:
I'll read the writing,

All

All that gliſters is not gold,
Often have you heard that told;
Many a man his life hath ſold,
But my outſide to behold.
Gilded wood may worms infold:
Had you been as wiſe as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your anſwer had not been inſcrol'd;
Fare you well, your ſuit is cold.

Mor. Cold, indeed, and labour loſt:
Then farewel, heat; and welcome, froſt:
Portia, adieu! I have too griev'd a heart
To take a tedious leave: thus loſers part. [*Exit.*
Por. A gentle riddance: draw the curtains; go—
Let all of his complexion chuſe me ſo. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Changes to Venice.

Enter Solarino *and* Salanio.

Sal. WHY, man, I ſaw *Baſſanio* under ſail;
With him is *Gratiano* gone along;
And in their ſhip, I'm ſure, *Lorenzo* is not.
Sola. The villain *Jew* with outcries rais'd the Duke,
Who went with him to ſearch *Baſſanio*'s ſhip.
Sal. He came too late, the ſhip was under ſail;
But there the Duke was given to underſtand,
That in a *Gondola* were ſeen together
Lorenzo and his am'rous *Jeſſica:*
Beſides, *Anthonio* certify'd the Duke,
They were not with *Baſſanio* in his ſhip.
Sola. I never heard a paſſion ſo confus'd,
So ſtrange, outrageous, and ſo variable,
As the dog *Jew* did utter in the ſtreets;
My daughter! O my ducats! O my daughter,

Fled

Fled with a chriſtian? O my chriſtian ducats!
Juſtice, the law, my ducats, and my daughter!
A ſealed bag, two ſealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, ſtoll'n from me by my daughter!
And jewels too, ſtones, rich and precious ſtones,
Stoll'n by my daughter! juſtice! find the girl;
She hath the ſtones upon her, and the ducats.

Sal. Why, all the boys in *Venice* follow him,
Crying his ſtones, his daughter, and his ducats.

Sola. Let good *Anthonio* look, he keep his day;
Or he ſhall pay for this.

Sal. Marry, well remember'd.
I reaſon'd with a *Frenchman* yeſterday,
Who told me, in the narrow ſeas, that part
The *French* and *Engliſh*, there miſcarried
A veſſel of our country richly fraught:
I thought upon *Anthonio*, when he told me,
And wiſh'd in ſilence, that it were not his.

Sola. You were beſt to tell *Anthonio* what you hear,
Yet do not ſuddenly, for it may grieve him.

Sal. A kinder Gentleman treads not the earth.
I ſaw *Baſſanio* and *Anthonio* part.
Baſſanio told him, he would make ſome ſpeed
Of his return: he anſwer'd, do not ſo,
Slubber not buſineſs for my ſake, *Baſſanio*,
But ſtay the very riping of the time;
And for the *Jew*'s bond, which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love:
Be merry, and employ your chiefeſt thoughts
To courtſhip, and ſuch fair oſtents of love,
As ſhall conveniently become you there.
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he puts his hand behind him,
And with affection wond'rous ſenſible
He wrung *Baſſanio*'s hand, and ſo they parted.

Sola. I think, he only loves the world for him.
I pray thee, let us go and find him out,

And

And quicken his embraced heavineſs
With ſome delight or other.
Sal. Do we ſo.

SCENE X.

Changes to Belmont.

Enter Neriſſa *with a Servant.*

Ner. QUICK, quick, I pray thee, draw the curtain ſtrait;
The Prince of *Arragon* has ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election preſently.

Enter Arragon, *his train,* Portia. *Flor. Cornets. The Caſkets are diſcover'd.*

Por. Behold, there ſtand the caſkets, noble Prince;
If you chuſe that, wherein I am contain'd,
Strait ſhall our nuptial rites be ſolemniz'd:
But if you fail, without more ſpeech, my lord,
You muſt be gone from hence immediately.
Ar. I am enjoin'd by oath t'obſerve three things;
Firſt, never to unfold to any one
Which caſket 'twas I choſe; next, if I fail
Of the right caſket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage:
Laſt, if I fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.
Por. To theſe injunctions every one doth ſwear,
That comes to hazard for my worthleſs ſelf.
Ar. And ſo have I addreſt me; fortune now
To my heart's hope! gold, ſilver, and baſe lead.
Who chuſeth me, muſt give and hazard all he hath.
You ſhall look fairer, ere I give or hazard.
What ſays the golden cheſt? ha, let me ſee;
Who chuſeth me, ſhall gain what many men deſire.
What many men deſire—that may be meant
Of the fool-multitude, that chuſe by ſhow,

Not

Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;
Which pry not to th' interior, but like the martlet
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Ev'n in the force and road of caſualty.
I will not chuſe what many men deſire,
Becauſe I will not jump with common ſpirits,
And rank me with the barb'rous multitudes.
Why then to thee, thou ſilver treaſure-houſe;
Tell me once more, what title thou doſt bear.
Who chuſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerves;
And well ſaid too, for who ſhall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honourable
Without the ſtamp of merit? let none preſume
To wear an undeſerved dignity:
O, that eſtates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly, that clear honour
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
How many then ſhould cover, that ſtand bare!
How many be commanded, that command?
How much low peaſantry would then be gleaned
From the true ſeed of honour? how much honour
Pickt from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new vanned? well, but to my choice:
Who chuſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerves:
I will aſſume deſert; give me a key for this,
And inſtantly unlock my fortunes here.

Por. Too long a pauſe for that which you find there.

[*Unlocking the ſilver caſket.*

Ar. What's here! the portrait of a blinking idiot,
Preſenting me a ſchedule? I will read it.
How much unlike art thou to *Portia*?
How much unlike my hopes and my deſervings?
Who chuſes me, ſhall have as much as he deſerves.
Did I deſerve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? are my deſerts no better?

Por. To offend, and judge, are diſtinct offices,
And of oppoſed natures.

Ar. What is here?

The fire ſev'n times tried this?
Sev'n times tried that judgment is,
That did never chuſe amiſs.
Some there be, that ſhadows kiſs;
Such have but a ſhadow's bliſs:
There be fools alive, I wis,
Silver'd o'er, and ſo was this:
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head:
So be gone, Sir, you are ſped.

Ar. Still more fool I ſhall appear,
By the time I linger here.
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.
Sweet, adieu! I'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wrath. [*Exit.*

Por. Thus hath the candle ſing'd the moth:
O theſe deliberate fools! when they do chuſe,
They have the wiſdom by their wit to loſe.

Ner. The ancient ſaying is no hereſy,
Hanging and wiving goes by deſtiny.

Por. Come, draw the curtain, *Neriſſa.*

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Where is my lady?

Por. Here, what would my lord?

Serv. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young *Venetian*, one that comes before
To ſignify th' approaching of his lord,
From whom he bringeth ſenſible regreets;
To wit, beſides commends and courteous breath,
Gifts of rich value; yet, I have not ſeen
So likely an ambaſſador of love.
A day in *April* never came ſo ſweet,
To ſhow how coſtly ſummer was at hand,
As this fore-ſpurrer comes before his lord.

Por.

Por. No more, I pray thee; I am half afraid,
Thou'lt ſay anon, he is ſome kin to thee;
Thou ſpend'ſt ſuch high-day wit in praiſing him:
Come, come, *Neriſſa*, for I long to ſee
Quick *Cupid*'s poſt, that comes ſo mannerly.
Ner. Baſſanio, lord Love, if thy will it be!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Street in VENICE.

Enter Salanio *and* Solarino.

SOLARINO.

NOW, what news on the *Ryalto*?

Sal. Why, yet it lives there uncheckt, that *Anthonio* hath a ſhip of rich lading wreckt on the narrow ſeas; the *Godwins*, I think, they call the place; a very dangerous flat and fatal, where the carcaſes of many a tall ſhip lie bury'd, as they ſay, if my goſſip *Report* be an honeſt woman of her word.

Sola. I would ſhe were as lying a goſſip in that, as ever knapt ginger; or made her neighbours believe, ſhe wept for the death of a third huſband. But it is true, without any ſlips of prolixity, or croſſing the plain high-way of talk, that the good *Anthonio*, the honeſt *Anthonio*——O that I had a title good enough to keep his name campany!

Sal. Come, the full ſtop.

Sola. Ha, what ſay'ſt thou? why, the end is, he hath loſt a ſhip.

Sal. I would it might prove the end of his loſſes.

Sola. Let me ſay *Amen* betimes, leſt the devil croſs thy prayer, for here he comes in the likeneſs of a *Jew*. How now, *Shylock*, what news among the merchants?

Enter Shylock.

Shy. You knew (none ſo well, none ſo well as you) of my daughter's flight.

Sal. That's certain; I, for my part, knew the taylor that made the wings ſhe flew withal.

Sola. And *Shylock*, for his own part, knew the bird was fledg'd, and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damn'd for it.

Sal. That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

Shy. My own fleſh and blood to rebel!

Sola. Out upon it, old carrion, rebels it at theſe years?

Shy. I ſay, my daughter is my fleſh and blood.

Sal. There is more difference between thy fleſh and hers, than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods, than there is between red wine and rheniſh: but tell us, do you hear, whether *Anthonio* have had any loſs at ſea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match; *a bankrupt, for a prodigal, who dares ſcarce ſhew his head on the *Ryalto*; a beggar, that us'd to come ſo ſmug upon the mart! let him look to his bond; he was wont to call me uſurer; let him look to his bond; he was wont to lend money for a chriſtian courteſy; let him look to his bond.

Sal. Why, I am ſure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his fleſh: what's that good for?

* *A bankrupt, a prodigal.*] This is ſpoke of *Anthonio*. But why a Prodigal? his Friend *Baſſanio* indeed had been too liberal; and with this Name the *Jew* honours him when he is going to ſup with him.

——*I'll go in hate to feed upon*
The *prodigal* Chriſtian——

But *Anthonio* was a plain, reſerved, parſimonious Merchant, be aſſured therefore we ſhould read,—*A Bankrupt* for *a Prodigal*, i. e. he is become a Bankrupt by ſupplying the Extravagancies of his Friend *Baſſanio*.

Shy.

Shy. To bait fiſh withal. If it will feed nothing elſe, it will feed my revenge; he hath diſgrac'd me, and hinder'd me of half a million, laught at my loſſes, mockt at my gains, ſcorn'd my nation, thwarted my bargains, cool'd my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reaſon? I am a *Jew*. Hath not a *Jew* eyes? hath not a *Jew* hands, organs, dimenſions, ſenſes, affections, paſſions? fed with the ſame food, hurt with the ſame weapons, ſubject to the ſame diſeaſes, heal'd by the ſame means, warm'd and cool'd by the ſame winter and ſummer, as a chriſtian is? if you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poiſon us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, ſhall we not revenge? if we are like you in the reſt, we will reſemble you in that. If a *Jew* wrong a chriſtian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a chriſtian wrong a *Jew*, what ſhould his ſufferance be by chriſtian example? why, Revenge. The Villany, you teach me, I will execute; and it ſhall go hard, but I will better the inſtruction.

Enter a Servant from Anthonio.

Serv. Gentlemen, my maſter *Anthonio* is at his houſe, and deſires to ſpeak with you both.

Sal. We have been up and down to ſeek him.

Enter Tubal.

Sola. Here comes another of the tribe; a third cannot be match'd unleſs the devil himſelf turn *Jew*.

[*Exeunt* Sala. *and* Solar.

Shy. How now, *Tubal*, what news from *Genoa*? haſt thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, coſt me two thouſand ducats in *Frankfort!* the curſe never fell upon our nation 'till now, I never felt

it 'till now; two thouſand ducats in that, and other precious, precious jewels! I would, my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear; O, would ſhe were hers'd at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin. No news of them; why, ſo! and I know not what's ſpent in the ſcarch: why, thou loſs upon loſs! the thief gone with ſo much, and ſo much to find the thief; and no ſatisfaction, no revenge, nor no ill luck ſtirring, but what lights o' my ſhoulders; no ſighs but o' my breathing, no tears but o' my ſhedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too; *Anthonio*, as I heard in *Genoa*——

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. Hath an Argoſy caſt away, coming from *Tripolis*.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God; is it true? is it true?

Tub. I ſpoke with ſome of the ſailors that eſcaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good *Tubal;* good news, good news; ha, ha, where? in *Genoa?*

Tub. Your daughter ſpent in *Genoa*, as I heard, one night, fourſcore ducats.

Shy. Thou ſtick'ſt a dagger in me; I ſhall never ſee my gold again; fourſcore ducats at a ſitting, fourſcore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of *Anthonio*'s creditors in my company to *Venice*, that ſwear he cannot chuſe but break.

Shy. I am glad of it, I'll plague him, I'll torture him; I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them ſhew'd me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! thou tortureſt me, *Tubal;* it was my *Turquoiſe*, I had it of *Leah* when I was a bachelor; I would not have given it for a wilderneſs of monkies.

Tub.

Tub. But *Anthonio* is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true; go fee me an officer, beſpeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of *Venice*, I can make what merchandize I will: go, go, *Tubal*, and meet me at our ſynagogue; go, good *Tubal;* at our ſynagogue, *Tubal.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to Belmont.

Enter Baſſanio, Portia, Gratiano, *and Attendants. The Caſkets are ſet out.*

Por. I Pray you, tarry; pauſe a day or two,
Before you hazard; for in chuſing wrong
I loſe your company; therefore, forbear a while.
There's ſomething tells me (but it is not love)
I would not loſe you; and you know yourſelf,
Hate counſels not in ſuch a quality.
But leſt you ſhould not underſtand me well,
And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,
I would detain you here ſome month or two,
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to chuſe right, but I am then forſworn:
So will I never be; ſo you may miſs me;
But if you do, you'll make me wiſh a ſin,
That I had been forſworn. Beſhrew your eyes,
They have o'erlook'd me, and divided me;
One half of me is yours, the other half yours,
Mine own, I would ſay: but if mine, then yours;
And ſo all yours. Alas! theſe naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their rights:
And ſo tho' yours, not yours, prove it ſo,
Let fortune go to hell for it. Not I.
I ſpeak too long, but 'tis to piece the time,
To eche it, and to draw it out in length,
To ſtay you from election.

Baſſ. Let me chuſe:
For as I am, I live upon the rack.
Por. Upon the rack, *Baſſanio?* then confeſs,
What treaſon there is mingled with your love.
Baſſ. None, but that ugly treaſon of miſtruſt,
Which makes me fear th' enjoying of my love:
There may as well be amity and life
'Tween ſnow and fire, as treaſon and my love.
Por. Ay, but, I fear, you ſpeak upon the rack;
Where men enforced do ſpeak any thing.
Baſſ. Promiſe me life, and I'll confeſs the truth.
Por. Well then, confeſs and live.
Baſſ. Confeſs, and love,
Had been the very ſum of my confeſſion.
O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me anſwers for deliverance!
But let me to my fortune and the caſkets.
Por. Away then!-I am lockt in one of them;
If you do love me, you will find me out.
Neriſſa, and the reſt, ſtand all aloof,
Let muſic ſound, while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he loſe, he makes a ſwan-like end,
Fading in muſic. That the compariſon
May ſtand more juſt, my eye ſhall be the ſtream
And wat'ry death-bed for him: he may win,
And what is muſic then? then muſic is
Even as the flouriſh, when true ſubjects bow
To a new-crowned monarch: ſuch it is,
As are thoſe dulcet ſounds in break of day,
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And ſummon him to marriage. Now he goes,
With no leſs preſence, but with much more love,
Than young *Alcides*, when he did redeem
The virgin-tribute, paid by howling *Troy*
To the ſea-monſter: I ſtand for ſacrifice;
The reſt aloof are the *Dardanian* wives,
With bleared viſages come forth to view
The iſſue of th' exploit. Go, *Hercules!*

Live

Live thou, I live; with much, much more diſmay
I view the fight, than thou, that mak'ſt the fray.
[*Muſic within.*

A Song, whilſt Baſſanio *comments on the caſkets to himſelf.*

Tell me, where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nouriſhed?
Reply, reply.
It is engender'd in the eye,
With gazing fed, and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies:
Let us all ring fancy's knell.
I'll begin it.
Ding, dong, bell.
All, *Ding, dong, bell.*

Baſſ. So may the outward ſhows be leaſt themſelves;
The world is ſtill deceiv'd with Ornament.
In law, what plea ſo tainted and corrupt,
But being ſeaſon'd with a gracious voice,
Obſcures the ſhow of evil? in religion,
What damned error, but ſome ſober brow
Will bleſs it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the groſſneſs with fair ornament?
There is no vice ſo ſimple, but aſſumes
Some mark of virtue on its outward parts.
How many cowards, whoſe hearts are all as falſe
As ſtairs of ſand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of *Hercules* and frowning *Mars;*
Who, inward ſearcht, have livers white as milk?
And theſe aſſume but valour's excrement,
To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
And you ſhall ſee 'tis purchas'd by the weight,
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lighteſt, that wear moſt of it.

So are thoſe criſpy ſnaky golden locks,
Which make ſuch wanton gambols with the wind
Upon ſuppoſed fairneſs, often known
To be the dowry of a ſecond head,
The ſkull, that bred them, in the ſepulchre.
Thus Ornament is but the guilty ſhore
To a moſt dang'rous ſea; the beauteous ſcarf
Veiling an *Indian* beauty; in a word,
The ſeeming truth which cunning times put on
T' entrap the wiſeſt. Then, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for *Midas*, I will none of thee:
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meagre lead,
Which rather threatneſt, than doſt promiſe aught,
Thy plainneſs moves me more than eloquence;
And here chuſe I; joy be the conſequence!

Por. How all the other paſſions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and raſh-embrac'd deſpair,
And ſhudd'ring fear, and green-ey'd jealouſy.
O love, be moderate, allay thy ecſtaſy;
In meaſure rain the joy, ſcant this exceſs,
I feel too much thy bleſſing, make it leſs,
For fear I ſurfeit. [*Opening the leaden caſket.*

Baſſ. What find I here?
Fair *Portia*'s counterfeit? what Demy-god
Hath come ſo near creation? move theſe eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? here are ſever'd lips
Parted with ſugar breath; ſo ſweet a bar
Should ſunder ſuch ſweet friends: here in her hairs
The painter plays the ſpider, and hath woven
A golden meſh t' intrap the hearts of men,
Faſter than gnats in cobwebs: but her eyes,——
How could he ſee to do them? having made one,
Methinks, it ſhould have power to ſteal both his,
And leave itſelf unfiniſh'd: yet how far
The ſubſtance of my praiſe doth wrong this ſhadow
In underprizing it; ſo far this ſhadow

Doth

Doth limp behind the Subſtance. Here's the ſcrowl,
The continent and ſummary of my fortune.

You that chuſe not by the view,
Chance as fair, and chuſe as true:
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and ſeek no new.
If you be well pleas'd with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliſs,
Turn you where your Lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiſs.

A gentle ſcrowl; fair lady, by your leave;
[*Kiſſing her.*
I come by note to give, and to receive.
Like one of two contending in a Prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes;
Hearing applauſe and univerſal ſhout,
Giddy in ſpirit, gazing ſtill in doubt,
Whether thoſe peals of praiſe be his or no;
So (thrice-fair lady) ſtand I, even ſo,
As doubtful whether what I ſee be true,
Until confirm'd, ſign'd, ratify'd by you.

Por. You ſee me, lord *Baſſanio*, where I ſtand,
Such as I am; tho' for myſelf alone,
I would not be ambitious in my Wiſh,
To wiſh myſelf much better; yet for you,
I would be trebled twenty times myſelf,
A thouſand times more fair; ten thouſand times
More rich; that, to ſtand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full ſum of me
Is ſome of ſomething, which, to term in groſs,
Is an unleſſon'd girl, unſchool'd, unpractis'd:
Happy in this, ſhe is not yet ſo old
But ſhe may learn; more happy then in this,
She is not bred ſo dull but ſhe can learn;
Happieſt of all, is, that her gentle ſpirit

Commits itſelf to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her King:
Myſelf, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now converted. But now I was the Lord
Of this fair manſion, maſter of my ſervants,
Queen o'er myſelf; and even now, but now,
This houſe, theſe ſervants, and this ſame myſelf
Are yours, my lord: I give them with this ring,
Which, when you part from, loſe or give away,
Let it preſage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Baſſ. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood ſpeaks to you in my veins;
And there is ſuch Confuſion in my pow'rs,
As, after ſome oration fairly ſpoke
By a beloved Prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleaſed multitude;
Where every ſomething, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, ſave of joy
Expreſt, and not expreſt. But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence;
O, then be bold to ſay, *Baſſanio*'s dead.

Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have ſtood by, and ſeen our wiſhes proſper,
To cry, good joy, good joy, my lord and lady!

Gra. My lord *Baſſanio*, and my gentle lady,
I wiſh you all the joy that you can wiſh;
For, I am ſure, you can wiſh none from me:
And when your honours mean to ſolemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beſeech you,
Ev'n at that time I may be married too.

Baſſ. With all my heart, ſo thou canſt get a wife.

Gra. I thank your lordſhip, you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as ſwift as yours;
You ſaw the miſtreſs, I beheld the maid,
You lov'd, I lov'd; for intermiſſion
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune ſtood upon the caſket there;

And

And ſo did mine too, as the matter falls:
For wooing here until I ſweat again,
And ſwearing, till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love; at laſt, if promiſe laſt,
I got a promiſe of this fair one here,
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Atchiev'd her miſtreſs.

Por. Is this true, *Neriſſa*?

Ner. Madam, it is, ſo you ſtand pleas'd withal.

Baſſ. And do you, *Gratiano*, mean good faith?

Gra. Yes, faith, my lord.

Baſſ. Our Feaſt ſhall be much honour'd in your marriage.

Gra. We'll play with them, the firſt boy for a thouſand Ducats.

Ner. What, and ſtake down?

Gra. No, we ſhall ne'er win at that ſport, and ſtake down.
But who comes here? *Lorenzo* and his Infidel?
What, and my old *Venetian* friend, *Salanio*?

SCENE III.

Enter Lorenzo, Jeſſica, *and* Salanio.

Baſſ. LORENZO and *Salanio*, welcome hither;
If that the youth of my new Intereſt here
Have power to bid you welcome. By your leave,
I bid my very friends and country-men,
(Sweet *Portia*) welcome.

Por. So do I, my Lord; they are intirely welcome.

Lor. I thank your honour; for my part, my lord,
My purpoſe was not to have ſeen you here;
But meeting with *Salanio* by the way,
He did intreat me, paſt all ſaying nay,
To come with him along.

Sal. I did, my lord,
And I have reaſon for't; Signior *Anthonio*
Commends him to you. [*Gives* Baſſanio *a Letter.*

Baſſ. Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.
Sal. Not ſick, my lord, unleſs it be in mind;
Nor well, unleſs in mind; his letter there
Will ſhew you his eſtate. [Baſſanio *opens the letter.*
Gra. Neriſſa, cheer yond ſtranger: Bid her welcome.
Your hand, *Salanio;* what's the news from *Venice?*
How doth that royal merchant, good *Anthonio?*
I know, he will be glad of our Succeſs:
We are the *Jaſons*, we have won the fleece.
Sal. Would you had won the fleece, that he hath loſt!
Por. There are ſome ſhrewd Contents in yond ſame paper,
That ſteal the colour from *Baſſanio*'s cheek:
Some dear Friend dead; elſe nothing in the world
Could turn ſo much the conſtitution
Of any conſtant man. What, worſe and worſe!
With leave, *Baſſanio*, I am half yourſelf,
And I muſt have the half of any thing
That this ſame Paper brings you.
Baſſ. O ſweet *Portia!*
Here are a few of the unpleaſant'ſt words
That ever blotted paper. Gentle lady,
When I did firſt impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true; and yet, dear lady,
Rating myſelf at nothing, you ſhall ſee
How much I was a braggart: when I told you,
My ſtate was nothing, I ſhould then have told you,
That I was worſe than nothing. For, indeed,
I have engag'd myſelf to a dear friend,
Engag'd my Friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady,
The paper, as the body of my friend;
And every word in it a gaping wound,

Iſſuing

Iſſuing life-blood. But is it true, *Salanio?*
Have all his ventures fail'd? what not one hit?
From *Tripolis*, from *Mexico*, from *England*,
From *Liſbon*, *Barbary*, and *India?*
And not one veſſel 'ſcap'd the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?
Sal. Not one, my lord.
Beſides, it ſhould appear, that if he had
The preſent money to diſcharge the *Jew*,
He would not take it. Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the ſhape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man.
He plies the Duke at morning and at night,
And doth impeach the freedom of the ſtate,
If they deny him juſtice. Twenty merchants,
The Duke himſelf, and the Magnificoes
Of greateſt port, have all perſuaded with him;
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of juſtice, and his bond.
Jeſ. When I was with him, I have heard him ſwear,
To *Tubal* and to *Chus* his country-men,
That he would rather have *Anthonio*'s fleſh,
Than twenty times the value of the ſum
That he did owe him; and I know, my lord,
If law, authority, and pow'r deny not,
It will go hard with poor *Anthonio*.
Por. Is it your dear friend, that is thus in trouble?
Baſſ. The deareſt friend to me, the kindeſt Man,
The beſt condition'd: An unweary'd ſpirit
In doing courteſies; and one in whom
The ancient *Roman* honour more appears,
Than any that draws breath in *Italy*.
Por. What Sum owes he the *Jew?*
Baſſ. For me, three thouſand ducats.
Por. What, no more?
Pay him ſix thouſand and deface the bond;
Double ſix thouſand, and then treble that,
Before a Friend of this deſcription

Shall

Shall loſe a hair through my *Baſſanio*'s fault.
Firſt, go with me to church, and call me wife,
And then away to *Venice* to your friend:
For never ſhall you lie by *Portia*'s ſide
With an unquiet ſoul. You ſhall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over.
When it is paid, bring your true friend along;
My maid *Neriſſa* and myſelf, mean time,
Will live as maids and widows: come, away!
For you ſhall hence upon your wedding-day,
Bid your Friends welcome, ſhew a merry cheer;
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Baſſ. reads. SWEET Baſſanio, *my ſhips have all miſcarry'd, my creditors grow cruel, my eſtate is very low, my bond to the* Jew *is forfeit; and ſince, in paying it, it is impoſſible I ſhould live, all debts are cleared between you and me, if I might but ſee you at my death; notwithſtanding, uſe your pleaſure: if your love do not perſuade you to come, let not my letter.*

Por. O love! diſpatch all Buſineſs, and be gone.
Baſſ. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haſte; but 'till I come again,
No bed ſhall e'er be guilty of my ſtay;
No reſt be interpoſer 'twixt us twain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to a Street in Venice.

Enter Shylock, Solarino, Anthonio, *and the Goaler.*

Shy. GOALER, look to him: tell not me of mercy.
This is the fool, that lent out money *gratis.*
Goaler, look to him.
Anth. Hear me yet, good *Shylock.*

Shy.

Shy. I'll have my bond; ſpeak not againſt my bond:
I've ſworn an oath, that I will have my bond.
Thou call'dſt me dog, before thou hadſt a cauſe;
But ſince I am a dog, beware my fangs:
The Duke ſhall grant me juſtice. I do wonder,
Thou naughty goaler, that thou art ſo fond
To come abroad with him at his requeſt.

Anth. I pray thee, hear me ſpeak.

Shy. I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee ſpeak:
I'll have my bond; and therefore ſpeak no more;
I'll not be made a ſoft and dull-ey'd fool,
To ſhake the head, relent, and ſigh and yield
To chriſtian interceſſors. Follow not;
I'll have no ſpeaking; I will have my bond.
[*Exit* Shylock.

Sola. It is the moſt impenetrable cur,
That ever kept with men.

Anth. Let him alone,
I'll follow him no more with bootleſs pray'rs:
He ſeeks my life; his reaſon well I know;
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many, that have at times made moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.

Sola. I am ſure, the Duke
Will never grant this Forfeiture to hold.

Anth. * The Duke cannot deny the courſe of law;
For the commodity that ſtrangers have
With us in *Venice*, if it be deny'd,
Will much impeach the juſtice of the ſtate;
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Conſiſteth of all nations. Therefore go,

* *The Duke cannot deny*, &c.—]As the Reaſon here given ſeems a little perplexed, it may be proper to explain it. If, ſays he, the Duke ſtop the Courſe of Law it will be attended with this Inconvenience, that ſtranger Merchants, by whom the Wealth and Power of this City is ſupported, will cry out of Injuſtice. For the known ſtated Law being their Guide and Security, they will never bear to have the Current of it ſtoped on any Pretence of Equity whatſoever.

Theſe

Theſe griefs and loſſes have ſo 'bated me,
That I ſhall hardly ſpare a pound of fleſh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.
Well, goaler, on; pray God, *Baſſanio* come
To ſee me pay his debt, and then I care not! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Changes to BELMONT.

Enter Portia, Neriſſa, Lorenzo, Jeſſica, *and* Balthazar.

Lor. MADAM, although I ſpeak it in your preſence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of God-like amity; which appears moſt ſtrongly
In bearing thus the abſence of your lord.
But if you knew to whom you ſhew this honour,
How true a gentleman you ſend relief to,
How dear a lover of my lord your huſband;
I know, you would be prouder of the work,
Than cuſtomary bounty can enforce you.

Por. I never did repent of doing good,
And ſhall not now; for in companions
That do converſe and waſte the time together,
Whoſe ſouls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There muſt needs be a like proportion
Of lineaments of manners, and of ſpirit;
Which makes me think, that this *Anthonio,*
Being the boſom-lover of my lord,
Muſt needs be like my lord. If it be ſo,
How little is the coſt I have beſtowed,
In purchaſing the ſemblance of my ſoul
From out the ſtate of helliſh cruelty?
This comes too near the praiſing of myſelf;
Therefore, no more of it: hear other things.
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The huſbandry and manage of my houſe,
Until my lord's return. For mine own part,

I have tow'rd heav'n breath'd a ſecret vow,
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by *Neriſſa* here,
Until her huſband and my Lord's return.
There is a monaſtery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I do deſire you,
Not to deny this Impoſition:
The which my love and ſome neceſſity
Now lays upon you.

Lor. Madam, with all my heart;
I ſhall obey you in all fair commands.

Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and *Jeſſica*
In place of lord *Baſſanio* and myſelf.
So fare you well, 'till we ſhall meet again.

Lor. Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you!

Jeſ. I wiſh your ladyſhip all heart's content.

Por. I thank you for your wiſh, and am well pleaſed
To wiſh it back on you: fare you well, *Jeſſica*.
[*Exeunt* Jeſſica *and* Lorenzo.
Now, *Balthazar*,
As I have ever found thee honeſt, true,
So let me find thee ſtill: take this ſame letter,
And uſe thou all th' endeavour of a man,
In ſpeed to *Padua;* ſee thou render this
Into my couſin's hand, Doctor *Bellario;*
And look what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd ſpeed
Unto the Traject, to the common ferry
Which trades to *Venice:* waſte no time in words,
But get thee gone; I ſhall be there before thee.

Bal. Madam, I go with all convenient ſpeed. [*Exit.*

Por. Come on, *Neriſſa;* I have work in hand,
That you yet know not of: we'll ſee our huſbands,
Before they think of us.

Ner. Shall they ſee us?

Por. They ſhall, *Neriſſa;* but in ſuch a habit,
That

That they ſhall think we are accompliſhed
With what we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both apparell'd like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace;
And ſpeak between the change of man and boy,
With a reed Voice; and turn two mincing ſteps
Into a manly ſtride; and ſpeak of frays,
Like a fine bragging youth; and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies ſought my love,
Which I denying, they fell ſick and dy'd,
I could not do with all: then I'll repent,
And wiſh, for all that, that I had not kill'd them.
And twenty of theſe puny lies I'll tell;
That men ſhall ſwear, I've diſcontinued ſchool
Above a twelve-month. I have in my mind
A thouſand raw tricks of theſe bragging jacks,
Which I will practiſe.

Ner. Shall we turn to men?

Por. Fie, what a queſtion's that,
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter!
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which ſtays for us
At the park-gate; and therefore haſte away,
For we muſt meaſure twenty miles to day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Launcelot *and* Jeſſica.

Laun. YES, truly: for look you, the ſins of the father are to be laid upon the children; therefore, I promiſe you, I fear you. I was always plain with you; and ſo now I ſpeak my agitation of the matter: therefore be of good cheer; for truly, I think, you are damn'd: there is but one hope in it that can do you any good, and that is but a kind of baſtard hope neither.

Jeſ.

Jeſ. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the *Jew*'s daughter.

Jeſ. That were a kind of baſtard hope, indeed; ſo the ſins of my mother ſhould be viſited upon me.

Laun. Truly, then, I fear, you are damn'd both by father and mother; thus when you ſhun *Scylla*, your father, you fall into *Charybdis*, your mother: well, you are gone both ways.

Jeſ. I ſhall be ſaved by my huſband; he hath made me a chriſtian.

Laun. Truly, the more to blame he; we were chriſtians enough before, e'en as many as could well live one by another: this making of chriſtians will raiſe the price of hogs; if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we ſhall not ſhortly have a raſher on the coals for money.

Enter Lorenzo.

Jeſ. I'll tell my huſband, *Launcelot*, what you ſay: here he comes.

Lor. I ſhall grow jealous of you ſhortly, *Launcelot*, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jeſ. Nay, you need not fear us, *Lorenzo*; *Launcelot* and I are out; he tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heav'n, becauſe I am a *Jew*'s daughter: and he ſays, you are no good member of the commonwealth; for, in converting *Jews* to chriſtians, you raiſe the price of pork.

Lor. I ſhall anſwer that better to the commonwealth, than you can the getting up of the negro's belly: the *Moor* is with child by you, *Launcelot*.

Laun. It is much, that the *Moor* ſhould be *more* than reaſon: but if ſhe be *leſs* than an honeſt woman, ſhe is indeed *more* than I took her for.

Lor. How every fool can play upon the word! I think, the beſt grace of wit will ſhortly turn into ſilence, and diſcourſe grow commendable in none but

but parrots. Go, in, ſirrah, bid them prepare for dinner.

Laun. That is done, Sir; they have all ſtomachs.

Lor. Good lord, what a wit-ſnapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

Laun. That is done too, Sir; only, cover is the word.

Lor. Will you cover then, Sir?

Laun. Not ſo, Sir, neither; I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occaſion! will thou ſhew the whole wealth of thy wit in an inſtant? I pray thee underſtand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows, bid them cover the table, ſerve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Laun. For the table, Sir, it ſhall be ſerv'd in; for the meat, Sir, it ſhall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, Sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits ſhall govern. [*Exit* Laun.

Lor. O dear diſcretion, how his words are ſuited!
The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words; and I do know
A many fools that ſtand in better place,
Garniſh'd like him, that for a tricky word
Defy the matter: how far'ſt thou, *Jeſſica?*
And now, good ſweet, ſay thy opinion,
How doſt thou like the lord *Baſſanio*'s wife?

Jeſ. Paſt all expreſſing: it is very meet,
The lord *Baſſanio* live an upright life.
For, having ſuch a Bleſſing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth:
And if on earth he do not merit it,
In reaſon he ſhould never come to heav'n.
Why, if two Gods ſhould play ſome heav'nly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And *Portia* one, there muſt be ſomething elſe
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.

Lor.

Lor. Even ſuch a huſband
Haſt thou of me, as ſhe is for a wife.
Jeſ. Nay, but aſk my opinion too of that.
Lor. I will anon: firſt, let us go to dinner.
Jeſ. Nay, let me praiſe you, while I have a ſtomach.
Lor. No, pray thee, let it ſerve for table-talk;
Then, howſoe'er thou ſpeak'ſt, 'mong other things,
I ſhall digeſt it.
Jeſ. Well, I'll ſet you forth. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Senate-Houſe in VENICE.

Enter the Duke, *the Senators;* Anthonio, Baſſanio, *and* Gratiano, *at the Bar.*

DUKE.

WHAT, is *Anthonio* here?
Anth. Ready, ſo pleaſe your Grace.
Duke. I'm ſorry for thee; thou art come to anſwer
A ſtony adverſary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.
Anth. I have heard,
Your Grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rig'rous courſe; but ſince he ſtands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppoſe
My patience to his fury; and am arm'd
To ſuffer, with a quietneſs of ſpirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.
Duke. Go one, and call the *Jew* into the Court.
Sal. He's ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

Enter

Enter Shylock.

Duke. Make room, and let him ſtand before our face.
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think ſo too.
That thou but lead'ſt this faſhion of thy malice
To the laſt hour of act; and then 'tis thought,
Thou'lt ſhew thy mercy and remorſe more ſtrange,
Than is thy ſtrange apparent cruelty.
And, where thou now exact'ſt the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's fleſh,
Thou wilt not only loſe the forfeiture,
But, touch'd with human gentleneſs and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his loſſes,
That have of late ſo huddled on his back,
Enough to preſs a royal merchant down;
And pluck commiſeration of his ſtate
From braſſy boſoms, and rough hearts of flint;
From ſtubborn *Turks* and *Tartars*, never train'd
To offices of tender courteſy.
We all expect a gentle anſwer, *Jew*.
Shy. I have poſſeſs'd your Grace of what I purpoſe.
And by our holy *Sabbath* have I ſworn,
To have the due and forfeit of my bond.
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom!
You'll aſk me, why I rather chuſe to have
A weight of carrion fleſh, than to receive
Three thouſand ducats? I'll now anſwer that
By ſaying 'tis my humour, is it anſwer'd?
What if my houſe be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thouſand ducats
To have it baned? what, are you anſwer'd yet?
Some men there are, love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad, if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bag-pipe ſings i'th' noſe,
Cannot contain their urine for affection.

Maſters

Maſters of paſſion ſway it to the mood
Of what it likes, or loaths. Now, for your anſwer:
As there is no firm reaſon to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmleſs neceſſary cat;
Why he, a woollen bag-pipe; but of force
Muſt yield to ſuch inevitable ſhame,
As to offend, himſelf being offended;
So can I give no reaſon, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate and a certain loathing
I bear *Anthonio*, that I follow thus
A loſing ſuit againſt him. Are you anſwer'd?
Baſſ. This is no anſwer thou unfeeling man,
T' excuſe the current of thy cruelty.
Shy. I am not bound to pleaſe thee with my anſwer.
Baſſ. Do all men kill the thing they do not love?
Shy. Hates any Man the thing he would not kill?
Baſſ. Ev'ry offence is not a hate at firſt.
Shy. What, would'ſt thou have a ſerpent ſting thee twice?
Anth. I pray you, think, you queſtion with a *Jew*.
You may as well go ſtand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood 'bate his uſual height.
You may as well uſe queſtion with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb.
You may as well forbid the mountain-pines
To wag their high tops, and to make a noiſe,
When they are fretted with the guſts of heav'n.
You may as well do any thing moſt hard,
As ſeek to ſoften that, (than which what's harder!)
His *Jewiſh* heart. Therefore, I do beſeech you,
Make no more offers, uſe no farther means;
But with all brief and plain conveniency
Let me have judgment, and the *Jew* his will.
Baſſ. For thy three thouſand ducats here is ſix.
Shy. If ev'ry ducat in ſix thouſand ducats

Were

Were in ſix parts, and ev'ry part a ducat,
I would not draw them, I would have my bond.
Duke. How ſhalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring none?
Shy. What judgment ſhall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchas'd ſlave,
Which, like your aſſes, and your dogs, and mules,
You uſe in abject and in ſlaviſh part,
Becauſe you bought them. Shall I ſay to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why ſweat they under burdens? let their beds
Be made as ſoft as yours, and let their palates
Be ſeaſon'd with ſuch viands; you will anſwer,
The ſlaves are ours. So do I anſwer you:
The pound of fleſh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, 'tis mine, and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of *Venice:*
I ſtand for judgment; anſwer; ſhall I have it?
Duke. Upon my pow'r I may diſmiſs this Court,
Unleſs *Bellario*, a learned Doctor,
Whom I have ſent for to determine this,
Come here to day.
Sal. My lord, here ſtays, without,
A meſſenger with letters from the Doctor,
New come from *Padua.*
Duke. Bring us the letters, call the meſſenger.
Baſſ. Good cheer, *Anthonio;* what, man, courage yet:
The *Jew* ſhall have my fleſh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou ſhalt loſe for me one drop of blood.
Anth. I am a tainted weather of the flock,
Meeteſt for death: the weakeſt kind of fruit
Drops earlieſt to the ground, and ſo let me.
You cannot better be employ'd, *Baſſanio,*
Than to live ſtill, and write mine epitaph.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Neriſſa, *dreſs'd like a Lawyer's Clerk.*

Duke. CAME you from *Padua*, from *Bellario*?
Ner. From both, my lord: *Ballario* greets your Grace.
Baſſ. Why doſt thou whet thy knife ſo earneſtly?
Shy. To cut the forfeit from that bankrupt there.
Gra. * Not on thy ſole, but on thy ſoul, harſh *Jew*,
Thou mak'ſt thy knife keen; for no metal can,
No, not the hangman's ax, bear half the keenneſs
Of thy ſharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?
Shy. No, none that thou haſt wit enough to make.
Gra. O be thou damn'd, inexorable dog,
And for thy life let juſtice be accus'd!
Thou almoſt mak'ſt me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with *Pythagoras*,
That ſouls of animals infuſe themſelves
Into the trunks of men. Thy curriſh ſpirit
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human ſlaughter,
Ev'n from the gallows did his fell ſoul fleet,
And, whilſt thou lay'ſt in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infus'd itſelf in thee: for thy deſires
Are wolfiſh, bloody, ſtarv'd, and ravenous.
Shy. 'Till thou canſt rail the ſeal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'ſt thy lungs to ſpeak ſo loud.
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureleſs ruin. I ſtand here for law.
Duke This letter from *Bellario* doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our Court.
Where is he?

* *Not on thy ſole, but on thy ſoul, harſh* Jew,] This loſt Jingle Mr. *Theobald* found again; but knew not what to make of it when he had it, as appears by his Paraphraſe, *Tho' thou thinkeſt that thou art whetting thy knife on the ſole of thy Shoe, yet it is upon thy ſoul, thy immortal Part.* Abſurd! the Conceit is, that his Soul was ſo hard that it had given an Edge to his Knife.

Ner. He attendeth here hard by
To know your anſwer, whether you'll admit him.
Duke. With all my heart. Some three or four of you
Go give him courteous conduct to this place.
Mean time, the Court ſhall hear *Bellario*'s letter.

YOUR Grace ſhall underſtand, that, at the receipt of your letter, I am very ſick: but at the inſtant that your meſſenger came, in loving viſitation was with me a young Doctor of Rome, *his Name is* Balthaſar: *I acquainted him with the cauſe in controverſy between the* Jew *and* Anthonio *the merchant. We turn'd o'er many books together: he is furniſhed with my opinion, which, bettered with his own learning, (the greatneſs whereof I cannot enough commend,) comes with him at my importunity, to fill up your Grace's requeſt in my ſtead. I beſeech you, let his lack of years be no impediment, to let him lack a reverend eſtimation: For I never knew ſo young a body with ſo old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whoſe trial ſhall better publiſh his commendation.*

Enter Portia, *dreſs'd like a Doctor of Laws.*

Duke. You hear the learn'd *Bellario*, what he writes,
And here, I take it, is the Doctor come:
Give me your hand. Came you from old *Bellario?*
Por. I did, my lord.
Duke. You're welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference,
That holds this preſent queſtion in the Court?
Por. I am informed throughly of the caſe.
Which is the merchant here? and which the *Jew?*
Duke. Anthonio and old *Shylock*, both ſtand forth.
Por. Is your name *Shylock?*
Shy. Shylock is my name.
Por. Of a ſtrange nature is the ſuit you follow;
Yet in ſuch rule, that the *Venetian* law

Cannot

Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.
You ſtand within his danger, do you not? [*To* Anth.
Anth. Ay, ſo he ſays.
Por. Do you confeſs the bond?
Anth. I do.
Por. Then muſt the *Jew* be merciful.
Shy. On what compulſion muſt I? tell me that.
Por. The quality of mercy is not ſtrain'd;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heav'n
Upon the place beneath. It is twice bleſs'd;
It bleſſeth him that gives, and him that takes.
'Tis mightieſt in the mightieſt; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his Crown:
His ſcepter ſhews the force of temporal pow'r,
The attribute to awe and majeſty,
Wherein doth ſit the dread and fear of Kings?
But mercy is above this ſcepter'd ſway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of Kings;
It is an attribute to God himſelf;
And earthly power doth then ſhew likeſt God's,
When mercy ſeaſons juſtice. Therefore, *Jew*,
Tho' juſtice be thy plea, conſider this,
That in the courſe of juſtice none of us
Should ſee ſalvation. We do pray for mercy;
And that ſame pray'r doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have ſpoke thus much
To mitigate the juſtice of thy plea;
Which, if thou follow, this ſtrict Court of *Venice*
Muſt needs give ſentence 'gainſt the merchant there.
Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.
Por. Is he not able to diſcharge the money?
Baſſ. Yes, here I tender it for him in the Court,
Yea, twice the ſum; if that will not ſuffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart.
If this will not ſuffice, it muſt appear
That malice bears down truth. And I beſeech you,

Wreſt once the law to your authority.
To do a great right, do a little wrong;
And curb this cruel devil of his will.
Por. It muſt not be; there is no pow'r in *Venice*,
Can alter a decree eſtabliſhed.
'Twill be recorded for a precedent;
And many an error, by the ſame example,
Will ruſh into the ſtate. It cannot be.
Shy. A *Daniel* come to judgment! yea, a *Daniel*.
O wiſe young judge, how do I honour thee!
Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.
Shy. Here 'tis, moſt rev'rend Doctor, here it is.
Por. *Shylock*, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.
Shy. An oath, an oath,—I have an oath in heav'n.
Shall I lay perjury upon my ſoul?
No, not for *Venice*.
Por. Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the *Jew* may claim
A pound of fleſh, to be by him cut off
Neareſt the merchant's heart. Be merciful,
Take thrice thy money, bid me tear the bond.
Shy. When it is paid according to the tenour.
It doth appear, you are a worthy judge;
You know the law: your expoſition
Hath been moſt ſound. I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deſerving pillar,
Proceed to judgment. By my ſoul I ſwear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me. I ſtay here on my bond.
Anth. Moſt heartily I do beſeech the Court
To give the judgment.
Por. Why, then thus it is:
You muſt prepare your boſom for his knife.
Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young man!
Por. For the intent and purpoſe of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

Shy.

Shy. 'Tis very true. O wiſe and upright judge,
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!
Por. Therefore lay bare your boſom.
Shy. Ay, his breaſt;
So ſays the bond, doth it not, noble judge?
Neareſt his heart, thoſe are the very words.
Por. It is ſo. Are there ſcales, to weigh the fleſh?
Shy. I have them ready.
Por. Have by ſome ſurgeon, *Shylock*, on your charge,
To ſtop his wounds, leſt he ſhould bleed to death.
Shy. Is it ſo nominated in the bond?
Por. It is not ſo expreſs'd; but what of that?
'Twere good, you do ſo much for charity.
Shy. I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.
Por. Come, merchant, have you any thing to ſay?
Anth. But little: I am arm'd, and well prepar'd.
Give me your hand, *Baſſanio*, fare you well!
Grieve not, that I am fall'n to this for you:
For herein fortune ſhews herſelf more kind,
Than is her cuſtom. It is ſtill her uſe,
To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty: From which ling'ring penance
Of ſuch a miſery doth ſhe cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife;
Tell her the proceſs of *Anthonio*'s end;
Say, how I lov'd you; ſpeak me fair in death:
And when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether *Baſſanio* had not once a love.
Repent not you, that you ſhall loſe your friend;
And he repents not, that he pays your debt;
For if the *Jew* do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it inſtantly with all my heart.
Baſſ. Anthonio, I am married to a wife,
Which is as dear to me as life itſelf;
But life itſelf, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me eſteem'd above thy life.

I would loſe all; ay, ſacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.
Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If ſhe were by to hear you make the offer.
Gra. I have a wife, whom, I proteſt, I love;
I would, ſhe were in heav'n, ſo ſhe could
Intreat ſome Pow'r to change this curriſh *Jew*.
Ner. 'Tis well, you offer it behind her back;
The wiſh would make elſe an unquiet houſe.
Shy. Theſe be the chriſtian huſbands. I've a daughter;
'Would, any of the ſtock of *Barrabas*
Had been her huſband, rather than a chriſtian! [*Aſide.*
We triſle time; I pray thee, purſue ſentence.
Por. A pound of that ſame merchant's fleſh is thine,
The Court awards it, and the law doth give it.
Shy. Moſt rightful judge!
Por. And you muſt cut this fleſh from off his breaſt;
The law allows it, and the Court awards it.
Shy. Moſt learned judge! a ſentence: come, prepare.
Por. Tarry a little, there is ſomething elſe.
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expreſly are, a pound of fleſh.
Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of fleſh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou doſt ſhed
One drop of chriſtian blood; thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of *Venice*, confiſcate
Unto the ſtate of *Venice*.
Gra. O upright judge! mark, *Jew*; O learned judge!
Shy. Is that the law?
Por. Thyſelf ſhalt ſee the Act:
For as thou urgeſt juſtice, be aſſur'd,
Thou ſhall have juſtice, more than thou deſir'ſt.
Gra. O learned judge! mark, *Jew*; a learned judge!

Shy.

Shy. I take this offer then, pay the bond thrice,
And let the chriſtian go.
Baſſ. Here is the money.
Por. The *Jew* ſhall have all juſtice; ſoft! no haſte;
He ſhall have nothing but the penalty.
Gra. O *Jew!* an upright judge, a learned judge!
Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the fleſh;
Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou leſs, nor more,
But juſt a pound of fleſh: if thou tak'ſt more
Or leſs than a juſt pound, be't but ſo much
As makes it light or heavy in the ſubſtance,
On the diviſion of the twentieth part
Of one poor ſcruple; nay, if the ſcale turn
But in the eſtimation of a hair,
Thou dieſt, and all thy goods are confiſcate.
Gra. A ſecond *Daniel*, a *Daniel*, *Jew!*
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.
Por. Why doth the *Jew* pauſe? take the forfeiture.
Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.
Baſſ. I have it ready for thee; here it is.
Por. He hath refus'd it in the open Court;
He ſhall have merely juſtice, and his bond.
Gra. A *Daniel*, ſtill ſay I; a ſecond *Daniel!*
I thank thee, *Jew*, for teaching me that word.
Shy. Shall I not barely have my principal?
Por. Thou ſhalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be ſo taken at thy peril, *Jew.*
Shy. Why, then the devil give him good of it!
I'll ſtay no longer queſtion.
Por. Tarry, *Jew.*
The law hath yet another hold on you:
It is enacted in the laws of *Venice*,
If it be prov'd againſt an alien,
That by direct, or indirect, attempts
He ſeeks the life of any citizen,
The party, 'gainſt the which he doth contrive,
Shall ſeize on half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy Coffer of the ſtate;

And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the Duke only, 'gainſt all other voice:
In which predicament, I ſay, thou ſtand'ſt.
For it appears by manifeſt proceeding,
That indirectly, and directly too,
Thou haſt contriv'd againſt the very life
Of the defendant; and thou haſt incurr'd
The danger formally by me rehears'd.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.

Gra. Beg, that thou may'ſt have leave to hang thyſelf;

And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the ſtate,
Thou haſt not left the value of a cord;
Therefore, thou muſt be hang'd at the ſtate's charge.

Duke. That thou may'ſt ſee the diff'rence of our ſpirit.

I pardon thee thy life before thou aſk it:
For half thy wealth, it is *Anthonio's*;
The other half comes to the general ſtate,
Which humbleneſs may drive unto a fine.

Por. Ay, for the ſtate; not for *Anthonio.*

Shy. Nay, take my life and all: pardon not that.
You take my houſe, when you do take the prop
That doth ſuſtain my houſe: you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him, *Anthonio?*

Gra. A halter *gratis;* nothing elſe, for God's ſake.

Anth. So pleaſe my lord the Duke, and all the Court,
To quit the fine for one half of his goods,
I am content; ſo he will let me have
The other half in uſe, to render it
Upon his death unto the gentleman,
That lately ſtole his daughter.
Two things provided more, that for this favour
He preſently become a chriſtian;
The other, that he do record a Gift
Here in the Court, of all he dies poſſeſs'd,
Unto his ſon *Lorenzo* and his daughter.

Duke.

Duke. He ſhall do this, or elſe I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.
Por. Art thou contented, *Jew*? what doſt thou ſay?
Shy. I am content.
Por. Clerk, draw a Deed of gift.
Shy. I pray you give me leave to go from hence;
I am not well; ſend the Deed after me,
And I will ſign it.
Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.
Gra. In chriſt'ning thou ſhalt have two godfathers.
Had I been judge, thou ſhould'ſt have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.
[*Exit* Shylock.
Duke. Sir, I intreat you home with me to dinner.
Por. I humbly do deſire your Grace of pardon;
I muſt away this night to *Padua*,
And it is meet, I preſently ſet forth.
Duke. I'm ſorry, that your leiſure ſerves you not.
Anthonio, gratify this gentleman;
For in my mind, you are much bound to him.
[*Exit* Duke *and his train.*

SCENE III.

Baſſ. MOST worthy gentleman! I and my friend
Have by your wiſdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,
Three thouſand ducats, due unto the *Jew*,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.
Anth. And ſtand indebted, over and above,
In love and ſervice to you evermore.
Por. He is well paid, that is well ſatisfy'd;
And I, delivering you, am ſatisfy'd,
And therein do account myſelf well paid;
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you, know me, when we meet again;
I wiſh you well, and ſo I take my leave.

Baſſ. Dear Sir, of force I muſt attempt you further.
Take ſome remembrance of us, for a tribute,
Not as a fee: grant me two things, I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

Por. You preſs me far, and therefore I will yield.
Give me your gloves, I'll wear 'em for your ſake;
And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you.
Do not draw back your hand, I'll take no more;
And you in love ſhall not deny me this.

Baſſ. This ring, good Sir, alas, it is a trifle;
I will not ſhame myſelf to give you this.

Por. I will have nothing elſe but only this,
And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.

Baſſ. There's more depends on this, than on the value.
The deareſt ring in *Venice* will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation;
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

Por. I ſee, Sir, you are liberal in offers;
You taught me firſt to beg, and now, methinks,
You teach me how a beggar ſhould be anſwer'd.

Baſſ. Good Sir, this ring was giv'n me by my wife.
And, when ſhe put it on, ſhe made me vow,
That I ſhould neither ſell, nor give, nor loſe it.

Por. That 'ſcuſe ſerves many men to ſave their gifts;
And if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have deſerv'd the ring,
She wou'd not hold out enmity for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!
[*Exit with* Neriſſa.

Anth. My lord *Baſſanio*, let him have the ring.
Let his deſervings, and my love withal,
Be valu'd 'gainſt your wife's commandment.

Baſſ. Go, *Gratiano*, run and overtake him,
Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou can'ſt,
Unto *Anthonio*'s houſe: away, make haſte. [*Exit* Gra.
Come, you and I will thither preſently;

And

And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward *Belmont*; come, *Anthonio*. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Portia *and* Neriſſa.

Por. Enquire the *Jew*'s houſe out, give him this Deed,
And let him ſign it; we'll away to night,
And be a day before our huſbands home:
This Deed will be well welcome to *Lorenzo*.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Fair Sir, you are well o'erta'en:
My lord *Baſſanio*, upon more advice,
Hath ſent you here this ring, and doth intreat
Your company at dinner.
Por. That cannot be.
This ring I do accept moſt thankfully,
And ſo, I pray you, tell him; furthermore,
I pray you, ſhew my Youth old *Shylock*'s houſe.
Gra. That will I do.
Ner. Sir, I would ſpeak with you.
I'll ſee if I can get my huſband's ring: [*To* Por.
Which I did make him ſwear to keep for ever.
Por. Thou may'ſt, I warrant. We ſhall have old ſwearing,
That they did give the rings away to men;
But we'll out-face them, and out-ſwear them too:
Away, make haſte, thou know'ſt where I will tarry.
Ner. Come, good Sir, will you ſhew me to this houſe? [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

BELMONT.

A Grove, or green Place, before Portia's *Houſe.*

Enter Lorenzo *and* Jeſſica.

LORENZO.

THE moon ſhines bright: In ſuch a night as this,
When the ſweet wind did gently kiſs the trees,
And they did make no noiſe; in ſuch a night,
Troylus, methinks, mounted the *Trojan* wall;
And ſigh'd his ſoul toward the *Grecian* tents,
Where *Creſſid* lay that night.

Jeſ. In ſuch a night,
Did *Thiſbe* fearfully o'er-trip the dew;
And ſaw the lion's ſhadow ere himſelf,
And ran diſmayed away.

Lor. In ſuch a night,
Stood *Dido* with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild ſea-banks, and wav'd her love
To come again to *Carthage.*

Jeſ. In ſuch a night,
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs,
That did renew old *Æſon.*

Lor. In ſuch a night,
Did *Jeſſica* ſteal from the wealthy *Jew*,
And with an unthrift love did run from *Venice*,
As far as *Belmont.*

Jeſ. And in ſuch a night,
Did young *Lorenzo* ſwear, he lov'd her well;
Stealing her ſoul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

Lor. And in ſuch a night,
Did pretty *Jeſſica*, (like a little ſhrew)
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

Jeſ.

Jeſ. I would out-night you, did no body come:
But hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter Stephano.

Lor. Who comes ſo faſt, in ſilence of the night?
Meſ. A friend.
Lor. What friend? your name, I pray you, friend?
Meſ. *Stephano* is my name, and I bring word,
My miſtreſs will before the break of day
Be here at *Belmont:* ſhe doth ſtray about
By holy Croſſes, where ſhe kneels, and prays,
For happy wedlock hours.
Lor. Who comes with her?
Meſ. None, but a holy hermit, and her maid.
I pray you, is my maſter yet return'd?
Lor. He is not, nor have we yet heard from him:
But go we in, I pray thee, *Jeſſica*,
And ceremonioufly let us prepare
Some welcome for the miſtreſs of the houſe.

Enter Launcelot.

Laun. Sola, ſola, wo ha, ho, ſola, ſola!
Lor. Who calls?
Laun. Sola! did you ſee maſter *Lorenzo* and miſtreſs *Lorenza?* ſola, ſola!
Lor. Leave hollowing, man: here.
Laun. Sola! where? where?
Lor. Here.
Laun. Tell him, there's a poſt come from my maſter, with his horn full of good news. My maſter will be here ere morning.
Lor. Sweet love, let's in, and there expect their coming.
And yet no matter: why ſhould we go in?
My friend *Stephano*, ſignify, I pray you,
Within the houſe, your miſtreſs is at hand;
[*Exit* Stephano.
And

And bring your muſic forth into the air.
How ſweet the moon-light ſleeps upon this bank!
Here will we ſit, and let the ſounds of muſic
Creep in our ears; ſoft ſtillneſs, and the night
Become the touches of ſweet harmony.
Sit, *Jeſſica:* look, how the floor of heav'n
Is thick inlay'd * with patens of bright gold;
There's not the ſmalleſt orb, which thou behold'ſt,
But in his motion like an angel ſings,
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubims;
† Such harmony is in immortal ſounds!
But whilſt this muddy veſture of decay
Doth groſly cloſe us in, we cannot hear it.
Come, ho, and wake *Diana* with a hymn;
With ſweeteſt touches pierce your miſtreſs' ear,
And draw her home with muſic.

Jeſ. I'm never merry, when I hear ſweet muſic.
[*Muſic.*

Lor. The reaſon is, your ſpirits are attentive;
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
(Which is the hot condition of their blood)
If they perchance but hear a trumpet ſound,
Or any air of muſic touch their ears,

* *with* patterns *of bright gold*] We ſhould read Patens: a round broad Plate of Gold born in Heraldry: The cover of the Sacramental-Cup.

† *Such harmony is in immortal* ſouls;] But the Harmony here deſcribed is that of the Spheres, ſo much celebrated by the Ancients. He ſays, the *ſmalleſt Orb ſings like an Angel;* and then ſubjoins, *ſuch Harmony is in immortal* Souls: But the Harmony of Angels is not here meant, but of the Orbs. Nor are we to think, that here the Poet alludes to the Notion, that each Orb has its *Intelligence* or *Angel* to direct it; for then with no Propriety could he ſay, the *Orb ſung like an Angel:* He ſhould rather have ſaid, the *Angel in the Orb ſung.* We muſt therefore correct the Line thus;

Such harmony is in immortal ſounds:

i. e. in the Muſic of the Spheres.

You

You ſhall perceive them make a mutual ſtand;
Their ſavage eyes turn'd to a modeſt gaze,
By the ſweet power of muſic. Therefore, the Poet
Did feign that *Orpheus* drew trees, ſtones, and floods;
Since nought ſo ſtockiſh, hard and full of rage,
But muſic for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no muſic in himſelf,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of ſweet ſounds,
Is fit for treaſons, ſtratagems, and ſpoils;
The motions of his ſpirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as *Erebus:*
Let no ſuch man be truſted—Mark the muſic.

Enter Portia *and* Neriſſa.

Por. That light we ſee, is burning in my hall:
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So ſhines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moon ſhone, we did not ſee the candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the leſs;
A ſubſtitute ſhines brightly as a King,
Until a King be by; and then his ſtate
Empties itſelf, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Muſic, hark! [*Muſic.*

Ner. It is the muſic, Madam, of your houſe.

Por. Nothing is good, I ſee, without reſpect:
Methinks, it ſounds much ſweeter than by day.

Ner. Silence beſtows the virtue on it, Madam.

Por. The crow doth ſing as ſweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended; and, I think,
The nightingale, if ſhe ſhould ſing by day,
When every gooſe is cackling, would be thought
No better a muſician than the wren.
How many things by ſeaſon ſeaſon'd are
To their right praiſe, and true perfection?
Peace! how the moon ſleeps with *Endimion*,
And would not be awaked! [*Muſic ceaſes.*

Lor.

Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of *Portia.*
Por. He knows me, as the blind man knows the cuckow,
By the bad voice.
Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.
Por. We have been praying for our husband's healths,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?
Lor. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.
Por. Go, *Nerissa*,
Give order to my servants, that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence;
Nor you, *Lorenzo; Jessica*, nor you. [*A Tucket sounds.*
Lor. Your husband is at hand, I hear his trumpet:
We are no tell-tales, Madam, fear you not.
Por. This night, methinks, is but the day-light sick;
It looks a little paler; 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

Enter Bassanio, Anthonio, Gratiano, *and their followers.*

Bass. We should hold day with the *Antipodes*,
If you would walk in absence of the sun.
Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light;
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband;
And never be *Bassanio* so from me;
But God sort all! you're welcome home, my lord.
Bass. I thank you, Madam: give welcome to my friend;
This is the man, this is *Anthonio*,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.
Por. You should in all sense be much bound to him;
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

Anth.

Anth. No more than I am well acquitted of.
Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our houſe;
It muſt appear in other ways than words;
Therefore I ſcant this breathing courteſy.
Gra. By yonder moon, I ſwear, you do me wrong;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk. [*To* Neriſſa.
Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, ſo much at heart.
Por. A quarrel, ho, already! what's the matter?
Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring,
That ſhe did give me, whoſe poeſy was
For all the world like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife; *Love me, and leave me not.*
Ner. What talk you of the poeſy, or the value?
You ſwore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it 'till your hour of death,
And that it ſhould lie with you in your grave:
Tho' not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You ſhould have been reſpective, and have kept it.
Gave it a Judge's clerk! but well I know,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on's face, that had it.
Gra. He will, an' if he live to be a man.
Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.
Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,
A kind of boy, a little ſcrubbed boy,
No higher than thyſelf, the Judge's clerk;
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee:
I could not for my heart deny it him.
Por. You were to blame, I muſt be plain with you,
To part ſo ſlightly with your wife's firſt gift;
A thing ſtuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And riveted with faith unto your fleſh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him ſwear
Never to part with it; and here he ſtands,
I dare be ſworn for him, he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world maſters. Now, in faith, *Gratiano*,

You

You give your wife too unkind a cauſe of grief;
An 'twere to me, I ſhould be mad at it.
Baſſ. Why, I were beſt to cut my left hand off,
And ſwear, I loſt the ring defending it. [*Aſide.*
Gra. My lord *Baſſanio* gave his ring away
Unto the Judge that begg'd it, and, indeed,
Deſerv'd it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took ſome pains in writing, He begg'd mine;
And neither man, nor maſter, would take aught
But the two rings.
Por. What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.
Baſſ. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you ſee my finger
Hath not the ring upon it, it is gone.
Por. Even ſo void is your falſe heart of truth.
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I ſee the ring.
Ner. Nor I in yours,
'Till I again ſee mine.
Baſſ. Sweet *Portia*,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When nought would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the ſtrength of your diſpleaſure.
Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthineſs that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to retain the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there ſo much unreaſonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modeſty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?
Neriſſa teaches me what to believe;
I'll die for't, but ſome woman had the ring.
Baſſ. No, by mine honour, Madam, by my ſoul,
No

No woman had it, but a Civil Doctor,
Who did refuſe three thouſand ducats of me,
And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,
And ſuffer'd him to go diſpleas'd away;
Ev'n he, that did uphold the very life
Of my dear friend. What ſhould I ſay, ſweet lady?
I was enforc'd to ſend it after him;
I was beſet with ſhame and courteſy;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much beſmear it. Pardon me, good lady;
And by theſe bleſſed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think, you would have begg'd
The ring of me to give the worthy Doctor.

Por. Let not that Doctor e'er come near my houſe,
Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,
And that which you did ſwear to keep for me:
I will become as liberal as you;
I'll not deny him any thing I have,
No, not my body, nor my huſband's bed;
Know him I ſhall, I am well ſure of it.
Lie not a night from home; watch me, like *Argus*:
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now, by mine honour, which is yet my own,
I'll have that Doctor for my bedfellow.

Ner. And I his clerk; therefore be well adviſ'd,
How you do leave me to mine own protection.

Gra. Well, do you ſo; let me not take him then;
For if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

Anth. I am th' unhappy ſubject of theſe quarrels.

Por. Sir, grieve not you; you are welcome, notwithſtanding.

Baſſ. *Portia*, forgive me this enforced wrong.
And in the hearing of theſe many friends,
I ſwear to thee, ev'n by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I ſee myſelf——

Por. Mark you but that!
In both mine eyes he doubly ſees himſelf;
In each eye, one; ſwear by your double ſelf,
And there's an oath of credit!

Baſſ.

Baſſ. Nay, but here me:
Pardon this fault, and by my ſoul I ſwear,
I never more will break an oath with thee.
Anth. I once did lend my body for his weal;
Which but for him, that had your huſband's ring,
[*To* Portia.
Had quite miſcarry'd. I dare be bound again,
My ſoul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith adviſedly.
Por. Then you ſhall be his ſurety; give him this,
And bid him keep it better than the other.
Anth. Here, lord *Baſſanio*, ſwear to keep this ring.
Baſſ. By heav'n, it is the ſame I gave the Doctor.
Por. I had it of him: pardon me, *Baſſanio;*
For by this ring the Doctor lay with me.
Ner. And pardon me, my gentle *Gratiano*,
For that ſame ſcrubbed boy, the Doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this, laſt night did lie with me.
Gra. Why, this is like the mending of high-ways
In ſummer, where the ways are fair enough:
What! are we cuckolds, ere we have deſerv'd it?
Por. Speak not ſo groſly; you are all amaz'd;
Here is a letter, read it at your leiſure;
It comes from *Padua*, from *Bellario*:
There you ſhall find, that *Portia* was the Doctor;
Neriſſa there, her clerk. *Lorenzo*, here,
Shall witneſs I ſet forth as ſoon as you,
And even but now return'd: I have not yet
Enter'd my houſe. *Anthonio*, you are welcome;
And I have better news in ſtore for you,
Than you expect; unſeal this letter ſoon,
There you ſhall find, three of your Argoſies
Are richly come to Harbour ſuddenly.
You ſhall not know by what ſtrange accident
I chanced on this letter.
Anth. I am dumb.
Baſſ. Were you the Doctor, and I knew you not?

Gra.

Gra. Were you the clerk, that is to make me cuckold?

Ner. Ay, but the clerk, that never means to do it, Unleſs he live until he be a man.

Baſſ. Sweet Doctor, you ſhall be my bedfellow; When I am abſent, then lie with my wife.

Anth. Sweet lady, you have giv'n me life and living; For here I read for certain, that my ſhips Are ſafely come to road.

Por. How now, *Lorenzo*? My clerk hath ſome good comforts too for you.

Ner. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee. There do I give to you and *Jeſſica*, From the rich *Jew*, a ſpecial Deed of Gift, After his death, of all he dies poſſeſs'd of.

Lor. Fair ladies, * you drop *Manna* in the way Of ſtarved people.

Por. It is almoſt morning, And yet, I'm ſure, you are not ſatisfy'd Of theſe events at full. Let us go in, And charge us there upon interr'gatories, And we will anſwer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be ſo: the firſt interr'gatory, That my *Neriſſa* ſhall be ſworn on, is, Whether 'till the next night ſhe had rather ſtay, Or go to bed now, being two hours to day. But were the day come, I ſhould wiſh it dark, 'Till I were couching with the Doctor's clerk. Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing So ſore, as keeping ſafe *Neriſſa*'s ring.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

* —— *you drop* Manna *in the way*
Of ſtarved people.] *Shakeſpear* is not more exact in any Thing, than in adapting his Images with Propriety to his Speakers; of which he has here given an Inſtance in making the young *Jeweſs* call good Fortune, *Manna*.

Love's Labour's Loft.

A

COMEDY.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

FERDINAND, *King of* Navarre.

Biron, Longaville, Dumain, } *three Lords, attending upon the King in his retirement.*

Boyet, Macard, } *Lords, attending upon the Princeſs of* France.

Don Adriano de Armado, *a fantaſtical* Spaniard.

Nathaniel, *a Curate.*

Dull, *a Conſtable.*

Holofernes, *a Schoolmaſter.*

Coſtard, *a Clown.*

Moth, *Page to Don* Adriano de Armado.

A Foreſter.

Princeſs of France.

Roſaline, Maria, Catharine, } *Ladies, attending on the Princeſs.*

Jaquenetta, *a Country Wench.*

Officers, and others, Attendants upon the King and Princeſs.

SCENE, *the King of* Navarre's *Palace, and the Country near it.*

Love's

Love's Labour's Loſt.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The PALACE.

Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, *and* Dumain.

KING.

LET Fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live regiſtred upon our brazen tombs;
And then grace us in the diſgrace of death:
When, ſpight of cormorant devouring time,
Th' endeavour of this preſent breath may buy
That honour which ſhall 'bate his ſcythe's keen edge;
And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, brave Conquerors! for ſo you are,
That war againſt your own Affections,
And the huge army of the world's deſires;
Our late edict ſhall ſtrongly ſtand in force.
Navarre ſhall be the wonder of the world;
Our Court ſhall be a little academy,
Still and contemplative in living arts.
You three, *Biron*, *Dumain*, and *Longaville*,
Have ſworn for three years' term to live with me,
My fellow Scholars; and to keep thoſe Statutes,
That are recorded in this ſchedule here.
Your oaths are paſt, and now ſubſcribe your names:
That his own hand may ſtrike his honour down,
That violates the ſmalleſt branch herein:

If you are arm'd to do, as ſworn to do,
Subſcribe to your deep oaths, and keep them too.

Long. I am reſolv'd; 'tis but a three years faſt:
The mind ſhall banquet tho' the body pine;
Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankerout the wits.

Dum. My loving lord, *Dumain* is mortify'd:
The groſſer manner of theſe world's delights
He throws upon the groſs world's baſer ſlaves:
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die;
With all theſe living in philoſophy.

Biron. I can but ſay their proteſtation over,
So much (dear liege) I have already ſworn,
That is, to live and ſtudy here three years:
But there are other ſtrict obſervances;
As, not to ſee a woman in that term,
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there.
And one day in a week to touch no food,
And but one meal on every day beſide;
The which, I hope, is not enrolled there.
And then to ſleep but three hours in the night,
And not to be ſeen to wink of all the day;
(When I was wont to think no harm all night,
And make a dark night too of half the day;)
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there.
O, theſe are barren taſks, too hard to keep;
Not to ſee ladies, ſtudy, faſt, not ſleep.

King. Your Oath is paſs'd to paſs away from theſe.

Biron. Let me ſay, no, my liege, an' if you pleaſe;
I only ſwore to ſtudy with your Grace,
And ſtay here in your Court for three years' ſpace.

Long. You ſwore to that, *Biron*, and to the reſt.

Biron. By yea and nay, Sir, then I ſwore in jeſt.
What is the end of ſtudy? let me know?

King. Why, that to know, which elſe we ſhould not know.

Biron. Things hid and barr'd (you mean) from common ſenſe.

King.

King. Ay, that is ſtudy's god-like recompence.
Biron. Come on then, I will ſwear to ſtudy ſo,
To know the thing I am forbid to know;
As thus; to ſtudy where I well may dine.
When I to feaſt expreſly am forbid;
Or ſtudy where to meet ſome miſtreſs fine,
When miſtreſſes from common ſenſe are hid:
Or, having ſworn too hard-a-keeping oath,
Study to break it, and not break my troth.
If ſtudy's gain be this, and this be ſo,
Study knows that, which yet it doth not know:
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er ſay, no.
King. Theſe be the ſtops, that hinder ſtudy quite;
And train our Intellects to vain delight.
Biron. Why, all delights are vain; but that moſt vain,
Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain;
As, painfully to pore upon a book,
To ſeek the light of truth; while truth the while
Doth falſely blind the eye-ſight of his look:
Light, ſeeking light, doth light of light beguile;
So, ere you find where light in darkneſs lies,
Your light grows dark by loſing of your eyes.
Study me how to pleaſe the eye indeed,
By fixing it upon a fairer eye;
Who dazzling ſo, that eye ſhall be his heed,
And give him light, that it was blinded by.
Study is like the Heav'ns glorious Sun,
That will not be deep ſearch'd with ſaucy looks;
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save baſe authority from others' books.
Theſe earthly godfathers heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed ſtar,
Have no more profit of their ſhining nights,
Than thoſe that walk and wot not what they are.
* Too much to know, is to know nought: but feign;
And every godfather can give a name.

* *Too much to know, is to know nought but* fame;
And every Godfather can give a name.] The firſt Line in this Reading

King. How well he's read, to reaſon againſt reading!
Dum. Proceeding well, to ſtop all good proceeding.
Long. He weeds the corn, and ſtill let's grow the weeding.
Biron. The ſpring is near, when green geeſe are a breeding.
Dum. How follows that?
Biron. Fit in his place and time.
Dum. In reaſon nothing.
Biron. Something then in rhime.
Long. *Biron* is like an envious ſneaping froſt,
That bites the firſt-born infants of the ſpring.
Biron. Well; ſay, I am; why ſhould proud ſummer boaſt,
Before the birds have any cauſe to ſing?
Why ſhould I joy in an abortive birth?
At *Chriſtmas* I no more deſire a roſe,
Than wiſh a ſnow in *May*'s new-fangled ſhows:
But like of each thing, that in ſeaſon grows.
So you, to ſtudy now it is too late,
Climb o'er the houſe t'unlock the little gate.
King. Well, ſit you out—Go home, *Biron:* Adieu!
Biron. No, my good lord, I've ſworn to ſtay with you.
And though I have for barbariſm ſpoke more,
Than for that angel knowledge you can ſay;

ing is abſurd and impertinent. There are two Ways of ſetting it right. The firſt is to read it thus,

Too much to know, is to know nought but ſhame;

This makes a fine Senſe, and alludes to *Adam*'s Fall, which came from the inordinate Paſſion of knowing too much. The other Way is to read, and Point it thus,

Too much to know, is to know nought: but feign, i. e, *to feign.* As much as to ſay, the Affecting to know too much is the Way to know nothing. The Senſe, in both theſe Readings, is equally good: But with this Difference; if we read the firſt Way, the following Line is impertinent; and to ſave the Correction we muſt judge it ſpurious. If we read it the ſecond Way, then the following Line completes the Senſe. Conſequently the Correction of *feign* is to be preferred.

Yet

Yet confident I'll keep what I have ſwore,
And 'bide the penance of each three years' day.
Give me the paper, let me read the ſame;
And to the ſtrict'ſt decrees I'll write my name.
King. How well this yielding reſcues thee from ſhame!
Biron. Item, That no woman ſhall come within a mile of my Court, [*reading.*
Hath this been proclaimed?
Long. Four days ago.
Biron. Let's ſee the penalty.
On pain of loſing her tongue:—— [*reading.*
Who devis'd this penalty?
Long. Marry, that did I.
Biron. Sweet lord, and why?
Long. To fright them hence with that dread penalty.
Biron A dangerous law againſt gentility!
Item, [*reading.*] If any man be ſeen to talk with a woman within the term of three Years, he ſhall endure ſuch public ſhame as the reſt of the Court can poſſibly deviſe.
This article, my liege, yourſelf muſt break;
For, well you know, here comes in embaſſy
The *French* King's daughter with yourſelf to ſpeak,
A maid of grace and complete majeſty,
About Surrender up of *Aquitain*
To her decripit, ſick, and bed-rid father:
Therefore, this article is made in vain,
Or vainly comes th' admired Princeſs hither.
King. What ſay you, lords? why, this was quite forgot.
Biron. So ſtudy evermore is overſhot;
While it doth ſtudy to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it ſhould;
And when it hath the thing it hunteth moſt,
'Tis won, as towns with Fire; ſo won, ſo loſt.

King. We muſt, of force, diſpenſe with this decree
She muſt lie here on mere neceſſity.
Biron. Neceſſity will make us all forſworn
Three thouſand times within this three years' ſpace:
For every man with his affects is born:
Not by might maſter'd, but by ſpecial grace.
If I break faith, this word ſhall ſpeak for me:
I am forſworn on mere neceſſity.——
So to the laws at large I write my name,
And he, that breaks them in the leaſt degree,
Stands in Attainder of eternal ſhame.
Suggeſtions are to others, as to me;
But, I believe, although I ſeem ſo loth,
I am the laſt that will laſt keep his oath.
But is there no quick recreation granted?
King. Ay, that there is; our Court, you know, is haunted
With a refined traveller of *Spain*,
A man in all the world's new faſhion planted,
That hath a mint of phraſes in his brain:
One, whom the muſic of his own vain tongue
Doth raviſh, like inchanting harmony:
A man of compliments, whom right and wrong
Have choſe as umpire of their mutiny.
This child of fancy, that *Armado* hight,
For interim to our Studies, ſhall relate
In high-born words the worth of many a Knight
From tawny *Spain*, loſt in the world's debate.
How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;
But, I proteſt, I love to hear him lie;
And I will uſe him for my minſtrelſy.
Biron. Armado is a moſt illuſtrious wight,
A man of fire-new words, faſhion's own Knight.
Long. Coſtard the ſwain, and he, ſhall be our ſport;
And, ſo to ſtudy, three years are but ſhort.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Dull *and* Coſtard *with a letter.*

Dull. WHICH is the King's own perſon?

Biron. This, fellow; what would'ſt?

Dull. I myſelf reprehend his own perſon, for I am his Grace's Tharborough: but I would ſee his own perſon in fleſh and blood.

Biron. This is he.

Dull. Signior *Arme*,——*Arme*——commends you. There's villany abroad; this letter will tell you more.

Coſt. Sir, the Contempts thereof are as touching me.

King. A letter from the magnificent *Armado.*

Biron. How low ſoever the matter, I hope in God for high words.

Long. A high hope for a low having; God grant us patience!

Biron. To hear, or forbear hearing?

Long. To hear meekly, Sir, to laugh moderately, or to forbear both.

Biron. Well, Sir, be it as the Stile ſhall give us cauſe to climb in the merrineſs.

Coſt. The matter is to me, Sir, as concerning *Jaquenetta.* The manner of it is, I was taken in the manner.

Biron. In what manner?

Coſt. In manner and form, following, Sir; all thoſe three. I was ſeen with her in the Manor-houſe, ſitting with her upon the Form, and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is, in manner and form following. Now, Sir, for the manner: it is the manner of a man to ſpeak to a woman; for the form, in ſome form.

Biron. For the following, Sir?

Coſt. As it ſhall follow in my correction; and God defend the right!

King. Will you hear the letter with attention?

Biron. As we would hear an oracle.

Coſt. Such is the ſimplicity of man to hearken after the fleſh.

King reads. *GREAT deputy, the welkin's vice-gerent, and ſole dominator of* Navarre, *my ſoul's earth's God, and body's foſtring patron*——

Coſt. Not a word of *Goſtard* yet.

King. So it is——

Coſt. It may be ſo; but if he ſay it is ſo, he is, in telling true, but ſo, ſo.

King. Peace——

Coſt. Be to me, and every man that dares not fight!

King. No words——

Coſt. Of other men's ſecrets, I beſeech you.

King. *So it is, Beſieged with ſable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black oppreſſing humour to the moſt wholeſome phyſic of thy health-giving air; and as I am a gentleman, betook myſelf to walk: The time, when? about the ſixth hour, when beaſts moſt graze, birds beſt peck, and men ſit down to that nouriſhment which is call'd ſupper: ſo much for the time, when. Now for the ground, which: which, I mean, I walkt upon; it is ycleped thy park. Then for the place, where; where, I mean, I did encounter that obſcene and moſt prepoſterous event, that draweth from my ſnow-white pen the ebon-colour'd ink, which here thou vieweſt, beholdeſt, ſurveyeſt, or ſeeſt. But to the place, where; It ſtandeth north-north-eaſt and by eaſt from the weſt corner of thy curious-knotted garden. There did I ſee that low-ſpirited ſwain, that baſe minow of thy mirth,* (*Coſt.* Me?) *that unletter'd ſmall-knowing ſoul,* (*Coſt.* Me?) *that ſhallow vaſſal,* (*Coſt.* Still me?) *which, as I remember,* hight Coſtard; (*Coſt.* O me!) *ſorted and conſorted, contrary to thy eſtabliſhed proclaimed edict and continent canon, with, with,*——*O with,*——*but with this I paſſion to ſay wherewith:*

Coſt. With a wench.

King. *With a child of our grandmother* Eve, *a female; or*

or for thy more underſtanding, a woman; him, I (as my ever-eſteem'd duty pricks me on) have ſent to thee, to receive the meed of puniſhment, by thy ſweet Grace's officer, Anthony Dull, *a man of good repute, carriage, bearing and eſtimation.*

Dull. Me, an't ſhall pleaſe you: I am *Anthony Dull.*

King. *For* Jaquenetta, *(ſo is the weaker veſſel call'd) which I apprehended with the aforeſaid ſwain, I keep her as a vaſſal of thy law's fury, and ſhall at the leaſt of thy ſweet notice bring her to trial. Thine in all compliments of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty,*

Don Adriano de Armado.

Biron. This is not ſo well as I look'd for, but the beſt that ever I heard.

King. Ay; the beſt for the worſt. But, ſirrah, what ſay you to this?

Coſt. Sir, I confeſs the wench.

King. Did you hear the proclamation?

Coſt. I do confeſs much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

King. It was proclaim'd a year's impriſonment to be taken with a wench.

Coſt. I was taken with none, Sir, I was taken with a damoſel.

King. Well, it was proclaimed damoſel.

Coſt. This was no damoſel neither, Sir, ſhe was a virgin.

King. It is ſo varied too, for it was proclaim'd virgin.

Coſt. If it were, I deny her virginity: I was taken with a maid.

King. This maid will not ſerve your turn, Sir.

Coſt. This maid will ſerve my turn, Sir.

King. Sir, I will pronounce ſentence; you ſhall faſt a week with bran and water.

Coſt. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

King. And *Don Armado* ſhall be your keeper. My lord *Biron*, ſee him deliver'd o'er.
And go we, lords, to put in practice that,
Which each to other hath ſo ſtrongly ſworn.
[*Exeunt.*

Biron. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,
Theſe oaths and laws will prove an idle ſcorn.
Sirrah, come on.

Coſt. I ſuffer for the truth, Sir: for true it is, I was taken with *Jaquenetta*, and *Jaquenetta* is a true girl; and therefore welcome the four cup of proſperity: affliction may one day ſmile again, and until then, ſit thee down, ſorrow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Changes to Armado's *Houſe.*

Enter Armado, *and* Moth.

Arm. BOY, what ſign is it, when a man of great ſpirit grows melancholy?

Moth. A great ſign, Sir, that he will look ſad.

Arm. Why, ſadneſs is one and the ſelf-ſame thing, dear imp.

Moth. No, no; O lord, Sir, no.

Arm. How can'ſt thou part ſadneſs and melancholy, my tender *Juvenile?*

Moth. By a familiar demonſtration of the working, my tough Signior.

Arm. Why, tough Signior? why, tough Signior?

Moth. Why, tender *Juvenile?* why, tender *Juvenile?*

Arm. I ſpoke it, tender *Juvenile*, as a congruent epitheton, appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

Moth. And I tough Signior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

Arm. Pretty and apt.

Moth.

Moth. How mean you, Sir, I pretty, and my ſaying apt? or I apt, and my ſaying pretty?

Arm. Thou pretty, becauſe little.

Moth. Little! pretty, becauſe little; wherefore apt?

Arm. And therefore apt, becauſe quick.

Moth. Speak you this in my praiſe, maſter?

Arm. In thy condign praiſe.

Moth. I will praiſe an eel with the ſame praiſe.

Arm. What? that an eel is ingenious.

Moth. That an eel is quick.

Arm. I do ſay, thou are quick in anſwers. Thou heat'ſt my blood.——

Moth. I am anſwer'd, Sir.

Arm. I love not to be croſt.

Moth. He ſpeaks the clean contrary, croſſes love not him.

Arm. I have promis'd to ſtudy three years with the King.

Moth. You may do it in an hour, Sir.

Arm. Impoſſible.

Moth. How many is one thrice told?

Arm. I am ill at reckoning, it fits the ſpirit of a tapſter.

Moth. You are a gentleman, and a gameſter.

Arm. I confeſs both; they are both the varniſh of a complete man.

Moth. Then, I am ſure, you know how much the groſs ſum of deuce-ace amounts to.

Arm. It doth amount to one more than two.

Moth. Which the baſe vulgar call, three.

Arm. True.

Moth. Why, Sir, is this ſuch a piece of ſtudy? now here's three ſtudied ere you'll thrice wink; and how eaſy is it to put years to the word three, and ſtudy three years in two words, the dancing-horſe will tell you.

Arm. A moſt fine figure.

Moth. To prove you a cypher.

Arm. I will hereupon confeſs, I am in love; and as it is baſe for a ſoldier to love, ſo I am in love with a baſe wench. If drawing my ſword againſt the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Deſire priſoner; and ranſom him to any *French* courtier for a new devis'd court'ſy. I think it ſcorn to ſigh; methinks, I ſhould out-ſwear *Cupid*. Comfort me, boy; what great men have been in love?

Moth. Hercules, maſter.

Arm. Moſt ſweet *Hercules!* More authority, dear boy, name more; and, ſweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Moth. Sampſon, maſter; he was a man of good carriage; great carriage; for he carried the town-gates on his back like a porter, and he was in love.

Arm. O well-knit *Sampſon*, ſtrong-jointed *Sampſon!* I do excel thee in my rapier, as much as thou didſt me in carrying gates. I am in love too. Who was *Sampſon*'s love, my dear *Moth*?

Moth. A woman, maſter.

Arm. Of what complexion?

Moth. Of all the four, or the three, or the two, or one of the four.

Arm. Tell me preciſely of what complexion?

Moth. Of the ſea-water green, Sir.

Arm. Is that one of the four complexions?

Moth. As I have read, Sir, and the beſt of them too.

Arm. Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers; but to have a love of that colour, methinks, *Sampſon* had ſmall reaſon for it. He, ſurely, affected her for her wit.

Moth. It was ſo, Sir, for ſhe had a green wit.

Arm. My love is moſt immaculate white and red.

Moth. Moſt maculate thoughts, Maſter, are maſk'd under ſuch colours.

Arm. Define, define, well-educated infant.

Moth. My father's wit, and my mother's tongue, aſſiſt me!

Arm

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child, moſt pretty and pathetical!

Moth. If ſhe be made of white and red,
Her faults will ne'er be known;
For bluſhing cheeks by faults are bred,
And fears by pale-white ſhown;
Then if ſhe fear, or be to blame,
By this you ſhall not know;
For ſtill her cheeks poſſeſs the ſame,
Which native ſhe doth owe.
A dangerous rhime, maſter, againſt the reaſon of white and red.

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?

Moth. The world was guilty of ſuch a ballad ſome three ages ſince, but, I think, now 'tis not to be found; or if it were, it would neither ſerve for the writing, nor the tune.

Arm. I will have that ſubject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digreſſion by ſome mighty preſident. Boy, I do love that country girl, that I took in the park with the rational hind *Coſtard*; ſhe deſerves well——

Moth. To be whipp'd; and yet a better love than my maſter deſerves.

Arm. Sing, boy; my ſpirit grows heavy in love.

Moth. And that's great marvel loving a light wench.

Arm. I ſay, ſing.

Moth. Forbear, 'till this company is paſt.

SCENE IV.

Enter Coſtard, Dull, Jaquenetta *a Maid.*

Dull. SIR, the King's pleaſure is, that you keep *Coſtard* ſafe, and you muſt let him take no delight, nor no penance; but he muſt faſt three days a-week. For this damſel, I muſt keep her at the park; ſhe is allow'd for the day-woman. Fare you well.

Arm.

Arm. I do betray myſelf with bluſhing: maid,—

Jaq. Man,——

Arm. I will viſit thee at the lodge.

Jaq. That's here by.

Arm. I know, where it is ſituate.

Jaq. Lord, how wiſe you are!

Arm. I will tell thee wonders.

Jaq. With that face?

Arm. I love thee.

Jaq. So I heard you ſay.

Arm. And ſo farewel.

Jaq. Fair weather after you!

Dull. Come, *Jaquenetta*, away.

[*Exeunt* Dull *and* Jaquenetta.

Arm. Villain, thou ſhalt faſt for thy offence, ere thou be pardoned.

Coſt. Well, Sir, I hope, when I do it, I ſhall do it on a full ſtomach.

Arm. Thou ſhalt be heavily puniſh'd.

Coſt. I am more bound to you, than your followers; for they are but lightly rewarded.

Arm. Take away this villain, ſhut him up.

Moth. Come, you tranſgreſſing ſlave, away.

Coſt. Let me not be pent up, Sir; I will faſt, being looſe.

Moth. No, Sir, that were faſt and looſe; thou ſhalt to priſon.

Coſt. Well, if ever I do ſee the merry days of deſolation that I have ſeen, ſome ſhall ſee——

Moth. What ſhall ſome ſee?

Coſt. Nay, nothing, maſter *Moth*, but what they look upon. It is not for priſoners to be ſilent in their words, and therefore I will ſay nothing; I thank God, I have as little patience as another man, and therefore I can be quiet. [*Exeunt* Moth *and* Coſtard.

Arm. I do affect the very ground (which is baſe) where her ſhoe (which is baſer) guided by her foot (which is baſeſt) doth tread. I ſhall be forſworn, which

which is a great argument of falſhood, if I love. And how can that be true love, which is falſely attempted? love is a familiar, love is a devil; there is no evil angel but love, yet *Sampſon* was ſo tempted, and he had an excellent ſtrength; yet was *Solomon* ſo ſeduced, and he had a very good wit. *Cupid*'s but-ſhaft is too hard for *Hercules*'s club, and therefore too much odds for a *Spaniard*'s rapier; the firſt and ſecond cauſe will not ſerve my turn; the *Paſſado* he reſpects not, the *Duello* he regards not; his diſgrace is to be call'd boy; but his glory is to ſubdue men. Adieu, valour! ruſt, rapier! be ſtill, drum! for your manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Aſſiſt me, ſome extemporal God of rhime, for, I am ſure, I ſhall turn ſonnetteer. Deviſe wit, write pen, for I am for whole volumes in folio. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Before the King of Naverre's *Palace.*

Enter the Princeſs of France, Roſaline, Maria, Catharine, Boyet, *Lords and other Attendants.*

BOYET.

NOW, Madam, ſummon up your deareſt ſpirits;
Conſider, whom the King your father ſends;
To whom he ſends, and what's his embaſſy.
Yourſelf, held precious in the world's eſteem,
To parley with the ſole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchleſs *Navarre;* the plea, of no leſs weight
Than *Aquitain*, a dowry for a Queen.
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
As nature was in making graces dear,
When ſhe did ſtarve the general world beſide,
And prodigally gave them all to you.

Prin.

Prin. Good lord *Boyet*, my beauty, though but mean,
Needs not the painted flouriſh of your praiſe;
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not utter'd by baſe ſale of chapmens' tongues.
I am leſs proud to hear you tell my worth,
Than you much willing to be counted wiſe,
In ſpending thus your wit in praiſe of mine.
But now, to taſk the taſker; good *Boyet*,
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
Doth noiſe abroad, *Navarre* hath made a vow,
'Till painful ſtudy ſhall out-wear three years,
No woman may approach his ſilent Court;
Therefore to us ſeems it a needful courſe,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleaſure; and in that behalf,
Bold of your worthineſs, we ſingle you
As our beſt-moving fair ſolicitor.
Tell him, the daughter of the King of *France*,
On ſerious buſineſs, craving quick diſpatch,
Importunes perſonal conference with his Grace.
Haſte, ſignify ſo much, while we attend,
Like humble-viſag'd ſuitors, his high will.

Boyet Proud of employment, willingly I go. [*Exit.*

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is ſo;
Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous King?

Lord. Longaville is one.

Prin. Know ye the man?

Mar. I knew him, Madam, at a marriage-feaſt,
Between lord *Perigort* and the beauteous heir
Of *Jaques Faulconbridge* ſolemnized.
In *Normandy* ſaw I this *Longaville*,
A man of ſovereign parts he is eſteem'd;
Well fitted in the arts, glorious in arms,
Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well.
The only ſoil of his fair virtue's gloſs,
(If virtue's gloſs will ſtain with any ſoil,)

Is a ſharp wit, match'd with too blunt a will;
Whoſe edge hath power to cut, whoſe will ſtill wills
It ſhould ſpare none, that come within his power.

Prin. Some merry-mocking lord, belike; is't ſo?

Mar. They ſay ſo moſt, that moſt his humours know.

Prin. Such ſhort-liv'd wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the reſt?

Cath. The young *Dumain*, a well-accompliſh'd youth,
Of all that virtue love, for virtue lov'd.
Moſt power to do moſt harm, leaſt knowing ill;
For he hath wit to make an ill ſhape good,
And ſhape to win grace, tho' he had no wit.
I ſaw him at the Duke *Alanſon's* once,
And much too little of that good I ſaw,
Is my report to his great worthineſs.

Roſ. Another of theſe ſtudents at that time
Was there with him, as I have heard a truth;
Biron they call him; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never ſpent an hour's talk withal.
His eye begets occaſion for his wit;
For every object, that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jeſt;
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expoſitor)
Delivers in ſuch apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales;
And younger hearings are quite raviſhed;
So ſweet and voluble is his diſcourſe.

Prin. God bleſs my ladies, are they all in love,
That every one her own hath garniſhed
With ſuch bedecking ornaments of praiſe!

Mar. Here comes *Boyet*.

Enter Boyet.

Prin. Now, what admittance, Lord?

Boyet. *Navarre* had notice of your fair approach;
And he and his competitors in oath

Were

Were all addreſt to meet you, gentle lady,
Before I came: marry, thus much I've learnt,
He rather means to lodge you in the field,
Like one that comes here to beſiege his Court,
Than ſeek a diſpenſation for his oath,
To let you enter his unpeopled houſe.
Here comes *Navarre*.

SCENE II.

Enter the King, Longaville, Dumain, Biron, *and Attendants.*

King. FAIR Princeſs, welcome to the Court of *Navarre*.

Prin. Fair I give you back again; and welcome I have not yet: the roof of this Court is too high to be yours; and welcome to the wide fields, too baſe to be mine.

King. You ſhall be welcome, Madam, to my Court.

Prin. I will be welcome then; conduct me thither.

King. Hear me, dear lady, I have ſworn an oath.

Prin. Our Lady help my lord! he'll be forſworn.

King. Not for the world, fair Madam, by my will.

Prin. Why, Will ſhall break its will, and nothing elſe.

King. Your ladyſhip is ignorant what it is.

Prin. Were my Lord ſo, his ignorance were wiſe,
Where now his knowledge muſt prove ignorance.
I hear, your Grace hath ſworn out houſe-keeping:
'Tis deadly ſin to keep that oath, my Lord;
Not ſin to break it.——
But pardon me, I am too ſudden bold:
To teach a teacher ill beſeemeth me.
Vouchſafe to read the purpoſe of my Coming,
And ſuddenly reſolve me in my ſuit.

King. Madam, I will, if ſuddenly I may.

Prin. You will the ſooner, that I were away;
For you'll prove perjur'd, if you make me ſtay.

Biron.

Biron. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?
Roſ. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?
Biron. I know, you did.
Roſ. How needleſs was it then to aſk the queſtion?
Biron. You muſt not be ſo quick.
Roſ. 'Tis long of you, that ſpur me with ſuch queſtions.
Biron. Your wit's too hot, it ſpeeds too faſt, 'twill tire.
Roſ. Not 'till it leave the rider in the mire.
Biron. What time o'day?
Roſ. The hour, that fools ſhould aſk.
Biron. Now fair befal your maſk!
Roſ. Fair fall the face it covers!
Biron. And ſend you many lovers!
Roſ. Amen, ſo you be none!
Biron. Nay, then will I be gone.
King. Madam, your father here doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thouſand crowns;
Being but th' one half of an intire ſum,
Diſburſed by my father in his wars.
But ſay, that he, or we, as neither have,
Receiv'd that ſum; yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thouſand more; in ſurety of the which,
One part of *Aquitain* is bound to us,
Although not valu'd to the money's worth:
If then the King your father will reſtore
But that one half which is unſatisfy'd,
We will give up our right in *Aquitain*,
And hold fair friendſhip with his Majeſty:
But that, it ſeems, he little purpoſeth,
For here he doth demand to have repaid
An hundred thouſand crowns, and not demands,
On payment of an hundred thouſand crowns,
To have his title live in *Aquitain*,
Which we much rather had depart withal,
And have the money by our father lent,
Than *Aquitain* ſo gelded as it is.

Dear

Dear Princeſs, were not his requeſts ſo far
From reaſon's yielding, your fair ſelf ſhould make
A yielding 'gainſt ſome reaſon in my breaſt;
And go well ſatisfied to *France* again.

Prin. You do the King my father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In ſo unſeeming to confeſs receipt
Of that, which hath ſo faithfully been paid.

King. I do proteſt, I never heard of it;
And if you prove it, I'll repay it back,
Or yield up *Aquitain.*

Prin. We arreſt your word:
Boyet, you can produce acquittances
For ſuch a ſum, from ſpecial officers
Of *Charles* his father.

King. Satisfy me ſo.

Boyet. So pleaſe your Grace, the packet is not come,
Where that and other ſpecialties are bound:
To-morrow you ſhall have a ſight of them.

King. It ſhall ſuffice me; at which interview,
All liberal reaſon I will yield unto:
Mean time, receive ſuch welcome at my hand,
As honour without breach of honour may
Make tender of; to thy true worthineſs.
You may not come, fair Princeſs, in my gates;
But here, without, you ſhall be ſo receiv'd,
As you ſhall deem yourſelf lodg'd in my heart,
Tho' ſo deny'd fair harbour in my houſe:
Your own good thoughts excuſe me, and farewel;
To-morrow we ſhall viſit you again.

Prin. Sweet health and fair deſires conſort your Grace!

King. Thy own Wiſh wiſh I thee, in every place. [*Exit.*

Biron. Lady, I will commend you to my own heart.

Roſ. I pray you, do my commendations;
I would be glad to ſee it.

Biron. I would, you heard it groan.

Roſ.

Roſ. Is the fool ſick?
Biron. Sick at the heart.
Roſ. Alack, let it blood.
Biron. Would that do it good?
Roſ. My phyſic ſays, ay.
Biron. Will you prick't with your eye?
Roſ. *No, poynt*, with my knife.
Biron. Now God ſave thy life!
Roſ. And yours from long living!
Biron. I cannot ſtay thankſgiving. [*Exit.*
Dum. Sir, I pray you a word: what lady is that fame?
Boyet. The heir of *Alanſon*, *Roſaline* her name.
Dum. A gallant lady; Monſieur, fare you well. [*Exit.*
Long. I beſeech you, a word: what is ſhe in white?
Boyet. A woman ſometimes, if you ſaw her in the light.
Long. Perchance, light in the light; I deſire her name.
Boyet. She hath but one for herſelf; to deſire That, were a ſhame.
Long. Pray you, Sir, whoſe daughter?
Boyet. Her mother's, I have heard.
Long. God's bleſſing on your beard!
Boyet. Good Sir, be not offended.
She is an heir of *Faulconbridge*.
Long. Nay, my choller is ended:
She is a moſt ſweet lady.
Boyet. Not unlike, Sir; that may be. [*Exit* Long.
Biron. What's her name in the cap?
Boyet. *Catharine*, by good hap
Biron. Is ſhe wedded, or no?
Boyet. To her will, Sir, or ſo.
Biron. You are welcome, Sir; adieu!
Boyet. Farewel to me, Sir, and welcome to you. [*Exit* Biron.
Mar. That laſt is *Biron*, the merry mad-cap lord;
Not a word with him but a jeſt. *Boyet.*

Boyet. And every jeſt but a word.

Prin. It was well done of you to take him at his word.

Boyet. I was as willing to grapple, as he was to board.

Mar. Two hot ſheeps, marry.

Boyet. And wherefore not ſhips?
No ſheep, (ſweet lamb) unleſs we feed on your lips.

Mar. You ſheep, and I paſture; ſhall that finiſh the jeſt?

Boyet. So you grant paſture for me.

Mar. Not ſo, gentle beaſt;
My lips are no common, though ſeveral they be.

Boyet. Belonging to whom?

Mar. To my fortunes and me.

Prin. Good wits will be jangling; but, gentles, agree.
This civil war of wits were much better us'd
On *Navarre*, and his book-men; for here 'tis abus'd.

Boyet. If my obſervation, (which very ſeldom lies)
By the heart's ſtill rhetoric, diſcloſed with eyes,
Deceive me not now, *Navarre* is infected.

Prin. With what?

Boyet. With that which we lovers intitle affected.

Prin. Your reaſon?

Boyet. Why, all his behaviours did make their retire
To the Court of his eye, peeping thorough deſire:
His heart, like an agat with your print impreſſed,
Proud with his form, in his eye pride expreſſed:
His tongue, all impatient to ſpeak and not ſee,
Did ſtumble with haſte in his eye-ſight to be:
All ſenſes to that ſenſe did make their repair,
To feel only looking on faireſt of fair;
Methought, all his ſenſes were lock'd in his eye,
As jewels in cryſtal for ſome Prince to buy;
Who tend'ring their own worth, from whence they were glaſst,
Did point out to buy them, along as you paſt.

His

His face's own margent did quote ſuch amazes,
That all eyes ſaw his eyes inchanted with gazes:
I'll give you *Aquitain*, and all that is his,
An' you give him for my ſake but one loving kiſs.

Prin. Come, to our pavilion: *Boyet* is diſpos'd—

Boyet. But to ſpeak that in words, which his eye hath diſclos'd;
I only have made a mouth of his eye,
By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

Roſ. Thou art an old love-monger, and ſpeakeſt ſkilfully.

Mar. He is *Cupid*'s grandfather, and learns news of him.

Roſ. Then was *Venus* like her mother, for her father is but grim.

Boyet. Do you hear, my mad wenches?

Mar. No.

Boyet. What then, do you ſee?

Roſ. Ay, our way to be gone.

Boyet. You are too hard for me. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Park; *near the Palace.*

Enter Armado *and* Moth.

ARMADO.

WARBLE, child; make paſſionate my ſenſe of hearing.

Moth. Concolinel—— [*Singing*

Arm. Sweet Air! go, tenderneſs of years; take this key, give enlargement to the ſwain; bring him feſtinately hither: I muſt employ him in a letter to my love.

Moth. Maſter, will you win your love with a *French* brawl?

Arm. How mean'ſt thou, brawling in *French*?

Moth.

Moth. No, my complete maſter; but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet, humour it with turning up your eye-lids; ſigh a note and ſing a note; ſometimes through the throat, as if you ſwallow'd love with ſinging love; ſometimes through the noſe, as if you ſnuft up love by ſmelling love; with your hat penthouſe-like, o'er the ſhop of your eyes; with your arms croſt on your thin-belly doublet, like a rabbet on a ſpit; or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting; and keep not too long in one tune, but a ſnip and away: * theſe are compliſhments, theſe are humours; theſe betray nice wenches that would be betray'd without theſe, and make them men of note (do you note me?) that are moſt affected to theſe?

Arm. How haſt thou purchas'd this experience?

Moth. By my pen of obſervation.

Arm. But O, but O——

Moth. The hobby-horſe is forgot.

Arm. Call'ſt thou my love hobby-horſe?

Moth. No, maſter; the hobby-horſe is but a colt, and your love, perhaps, a hackney: but have you forgot your love?

Arm. Almoſt I had.

Moth. Negligent ſtudent, learn her by heart.

Arm. By heart, and in heart, boy.

Moth. And out of heart, maſter: all thoſe three I will prove.

Arm. What wilt thou prove?

Moth. A man, if I live: And this *by*, *in*, and *out of*, upon the inſtant: *by* heart you love her, becauſe your heart cannot come by her: *in* heart you love her, becauſe your heart is in love with her; and *out of* heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Arm. I am all theſe three.

* *theſe are* compliments.] We ſhould read, '*compliſhments*, *i. e.* accompliſhments.

Moth.

Moth. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

Arm. Fetch hither the ſwain, he muſt carry me a letter.

Moth. A meſſage well ſympathiz'd; a horſe to be embaſſador for an aſs.

Arm. Ha, ha; what ſay'ſt thou?

Moth. Marry, Sir, you muſt ſend the aſs upon the horſe, for he is very ſlow-gaited: but I go.

Arm. The way is but ſhort; away.

Moth. As ſwift as lead, Sir.

Arm. Thy meaning, pretty ingenious?
Is not lead of metal heavy, dull and ſlow?

Moth. *Minimè*, honeſt maſter; or rather maſter, no.

Arm. I ſay, lead is ſlow.

Moth. You are too ſwift, Sir, to ſay ſo.
Is that lead ſlow, Sir, which is fir'd from a gun?

Arm. Sweet ſmoke of rhetoric!
He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, that's he:
I ſhoot thee at the ſwain.

Moth Thump then, and I fly. [*Exit.*

Arm. A moſt acute *Juvenile*, voluble and free of grace;
By thy favour, ſweet welkin, I muſt ſigh in thy face.
Moſt rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.
My herald is return'd.

SCENE II.

Re-enter Moth *and* Coſtard.

Moth. A Wonder, maſter, here's a *Coſtard* broken in a ſhin.

Arm. Some enigma, ſome riddle; come, thy *l'envoy* begin.

Coſt. No egma, nō riddle, no *l'envoy*; no ſalve in the male, Sir. O Sir, plantan, a plain plantan; no *l'envoy*, no *l'envoy*, or ſalve, Sir, but plantan.

Arm. By vertue, thou enforceſt laughter; thy ſilly thought, my ſpleen; the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous ſmiling: O pardon me, my ſtars! doth the inconſiderate take ſalve for *l'envoy*, and the word *l'envoy* for a ſalve?

Moth. Doth the wiſe think them other? is not *l'envoy* a ſalve?

Arm. No, page, it is an epilogue or diſcourſe, to make plain.

Some obſcure precedence that hath tofore been ſain.
I will example it. Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my *l'envoy*.
The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were ſtill at odds, being but three.
There's the moral, now the *l'envoy*.

Moth. I will add the *l'envoy;* ſay the moral again.

Arm. The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were ſtill at odds, being but three.

Moth. Until the gooſe came out of door,
And ſtay'd the odds by adding four.
A good *l'envoy*, ending in the gooſe; would you deſire more?

Coſt. The boy hath ſold him a bargain; a gooſe, that's flat;
Sir, your penny-worth is good, an' your gooſe be fat.
To ſell a bargain well is as cunning as faſt and looſe.
Let me ſee a fat *l'envoy;* I, that's a fat gooſe.

Arm. Come hither, come hither;
How did this argument begin?

Moſt. By ſaying, that a *Coſtard* was broken in a ſhin.
Then call'd you for a *l'envoy*.

Coſt. True, and I for a plantan;
Thus came the argument in;
Then the boy's fat *l'envoy*, the gooſe that you bought,
And he ended the market.

Arm. But tell me; how was there a *Coſtard* broken in a ſhin?

Moth.

Moth. I will tell you ſenſibly.

Coſt. Thou haſt no feeling of it, *Moth.* I will ſpeak that *l'envoy.* *Coſtard* running out, that was ſafely within, Fell over the threſhold and broke my ſhin.

Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.

Coſt. 'Till there be more matter in the ſhin.

Arm. Sirrah, *Coſtard*, I will infranchiſe thee.

Coſt. O, marry me to one *Francis;* I ſmell ſome *l'envoy*, ſome gooſe in this.

Arm. By my ſweet ſoul, I mean, ſetting thee at liberty; enfreedoming thy perſon; thou wert immur'd, reſtrained, captivated, bound.

Coſt. True, true, and now you will be my purgation, and let me looſe.

Arm. I give thee thy liberty, ſet thee from durance, and, in lieu thereof, impoſe on thee nothing but this; bear this ſignificant to the country-maid *Jaquenetta;* there is remuneration; for the beſt ward of mine honours is rewarding my dependants. *Moth*, follow.—

[*Exit.*

Moth. Like the ſequele, I. Signior *Coſtard*, adieu.

[*Exit.*

Coſt. My ſweet ounce of man's fleſh, my in-cony jewel! Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration! O, that's the *Latin* word for three farthings: three farthings remuneration: What's the price of this incle? a penny. No, I'll give you a remuneration: why, it carries it. Remuneration! —why, it is a fairer name than a *French* crown. I will never buy and ſell out of this word.

SCENE III.

Enter Biron.

Biron. O My good knave *Coſtard*, exceedingly well met.

Coſt. Pray you, Sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Biron. What is a remuneration?

Coſt. Marry, Sir, half-penny farthing.

Biron. O, why then three farthings worth of ſilk.

Coſt. I thank your worſhip, God be with you.

Biron. O ſtay, ſlave, I muſt employ thee:
As thou wilt win my favour, my good knave,
Do one thing for me that I ſhall intreat.

Coſt. When would you have it done, Sir?

Biron. O, this afternoon.

Coſt. Well, I will do it, Sir: fare you well.

Biron. O, thou knoweſt not what it is.

Coſt. I ſhall know, Sir, when I have done it.

Biron. Why, villain, thou muſt know firſt.

Coſt. I will come to your worſhip to-morrow morning.

Biron. It muſt be done this afternoon.
Hark, ſlave, it is but this:
The Princeſs comes to hunt here in the park:
And in her train there is a gentle lady;
When tongues ſpeak ſweetly, then they name her name,
And *Roſaline* they call her; aſk for her,
And to her ſweet hand ſee thou do commend
This ſeal'd-up counſel. There's thy guerdon; go.

Coſt. Guerdon,——O ſweet guerdon! better than remuneration, eleven-pence farthing better: moſt ſweet guerdon! I will do it, Sir, in print. Guerdon, remuneration.—— [*Exit.*

Biron. O! and I, forſooth, in love!
I, that have been love's whip;
A very beadle to a humorous ſigh:
A critic; nay, a night-watch conſtable;
A domineering pedant o'er the boy,
Than whom no mortal more magnificent.
This whimpled, whining, purblind, wayward boy,

This

This *Signior *Junio*'s giant-dwarf, Dan *Cupid*,
Regent of love-rhimes, lord of folded arms,
Th' anointed Sovereign of ſighs and groans:
Leige of all loyterers and malecontents:
Dread Prince of plackets, King of codpieces:
Sole Imperator, and great General
Of trotting parators: (O my little heart!)
And I to be a corporal of his File,
And wear his colours! like a tumbler, ſtoop!
What? I love! I ſue! I ſeek a wife!
A Woman, that is like a *German* clock,
Still a repairing; ever out of frame,
And never going aright, being a watch,
But being watch'd, that it may ſtill go right!
Nay, to be perjur'd, which is worſt of all:
And, among three, to love the worſt of all;
A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,
With two pitch balls ſtuck in her face for eyes;
Ay, and by heav'n, one that will do the deed,
Tho' *Argus* were her eunuch and her guard;
And I to ſigh for her! to watch for her!
To pray for her! go to:—It is a plague,
That *Cupid* will impoſe for my neglect
Of his almighty, dreadful, little, Might.
Well, I will love, write, ſigh, pray, ſue and groan:
Some men muſt love my lady, and ſome *Joan*. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Pavilion in the Park near the Palace.

Enter the Princeſs, Roſaline, Maria, Catharine, *Lords*, *Attendants*, *and a Foreſter.*

PRINCESS.

WAS that the King that ſpurr'd his horſe ſo hard
Againſt the ſteep upriſing of the hill?

* *Signior* Junio's] By this is meant *Youth* in general.

Boyet. I know not; but, I think, it was not he.
Prin. Who e'er he was, he ſhew'd a mounting mind.
Well, lords, to day we ſhall have our diſpatch;
On *Saturday* we will return to *France.*
Then Foreſter, my friend, where is the buſh,
That we muſt ſtand and play the murtherer in?
For. Here by, upon the edge of yonder coppice;
A ſtand, where you may make the faireſt ſhoot.
Prin. I thank my beauty, I am fair, that ſhoot:
And thereupon thou ſpeak'ſt the faireſt ſhoot.
For. Pardon me, madam: for I meant not ſo.
Prin. What, what? firſt praiſe me, then again ſay, no?
O ſhort-liv'd pride! not fair? alack, for woe!
For. Yes, madam, fair.
Prin. Nay, never paint me now;
Where fair is not, praiſe cannot mend the brow.
Here, good my glaſs, take this for telling true;
Fair payment for foul words is more than due.
For. Nothing but fair is that, which you inherit.
Prin. See, ſee, my beauty will be ſav'd by merit.
O hereſy in fair, fit for theſe days!
A giving hand, though foul, ſhall have fair praiſe.
But come, the bow; now mercy goes to kill,
And ſhooting well is then accounted ill.
Thus will I ſave my credit in the ſhoot,
Not wounding, Pity would not let me do't:
If wounding, then it was to ſhew my Skill;
That more for praiſe, than purpoſe, meant to kill.
And, out of queſtion, ſo it is ſometimes;
Glory grows guilty of deteſted crimes;
When for fame's ſake, for praiſe, an outward part,
We bend to that the working of the heart.
As I for praiſe alone now ſeek to ſpill
The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.
Boyet. Do not curſt wives hold that ſelf-ſovereignty

Only

Only for praiſe-ſake, when they ſtrive to be
Lords o'er their lords?

Prin. Only for praiſe; and praiſe we may afford
To any lady, that ſubdues her lord.

Enter Coſtard.

Boyet. Here comes a member of the common-wealth.

Coſt. God dig-you-den all; pray you, which is the head lady?

Prin. Thou ſhalt know her, fellow, by the reſt that have no heads.

Coſt. Which is the greateſt lady, the higheſt?

Prin. The thickeſt and the talleſt.

Coſt. The thickeſt and the talleſt? it is ſo, truth is truth.

* An' my waſte, miſtreſs, were as ſlender as your wit,
One o' theſe maids girdles for my waſte ſhould be fit.
Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickeſt here.

Prin. What's your will, Sir? what's your will?

Coſt. I have a letter from Monſieur *Biron*, to one lady *Roſaline*.

Prin. O thy letter, thy letter: he's a good friend of mine.
Stand aſide, good bearer.—*Boyet*, you can carve;
Break up this capon.

Boyet. I am bound to ſerve.
This letter is miſtook, it importeth none here;
It is writ to *Jaquenetta*.

* *An'* your *waſte, miſtreſs, were as ſlender as* my *wit,*
One o' theſe maids girdles for your *waſte ſhould be fit.*] And was not one of her Maid's Girdles fit for her? It is plain that *my* and *your* have all the Way changed Places, by ſome Accident or other; and that the Lines ſhould be read thus,

An' my *waſte, miſtreſs, was as ſlender as* your *wit,*
One of theſe maids girdles for my *waſte ſhould be fit.*

Prin. We will read it, I ſwear.
Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.

Boyet *reads.*

BY heaven, that thou art fair, is moſt infallible; true, that thou art beauteous; truth itſelf, that thou art lovely; more fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer than truth itſelf; have commiſeration on thy heroical vaſſal. The magnanimous and moſt illuſtrate King Cophetua *ſet eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar* Zenelophon; *and he it was that might rightly ſay,* veni, vidi, vici; *which to anatomize in the vulgar, (O baſe and obſcure vulgar!)* videlicet, *he came, ſaw, and overcame; he came, one; ſaw, two; overcame, three. Who came? the King. Why did he come? to ſee. Why did he ſee? to overcome. To whom came he? to the beggar. What ſaw he? the beggar. Who overcame he? the beggar. The concluſion is victory; on whoſe ſide? the King's; the captive is inrich'd: on whoſe ſide? the beggar's. The cataſtrophe is a nuptial: on whoſe ſide? the King's? no, on both in one, or one in both: I am the King, (for ſo ſtands the compariſon) thou the beggar, for ſo witneſſeth thy lowlineſs. Shall I command thy love? I may. Shall I enforce thy love? I could. Shall I entreat thy love? I will. What ſhalt thou exchange for rags? robes; for tittles? titles: for thyſelf? me. Thus expecting thy reply, I prophane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part.*

Thine in the deareſt deſign of induſtry,

Don Adriano de Armado.

Thus doſt thou hear the *Nemean* lion roar
'Gainſt thee, thou lamb, that ſtandeſt as his prey;
Submiſſive fall his princely feet before,
And he from forage will incline to play.
But if thou ſtrive (poor ſoul) what art thou then?
Food for his rage, repaſture for his den.

Prin.

Prin. What plume of feathers is he, that indited this letter?
What vane? what weathercock? did you ever hear better?

Boyet. I am much deceived, but I remember the ſtile.

Prin. Elſe your memory is bad, going o'er it ere while.

Boyet. This *Armado* is a *Spaniard* that keeps here in Court,
A phantaſme, a monarcho, and one that makes ſport
To the Prince, and his book-mates.

Prin. Thou, fellow, a word:
Who gave thee this letter?

Coſt. I told you; my lord.

Prin. To whom ſhould'ſt thou give it?

Coſt. From my lord to my lady.

Prin. From which lord to which lady?

Coſt. From my lord *Berown*, a good maſter of mine,
To a lady of *France*, that he call'd *Roſaline*.

Prin. Thou haſt miſtaken his letter. Come, lords, away.
Here, ſweet, put up this; 'twill be thine another day.
[*Exit* Princeſs *attended*.

Boyet. Who is the ſhooter? who is the ſhooter?

Roſ. Shall I teach you to know?

Boyet. Ay, my continent of beauty.

Roſ. Why, ſhe that bears the bow. Finely put off.

Boyet. My lady goes to kill horns: but if thou marry,
Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miſcarry.
Finely put on.——

Roſ. Well then, I am the ſhooter.

Boyet. And who is your Deer?

Roſ. If we chuſe by horns, yourſelf; come not near.
Finely put on, indeed.——

Mar. You ſtill wrangle with her, *Boyet*, and ſhe ſtrikes at the brow.

Boyet. But ſhe herſelf is hit lower. Have I hit her now?

Roſ. Shall I come upon thee with an old ſaying, that was a man when King *Pippin* of *France* was a little boy, as touching the hit it?

Boyet. So I may anſwer thee with one as old, that was a woman when Queen *Guinover* of *Britain* was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

Roſ. *Thou can'ſt not hit it, hit it, hit it.* [Singing.
Thou can'ſt not hit it, my good man.

Boyet. *An' I cannot, cannot, cannot;*
An' I cannot, another can. [*Exit* Roſ.

Coſt. By my troth, moſt pleaſant; how both did fit it.

Mar. A mark marvellous well ſhot; for they both did hit it.

Boyet. A mark? O, mark but that mark! a mark, ſays my lady;
Let the mark have a prick in't; to meet at, if it may be.

Mar. Wide o' th' bow-hand; i'faith, your hand is out.

Coſt. Indeed, a' muſt ſhoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit the clout.

Boyet. An' if my hand be out, then, belike, your hand is in.

Coſt. Then will ſhe get the upſhot by cleaving the pin.

Mar. Come, come, you talk greaſily: your lips grow foul.

Coſt. She's too hard for you at pricks, Sir, challenge her to bowl.

Boyet. I fear too much rubbing; good night my good owl. [*Exeunt all but* Coſtard.

Coſt. By my ſoul, a ſwain; a moſt ſimple clown!
Lord, Lord! how the ladies and I have put him down!

O'

O' my troth, moſt ſweet jeſts, moſt in-cony vulgar wit,
When it comes ſo ſmoothly off, ſo obſcenely; as it were, ſo fit.
Armado o' th' one ſide,—O, a moſt dainty man;
To ſee him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan.
To ſee him kiſs his hand, and how moſt ſweetly he will ſwear:
And his Page o' t'other ſide, that handful of Wit;
Ah, heav'ns! it is a moſt pathetical Nit.

[*Exit* Coſtard.

[*Shouting within.*

SCENE II.

Enter Dull, Holofernes, *and Sir* Nathaniel.

Nath. VERY reverend ſport, truly; and done in the teſtimony of a good Conſcience.

Hol. The deer was (as you know) *ſanguis*, in blood; ripe as a pomwater, who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of *Cælo*, the ſky, the welkin, the heav'n; and anon falleth like a crab on the face of *Terra*, the ſoil, the land, the earth.

Nath. Truly, maſter *Holofernes*, the epithets are ſweetly varied, like a ſcholar at the leaſt: but, Sir, I aſſure ye, it was a buck of the firſt head.

Hol. Sir *Nathaniel*, *haud credo*.

Dull. 'Twas not a *haud credo*, 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Moſt barbarous intimation; yet a kind of inſinuation, as it were *in via*, in way of explication; *facere*, as it were, replication; or rather, *oſtentare*, to ſhow, as it were his inclination; after his undreſſed, unpoliſhed, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or rathereſt unconfirmed faſhion, to inſert again my *haud credo* for a deer.

Dull. I ſaid, the deer was not a *haud credo*; 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Twice ſod ſimplicity, *bis coctus*; O thou monſter ignorance, how deformed doſt thou look?

Nath. Sir, he hath never fed on the dainties that are bred in a book. He hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink. His intellect is not repleniſhed. He is only an animal, only ſenſible in the duller parts; and ſuch barren plants are ſet before us, that we thankful ſhould be for thoſe parts, (which we taſte and feel, *ingradare)* that do fructify in us, more than He.

For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiſcreet, or a fool;

So were there a patch ſet on learning, to ſee him in a ſchool.

But *omne bene*, ſay I; being of an old father's mind,

Many can brook the weather, that love not the wind.

Dull. You two are book-men; can you tell by your wit,

What was a month old at *Cain*'s birth, that's not five weeks old as yet?

Hol. Dictynna, good-man *Dull*; *Dictynna*, good-man *Dull*.

Dull. What is *Dictynna*?

Nath. A title to *Phœbe*, to *Luna*, to the *Moon*.

Hol. The moon was a month old, when *Adam* was no more:

And rought not to five weeks, when he came to fiveſcore.

* Th' alluſion holds in the exchange.

Dull. 'Tis true, indeed; the collūſion holds in the exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity! I ſay, the alluſion holds in the exchange.

Dull. And I ſay, the pollution holds in the exchange; for the moon is never but a month old;

* *Th' alluſion holds in the exchange.*] i. e. the Riddle is as good when I uſe the Name of *Adam*, as when you uſe the Name of *Cain*.

and

and I ſay beſide, that 'twas a pricket that the Princeſs kill'd.

Hol. Sir *Nathaniel*, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? and to humour the ignorant, I have call'd the deer the Princeſs kill'd, a pricket.

Nath. Perge, good maſter *Holofernes*, *perge*; ſo it ſhall pleaſe you to abrogate ſcurrility.

Hol. I will ſomething affect the letter; for it argues facility.

The praiſeful Princeſs pierc'd and prickt
A pretty pleaſing pricket;
Some ſay, a ſore; but not a ſore,
'Till now made ſore with ſhooting.
The dogs did yell; put L to ſore,
Then ſorel jumpt from thicket;
Or pricket ſore, or elſe ſorel,
The people fall a hooting.
If ſore be ſore, then L to ſore
** Makes fifty ſores, of ſorel!*
Of one ſore I an hundred make,
By adding but one more L.

Nath. A rare talent!

Dull. If a talent be a claw, look now he claws him with a talent.

Hol. This is a gift that I have, ſimple, ſimple; a fooliſh extravagant ſpirit, full of forms, figures, ſhapes, objects, ideas, apprehenſions, motions, revolutions. Theſe are begot in the ventricle of memory, nouriſh'd in the womb of *pia mater*, and deliver'd upon the mellowing of occaſion; but the gift is good

* *Makes fifty ſores, O ſorel!* We ſhould read, *of ſorel*, alluding to L being the Numeral for 50. *Concerning the Beaſts of Chaſe, whereof the Buck, being the firſt, is called as followeth; the firſt Year a Fawn; the ſecond Year a* Pricket; *the third Year, a* Sorel; *the fourth Year, a* Sore; *the fifth Year, a Buck of the firſt Head*, &c.

in

in thoſe in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

Nath. Sir, I praiſe the lord for you, and ſo may my pariſhioners; for their ſons are well tutor'd by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you; you are a good member of the commonwealth.

Hol. Mehercle, if their ſons be ingenuous, they ſhall want no inſtruction: if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them. But *vir ſapit, qui pauca loquitur;* a ſoul feminine ſaluteth us.

SCENE III.

Enter Jaquenetta, *and* Coſtard.

Jaq. GOD give you good-morrow, maſter Parſon.

Hol. Maſter Parſon, *quaſi* Perſon. And if one ſhould be pierc'd, which is the one?

Coſt. Marry, maſter ſchool-maſter, he that is likeſt to a hogſhead.

Hol. Of piercing a hogſhead, a good Luſtre of conceit in a turf of earth, fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a ſwine: 'Tis pretty, it is well.

Jaq. Good maſter Parſon, be ſo good as read me this letter; it was given me by *Coſtard*, and ſent me from Don *Armatho;* I beſeech you, read it.

Hol. Fauſte, *precor, gelida quando pecus omne ſub umbra*
Ruminat, and ſo forth. Ah, good old *Mantuan*, I may ſpeak of thee as the traveller doth of *Venice; Vinegia, Vinegia! qui non te vedi, ei non te pregia.* Old *Mantuan*, old *Mantuan!* Who underſtandeth thee not, loves thee not: —*ut re ſol la mi fa.* Under pardon, Sir, what are the contents? or rather, as *Horace* ſays in his: What! my ſoul! verſes?

Nath. Ay, Sir, and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a ſtaff, a ſtanza, a verſe; *Lege, Domine.*

Nath.

Nath. If love make me forſworn, how ſhall I ſwear to love?
Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd;
Tho' to myſelf forſworn, to thee I'll faithful prove;
Thoſe thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like oſiers bow'd.
Study his biaſs leaves, and makes his book thine eyes;
Where all thoſe pleaſures live, that art would comprehend:
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee ſhall ſuffice;
Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend.
All ignorant that Soul, that ſees thee without wonder:
Which is to me ſome praiſe, that I thy parts admire;
Thy eye *Jove*'s lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder;
Which, not to anger bent, is muſic, and ſweet fire.
Celeſtial as thou art, Oh pardon, love, this wrong,
That ſings heav'n's praiſe with ſuch an earthly tongue.

Hol. You find not the *Apoſtrophes*, and ſo miſs the accent. * Let me ſuperviſe the canzonet. Here are only numbers ratify'd; but for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poeſy, *caret: Ovidius Naſo* was the man. And why, indeed, *Naſo*; but for ſmelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy? the jerks of invention? *imitari*, is nothing: † ſo doth the hound his

* *Let me ſuperviſe*, &c.] The common Editions give this Speech to *Nathaniel*. Dr. *Thirlby* reſtores it rightly to *Holofernes*.

† *ſo doth the hound his maſter, the ape his keeper, the* tired *horſe his rider.*] The Pedant here, to run down Imitation, ſhews that it is a Quality within

his maſter, the ape his keeper, the try'd horſe his rider: But *Damoſella Virgin*, was this directly to you?

Jaq. Ay, Sir, from one Monſieur *Biron*, to one of the ſtrange Queen's Ladies.

Hol. I will overglance the ſuperſcript. *To the ſnow-white hand of the moſt beauteous lady* Roſaline. I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the perſon written too.

Your Ladyſhip's in all deſir'd employment, Biron.

This *Biron* is one of the votaries with the King; and here he hath fram'd a letter to a ſequent of the ſtranger Queen's, which accidentally, or by the way of progreſſion, hath miſcarry'd. Trip and go, my ſweet; deliver this paper into the hand of the King; it may concern much; ſtay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty: adieu.

Jaq. Good *Coſtard*, go with me. Sir, God ſave your life.

Coſt. Have with thee, my girl.

[*Exeunt* Coſt. *and* Jaq.

Nath. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiouſly: and as a certain father ſaith——

Hol. Sir, tell not me of the father, I do fear colourable colours. But, to return to the verſes; did they pleaſe you, Sir *Nathaniel*?

Nath. Marvellous well for the pen.

Hol. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where if (being repaſt) it ſhall pleaſe you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my

within the Capacity of Beaſts: That the Dog and the Ape are taught to copy Tricks by their Maſter and Keeper; and ſo is the *tir'd* Horſe by his Rider. This laſt is a wonderful Inſtance; but it happens not to be true. The Author muſt have wrote——*the* tried *Horſe his Rider:* i. e. one, *exercis'd*, and broke to the *Manage:* For he obeys every Sign, and Motion of the Rein, or of his Rider. So in the *Two Gentlemen of* Verona, the Word is uſed in the Senſe of trained, exerciſed.

pri-

privilege I have with the parents of the aforeſaid child or pupil, undertake your *ben venuto;* where will I prove thoſe verſes to be very unlearned, neither favouring of poetry, wit, nor invention. I beſeech your ſociety.

Nath. And thank you too: for ſociety (ſaith the text) is the happineſs of life.

Hol. And, certes, the text moſt infallibly concludes it. Sir, I do invite you too; [*To* Dull.] you ſhall not ſay me, nay: *Pauca verba.* Away, the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Biron, *with a paper in his hand, alone.*

Biron. THE King is hunting the deer, I am courſing myſelf. They have pitcht a toil, I am toiling in a pitch; pitch, that defiles; defile! a foul word: well, ſet thee down, ſorrow; for ſo they ſay the fool ſaid, and ſo ſay I, and I the fool. Well prov'd wit. By the Lord, this love is as mad as *Ajax*, it kills ſheep, it kills me, I a ſheep. Well prov'd again on my ſide. I will not love; if I do, hang me; i'faith, I will not. O, but her eye: by this light, but for her eye, I would not love; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love; and it hath taught me to rhime, and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhime, and here my melancholy. Well, ſhe hath one o' my ſonnets already; the clown bore it; the fool ſent it, and the lady hath it: ſweet clown, ſweeter fool, ſweeteſt lady! by the world, I would not care a pin if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper; God give him grace to groan. [*He ſtands aſide.*

Enter

Enter the King.

King. Ay me!

Biron. Shot, by heav'n! proceed, ſweet *Cupid*; thou haſt thumpt him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap: in faith, ſecrets.——

King. [*reads.*] So ſweet a kiſs the golden ſun gives not
To thoſe freſh morning drops upon the roſe,
As thy eye-beams, when their freſh rays have ſmote
The night of dew, that on my cheeks down flows;
Nor ſhrines the ſilver moon one half ſo bright,
Through the tranſparent boſom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light;
Thou ſhin'ſt in every tear that I do weep;
No drop, but as a coach doth carry thee,
So rideſt thou triumphing in my woe.
Do but behold the tears that ſwell in me,
And they thy glory through my grief will ſhew;
But do not love thyſelf, then thou wilt keep
My tears for glaſſes, and ſtill make me weep.
O Queen of Queens, how far doſt thou excel!
No thought can think, no tongue of mortal tell.—

How ſhall ſhe know my griefs? I'll drop the paper;
Sweet leaves, ſhade folly. Who is he comes here?
[*The King ſteps aſide.*

Enter Longaville.

What! *Longaville!* and reading! liſten, ear.

Biron. Now in thy likeneſs one more fool appears.

Long. Ay me! I am forſworn.

Biron. Why, he comes in like a Perjure, wearing papers.

King. In love, I hope; ſweet fellowſhip in ſhame.

Biron. One drunkard loves another of the name.

Long. Am I the firſt, that have been perjur'd ſo?

Biron.

Biron. I could put thee in comfort: not by two that I know;
Thou mak'ſt the triumviry, the three-corner-cap of ſociety,
The ſhape of love's *Tyburn*, that hangs up ſimplicity.
Long. I fear, theſe ſtubborn lines lack power to move:
O ſweet *Maria*, Empreſs of my love,
Theſe numbers will I tear, and write in proſe.
Biron. O, rhimes are guards on wanton *Cupid's* hoſe:
Diſfigure not his ſlop.
Long. The ſame ſhall go. [*He reads the ſonnet.*

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye
('Gainſt whom the world cannot hold argument)
Perſuade my heart to this falſe perjury,
Vows, for thee broke, deſerve not puniſhment:
A woman I forſwore; but I will prove,
Thou being a goddeſs, I forſwore not thee.
My vow was earthy, thou a heav'nly love:
Thy grace being gain'd, cures all diſgrace in me.
Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is;
Then thou fair ſun, which on my earth doſt ſhine,
Exhal'ſt this vapour-vow; in thee it is;
If broken then, it is no fault of mine;
If by me broke, what fool is not ſo wiſe
To loſe an oath to win a Paradiſe?

Biron. This is the liver-vain, which makes fleſh a deity;
A green gooſe a goddeſs: pure, pure idolatry.
God amend us, God amend, we are much out o' th' way.

Enter Dumain.

Long. By whom ſhall I ſend this?——company? ſtay.——

Biron.

Biron. All hid, all hid, an old infant play;
Like a demy-god, here ſit I in the ſky,
And wretched fools' ſecrets headfully o'er-eye:
More ſacks to the mill! O heav'ns, I have my wiſh;
Dumain transform'd? four woodcocks in a diſh?

Dum. O moſt divine *Kate!*

Biron. O moſt prophane coxcomb! [*aſide.*

Dum. By heav'n, the wonder of a mortal eye!

Biron. By earth, ſhe is but corporal; there you lie. [*aſide.*

Dum. Her amber hairs for foul have amber coted.

Biron. An amber-colour'd raven was well noted. [*aſide.*

Dum. As upright as the cedar.

Biron. Stoop, I ſay;
Her ſhoulder is with child. [*aſide.*

Dum. As fair as day.

Biron. Ay, as ſome days: but then no ſun muſt ſhine. [*aſide.*

Dum. O that I had my wiſh!

Long. And I had mine! [*aſide.*

King. And mine too, good Lord! [*aſide.*

Biron. Amen, ſo I had mine! Is not that a good word? [*aſide.*

Dum. I would forget her, but a fever ſhe
Reigns in my blood, and will remembred be.

Biron. A fever in your blood! why then, inciſion
Would let her out in ſawcers, ſweet miſpriſion. [*aſide.*

Dum. Once more I'll read the ode, that I have writ.

Biron. Once more I'll mark, how love can vary wit. [*aſide.*

Dumain *reads his ſonnet.*

On a day, (alack, the day!)
Love, whoſe month is ever May,
Spy'd a bloſſom paſſing fair.
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unſeen, 'gan paſſage find;

That

That the lover, ſick to death,
Wiſh'd himſelf the heaven's breath.
Air, (quoth *he) thy cheeks may blow*
Air, would I might triumph ſo!
But, alack, my hand is ſworn,
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,
Youth ſo apt to pluck a ſweet.
Do not call it ſin in me,
That I am forſworn for thee:
Thou, for whom ev'n Jove *would ſwear,*
Juno *but an Ethiope were;*
And deny himſelf for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.

This will I ſend, and ſomething elſe more plain,
That ſhall expreſs my true love's feſtring pain;
O, would the *King*, *Biron* and *Longaville*,
Were lovers too! Ill, to example Ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a perjur'd note:
For none offend, where all alike do dote.
Long. Dumain, thy love is far from charity,
That in love's grief deſir'ſt ſociety: [*coming forward.*
You may look pale; but I ſhould bluſh, I know,
To be o'er-heard, and taken napping ſo.
King. Come, Sir, you bluſh; as his, your caſe is ſuch; [*coming forward.*
You chide at him, offending twice as much.
You do not love *Maria? Longaville*
Did never ſonnet for her ſake compile;
Nor never lay'd his wreathed arms athwart
His loving boſom, to keep down his heart:
I have been cloſely ſhrowded in this buſh,
And markt you both, and for you both did bluſh.
I heard your guilty rhimes, obſerv'd your faſhion;
Saw ſighs reek from you, noted well your paſſion.
Ay me! ſays one; O *Jove!* the other cries;
Her hairs were gold, cryſtal the other's eyes.

You

You would for Paradiſe break faith and troth;
And *Jove*, for your love, would infringe an oath.
What will *Biron* ſay, when that he ſhall hear
A faith infringed, which ſuch zeal did ſwear?
How will he ſcorn? how will he ſpend his wit?
* How will he triumph, geap, and laugh at it?
For all the wealth that ever I did ſee,
I would not have him know ſo much by me.

Biron. Now ſtep I forth to whip hypocriſy.
Ah, good my Liege, I pray thee, pardon me.
[*coming forward.*
Good heart, what grace haſt thou thus to reprove
Theſe worms for loving, that art moſt in love?
Your eyes do make no coaches in your tears,
There is no certain Princeſs that appears?
You'll not be perjur'd, 'tis a hateful thing;
Tuſh; none but minſtrels like of ſonnetting.
But are you not aſham'd? nay, are you not
All three of you, to be thus much o'er-ſhot?
You found his mote, the King your mote did ſee:
But I a beam do find in each of three.
O, what a ſcene of fool'ry have I ſeen,
Of ſighs, of groans, of ſorrow, and of teen?
O me, with what ſtrict patience have I ſat,
To ſee a King transformed to a Knot!
To ſee great *Hercules* whipping a gigg!
And profound *Solomon* tuning a jigg,
And *Neſtor* play at puſh-pin with the boys,
And † Cynic *Timon* laugh at idle toys!
Where lies thy grief? O tell me, good *Dumain;*
And gentle *Longaville*, where lies thy pain?
And where my Liege's? all about the breaſt?
A candle, hoa!

King. Too bitter is thy jeſt.
Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?

Biron. Not you by me, but I betray'd by you.

* *How will he triumph*, leap, *and laugh at it?*] We ſhould certainly read, *geap*, i. e. jeer, ridicule.

† — critic *Timon* —] ought evidently to be *Cynic.*

I,

I, that am honeſt; I, that hold it ſin
To break the vow I am engaged in.
I am betray'd by keeping company
With vane-like men, of ſtrange inconſtancy.
When ſhall you ſee me write a thing in rhime?
Or groan for *Joan*? or ſpend a minute's time
In pruning me? when ſhall you hear, that I
Will praiſe a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
A gait, a ſtate, a brow, a breaſt, a waſte,
A leg, a limb?

King. Soft, whither away ſo faſt?
A true man or a thief, that gallops ſo?

Biron. I poſt from love; good lover, let me go.

Enter Jaquenetta *and* Coſtard.

Jaq. God bleſs the King!

King. What Preſent haſt thou there?

Coſt. Some certain Treaſon.

King. What makes treaſon here?

Coſt. Nay, it makes nothing, Sir.

King. If it mar nothing neither,
The treaſon and you go in peace away together.

Jaq. I beſeech your Grace, let this letter be read,
Our Parſon miſdoubts it: it was treaſon, he ſaid.

King. Biron, read it over. [*He reads the letter.*
Where hadſt thou it?

Jaq. Of *Coſtard.*

King. Where hadſt thou it?

Coſt. Of *Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.*

King. How now, what is in you? why doſt thou tear it?

Biron. A toy, my Liege, a toy: your Grace needs not fear it.

Long. It did move him to paſſion, and therefore let's hear it.

Dum. It is *Biron*'s writing and here is his name.

Biron. Ah, you whoreſon loggerhead, you were born to do me ſhame. [*To* Coſtard.

Guilty,

Guilty, my lord, guilty: I confeſs, I confeſs.
King. What?
Biron. That you three fools lack'd me fool to make up the meſs.
He, he, and you; and you, my liege, and I
Are pick-purſes in love, and we deſerve to die.
O, diſmiſs this Audience, and I ſhall tell you more.
Dum. Now the number is even.
Biron. True, true; we are four:
Will theſe turtles begone?
King. Hence, Sirs, away.
Coſt. Walk aſide the true folk, and let the traitors ſtay. [*Exeunt* Coſt. *and* Jaquen.
Biron. Sweet lords, ſweet lovers, O, let us embrace:
As true as we are, as fleſh and blood can be.
The ſea will ebb and flow, heav'n will ſhew his face:
Young blood doth not obey an old decree.
We cannot croſs the cauſe why we were born,
Therefore of all hands muſt we be forſworn.
King. What, did theſe rent lines ſhew ſome love of thine?
Biron. Did they, quoth you? Who ſees the heavenly *Roſaline*,
That (like a rude and ſavage man of *Inde*,
At the firſt opening of the gorgeous eaſt)
Bows not his vaſſal head, and, ſtrucken blind,
Kiſſes the baſe ground with obedient breaſt?
What peremptory eagle-ſighted eye
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her Majeſty?
King. What zeal, what fury, hath inſpir'd thee now?
My love (her miſtreſs) is a gracious moon;
She (an attending ſtar) ſcarce ſeen a light.
Biron. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I *Biron*.
O, but for my love, day would turn to night.
Of all complexions the cull'd Sovereignty
Do meet, as at a Fair, in her fair cheek;

Where

Where ſeveral worthies make one dignity;
Where nothing wants, that want itſelf doth ſeek.
Lend me the flouriſh of all gentle tongues;
Fie, painted rhetoric! O, ſhe needs it not:
To things of ſale a ſeller's praiſe belongs:
She paſſes praiſe; the praiſe, too ſhort, doth blot.
A wither'd hermit, fiveſcore winters worn,
Might ſhake off fifty, looking in her eye:
Beauty doth varniſh Age, as if new-born,
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy;
O 'tis the ſun, that maketh all things ſhine.
King. By heav'n, thy love is black as ebony.
Biron. Is ebony like her? O wood divine!
A wife of ſuch wood were felicity.
O, who can give an oath? where is a book,
That I may ſwear, Beauty doth beauty lack,
If that ſhe learn not of her eye to look?
No face is fair, that is not full ſo black?
King. O paradox, black is the badge of hell:
The hue of dungeons, and the ſcowl of night;
And beauty's crete becomes the heavens well.
Biron. Devils ſooneſt tempt, reſembling ſpirits of light:
O, if in black my lady's brow be deckt,
It mourns, that Painting and uſurping Hair
Should raviſh doters with a falſe aſpect:
And therefore is ſhe born to make black fair.
Her favour turns the faſhion of the days,
For native blood is counted painting now;
And therefore red, that would avoid diſpraiſe,
Paints itſelf black to imitate her brow.
Dum. To look like her, are chimney-ſweepers black.
Long. And ſince her time, are colliers counted bright.
King. And *Ethiops* of their ſweet complexion crack.
Dum. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.

Liron. Your miſtreſſes dare never come in rain,
For fear their colours ſhould be waſh'd away.
King. 'Twere good, yours did: for, Sir, to tell you plain,
I'll find a fairer face not waſh'd to day.
Biron. I'll prove her fair, or talk 'till dooms-day here.
King. No devil will fright thee then ſo much as ſhe.
Dum. I never knew man hold vile ſtuff ſo dear.
Long. Look, here's thy love; my foot and her face ſee.
Biron. O, if the ſtreets were paved with thine eyes,
Her feet were much too dainty for ſuch tread.
Dum. O vile! then as ſhe goes, what upward lies
The ſtreet ſhould ſee as ſhe walkt over head.
King. But what of this, are we not all in love?
Biron. Nothing ſo ſure, and thereby all forſworn.
King. Then leave this chat; and, good *Biron*, now prove
Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.
Dum. Ay, marry, there;——ſome flattery for this evil.
Long. O, ſome Authority how to proceed;
Some tricks, ſome quillets, how to cheat the devil.
Dum. Some ſalve for perjury.
Biron. O, 'tis more than need.
Have at you then, Affection's Men at arms;
Conſider, what you firſt did ſwear unto:
To faſt, to ſtudy, and to ſee no woman;
Flat treaſon 'gainſt the kingly ſtate of youth.
Say, can you faſt? your ſtomachs are too young:
And abſtinence ingenders maladies.
And where that you have vow'd to ſtudy, (Lords)
In that each of you hath forſworn his book.
Can you ſtill dream, and pore, and thereon look?
For when would you, my Lord, or you, or you,
Have found the ground of Study's excellence,
Without the beauty of a woman's face?

Why,

Why, univerſal plodding priſons up
The nimble ſpirits in the arteries;
As motion and long-during Action tires
The ſinewy Vigour of the traveller.
Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
You have in That forſworn the uſe of eyes;
And Study too, the cauſer of your vow.
For where is any author in the world,
* Teaches ſuch duty as a woman's eye?
Learning is but an adjunct to ourſelf,
And where we are, our Learning likewiſe is.
Then, when ourſelves we ſee in ladies eyes,
Do we not likewiſe ſee our Learning there?
O, we have made a vow to ſtudy, lords;
And in that vow we have forſworn our books:
For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,
In leaden contemplation have found out
Such fiery numbers, as the prompting eyes
Of beauteous tutors have enrich'd you with?
Other flow arts entirely keep the brain;
And therefore finding barren practiſers,
Scarce ſhew a harveſt of their heavy toil.
But love, firſt learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain:
But with the motion of all elements,
Courſes as ſwift as thought in every power;
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious Seeing to the eye:
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind!
A lover's ear will hear the loweſt Sound,
When † the ſuſpicious head of theft is ſtopt.

* *Teaches ſuch* beauty *as a woman's eye?*] This Line is abſolute Nonſenſe. We ſhould read *duty*, i. e. Ethics, or the Offices and Devoirs that belong to Man. A Woman's Eye, ſays he, teaches *Obſervance* above all other Things.

† — *the ſuſpicious head of theft is ſtopt.*] i. e. a Lover in purſuit of his Miſtreſs has his Senſe of hearing quicker than a Thief (who ſuſ

ſpects

Love's Feeling is more ſoft and ſenſible,
Than are the tender horns of cockled ſnails.
Love's Tongue proves dainty *Bacchus* groſs in Taſte;
For valour, is not Love a *Hercules*,
Still climbing trees in the *Heſperides*?
Subtle as *Sphinx*; as ſweet and muſical
As bright *Apollo*'s lute, ſtrung with his hair:
And when Love ſpeaks the voice of all the Gods,
Mark, Heaven drowſy with the harmony!
Never durſt Poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were temper'd with love's ſighs;
O, then his lines would raviſh ſavage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility.——
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They ſparkle ſtill the right *Promethean* fire,
They are the books, the arts, the academies,
That ſhew, contain, and nouriſh all the world;
Elſe none at all in aught proves excellent.
Then fools you were, theſe women to forſwear:
Or, keeping what is ſworn, you will prove fools.
For wiſdom's ſake (a word, that all men love)
Or for love's ſake, (a word, all women love;)
Or for men's ſake, (the author of theſe women;)
Or women's ſake, (by whom we men are men;)
Let us once loſe our oaths, to find ourſelves;
Or elſe we loſe ourſelves, to keep our Oaths.
It is religion to be thus forſworn,
For charity itſelf fulfils the law;
And who can ſever love from charity?

King. Saint *Cupid*, then! and, ſoldiers, to the field!

Biron. Advance your ſtandards, and upon them, Lords;
Pell-mell, down with them; but be firſt adviſ'd,
In conflict that you get the ſun of them.

peats every Sound he hears) in purſuit of his Prey. But Mr. *Theobald* ſays, there is no *Contraſt* between a Lover and a Thief: and therefore alters it to *thrift*, between which and Love, he ſays, there is a remarkable *Antitheſis*.

Long.

Long. Now to plain-dealing, lay theſe glozes by;
Shall we reſolve to woo theſe girls of *France?*
King. And win them too; therefore let us deviſe
Some entertainment for them in their Tents.
Biron. Firſt, from the Park let us conduct them thither;
Then homeward every man attach the hand
Of his fair miſtreſs; in the afternoon
We will with ſome ſtrange paſtime ſolace them,
Such as the ſhortneſs of the time can ſhape:
For revels, dances, maſks, and merry hours,
Forerun fair love, ſtrewing her way with flowers.
King. Away, away! no time ſhall be omitted,
That will be time, and may by us be fitted.
Biron. Allons! Allons! ſown Cockle reap'd no corn;
And juſtice always whirls in equal meaſure;
Light wenches may prove plagues to men forſworn;
If ſo, our copper buys no better treaſure. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The STREET.

Enter Holofernes, Nathaniel *and* Dull.

HOLOFERNES.

SATIS, quod ſufficit.

Nath. I praiſe God for you, Sir, your reaſons at dinner have been ſharp and ſententious; pleaſant without ſcurrility, witty without affectation, audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and ſtrange without hereſy: I did converſe this *quondam*-day with a companion of the King's, who is entituled, nominated, or called, *Don Adriano de Armado.*

Hol. *Novi hominem, tanquam te.* His humour is

lofty, his diſcourſe peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majeſtical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thraſonical. He is too piqued, too ſpruce, too affected, too odd, as it were; too peregrinate, as I may call it.

Nath. A moſt ſingular and choice epithet.

[*draws out his table-book.*

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verboſity finer than the ſtaple of his argument. I abhor ſuch phanatical phantaſms, ſuch inſociable and *point-deviſe* companions; ſuch rackers of orthography, as do ſpeak dout fine, when he ſhould ſay doubt; det, when he ſhould pronounce debt,; d, e, b, t; not d, e, t: he clepeth a calf, cauf: half, hauf: neighbour *vocatur* nebour; neigh abbreviated ne: this is abominable, which we would call abhominable: it *infinuateth me of Infanity: *Ne intelligis, Domine*, to make frantic, lunatic?

Nath. *Laus deo, bone, intelligo.*

Hol. *Bone?*——*bone*, for *bene; Priſcian* a little ſcratch'd; 'twill ſerve.

SCENE II.

Enter Armado, Moth *and* Coſtard.

Nath. *VIDESNE quis venit?*

Hol. *Video, & gaudeo.*

Arm. Chirra.

Hol. *Quare* Chirra, not Sirrah?

Arm. Men of Peace, well encountred.

Hol. Moſt military Sir, ſalutation.

Moth. They have been at a great feaſt of languages, and ſtole the ſcraps.

Coſt. O, they have liv'd long on the Alms-baſket of words. I marvel, thy maſter hath not eaten thee

*it *infinuateth me of* infamy:] There is no need to make the Pedan worſe than *Shakeſpear* made him; who, without doubt, wrote *Infanity*.

for

for a word; for thou art not ſo long by the head as *honorificabilitudinitatibus:* thou art eaſier ſwallow'd than a flap-dragon.

Moth. Peace, the peal begins.

Arm. Monſieur, are you not letter'd?

Moth. Yes, yes, he teaches boys the horn-book: What is A B ſpelt backward with a horn on his head?

Hol. Ba, *puerilia*, with a horn added.

Moth. Ba, moſt ſilly ſheep, with a horn. You hear his learning.

Hol. Quis, quis, thou conſonant?

Moth. The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I.

Hol. I will repeat them, a, e, I.——

Moth. The ſheep; the other two concludes it, *o, u.

Arm. Now by the ſalt wave of the *Mediterraneum*, a ſweet touch, a quick venew of wit; ſnip, ſnap, quick and home; it rejoiceth my intellect; true wit.

Moth. Offer'd by a child to an old man: which is wit-old.

Hol. What is the figure? what is the figure?

Moth. Horns.

Hol. Thou diſputeſt like an infant; go, whip thy gigg.

Moth. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy *circum circa;* a gigg of a cuckold's horn.

Coſt. An' I had but one penny in the world, thou ſhouldſt have it to buy ginger-bread; hold, there is the very renumeration I had of thy maſter, thou half-penny purſe of wit, thou pigeon-egg of diſcretion. O, that the heav'ns were ſo pleaſed, that thou wert but my baſtard! what a joyful father wouldſt thou make me? go to, thou haſt it *ad dunghill;* at the fingers' ends, as they ſay.

Hol. Oh, I ſmell falſe latin, *dunghill* for *unguem.*

* *o, u*] A poor Conundrum, as Mr. *Theobald* truly calls it, reſtored, by him, to its Place.—Vulg. *out.*

Arm. Arts-man, *præambula;* we will be ſingled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-houſe on the top of the mountain?

Hol. Or, *Mons* the hill.

Arm. At your ſweet pleaſure, for the mountain.

Hol. I do, *ſans queſtion.*

Arm. Sir, it is the King's moſt ſweet pleaſure and affection, to congratulate the Princeſs at her Pavilion, in the *poſteriors* of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon.

Hol. The *poſterior* of the day, moſt generous Sir, is liable, congruent, and meaſurable for the afternoon: the word is well cull'd, choice, ſweet, and apt, I do aſſure you, Sir, I do aſſure.

Arm. Sir, the King is a noble gentleman, and my familiar; I do aſſure you, my very good friend; for what is inward between us, let it paſs——I do beſeech thee, remember thy curteſy——I beſeech thee, apparel thy head,——and among other importunate and moſt ſerious deſigns, and of great import indeed too— but let that paſs:——for I muſt tell thee, it will pleaſe his Grace (by the world) ſometime to lean upon my poor ſhoulder, and with his royal finger thus dally with my excrement, with my muſtachio; but ſweet heart, let that paſs. By the world, I recount no fable; ſome certain ſpecial honours it pleaſeth his Greatneſs to impart to *Armado*, a ſoldier, a man of travel, that hath ſeen the world; but let that paſs——the very all of all is——but ſweet heart, I do implore ſecrecy——that the King would have me preſent the Princeſs (ſweet chuck) with ſome delightful oſtentation, or ſhow, or pageant, or antic, or fire-work. Now, underſtanding that the Curate and your ſweet ſelf are good at ſuch eruptions, and ſudden breaking out of mirth, (as it were) I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your aſſiſtance.

Hol. Sir, you ſhall preſent before her the nine Worthies. Sir, as concerning ſome entertainment

of

of time, ſome ſhow in the *poſterior* of this day, to be rendred by our aſſiſtants at the King's command, and this moſt gallant, illuſtrate and learned gentleman, before the Princeſs: I ſay, none ſo fit as to preſent the nine Worthies.

Nath. Where will you find men worthy enough to preſent them?

Hol. Joſhua, yourſelf; this gallant man, *Judas Maccabeus;* this ſwain (becauſe of his great limb or joint) ſhall paſs *Pompey* the great; and the page, *Hercules.*

Arm. Pardon, Sir, error: he is not quantity enough for that Worthy's thumb; he is not ſo big as the end of his club.

Hol. Shall I have audience? he ſhall preſent *Hercules* in minority: his *Enter* and *Exit* ſhall be ſtrangling a ſnake; and I will have an apology for that purpoſe.

Moth. An excellent device: for if any of the audience hiſs, you may cry; well done, *Hercules*, now thou cruſheſt the ſnake; that is the way to make an offence gracious, tho' few have the grace to do it.

Arm. For the reſt of the Worthies,——

Hol. I will play three myſelf.

Moth. Thrice-worthy gentleman!

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing?

Hol. We attend.

Arm. We will have, if this fadge not, an Antic. I beſeech you, follow.

Hol. Via! good-man *Dull*, thou haſt ſpoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor underſtood none neither, Sir.

Hol. Allons; we will employ thee.

Dull. I'll make one in a dance, or ſo: or I will play on the taber to the Worthies, and let them dance the hay.

Hol. Moſt dull, honeſt, *Dull*, to our Sport away.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Before the PRINCESS's Pavilion.

Enter Princeſs, and Ladies.

Prin. SWEET hearts, we ſhall be rich ere we depart,
If Fairings come thus plentifully in.
A lady wall'd about with diamonds!—
Look you, what I have from the loving King.
Roſ. Madam, came nothing elſe along with That?
Prin. Nothing but this? yes, as much love in rhime,
As would be cram'd up in a ſheet of paper,
Writ on both ſides the leaf, margent and all;
That he was fain to ſeal on *Cupid*'s name.
Roſ. That was the way to make his God-head wax,
For he hath been five thouſand years a boy.
Cath. Ay; and a ſhrewd unhappy gallows too.
Roſ. You'll ne'er be friends with him; he kill'd your ſiſter.
Cath. He made her melancholy, ſad and heavy,
And ſo ſhe died; had ſhe been light, like you,
Of ſuch a merry, nimble, ſtirring ſpirit,
She might have been a grandam ere ſhe dy'd.
And ſo may you; for a light heart lives long.
Roſ. What's your dark meaning, mouſe, of this light word?
Cath. A light condition, in a beauty dark.
Roſ. We need more light to find your meaning out.
Cath. You'll marr the light, by taking it in ſnuff:
Therefore I'll darkly end the argument.
Roſ. Look, what you do; and do it ſtill i'th' dark.
Cath. So do not you, for you are a light wench.
Roſ. Indeed, I weigh not you; and therefore light.
Cath. You weigh me not; O, that's, you care not for me.

Roſ.

Roſ. Great reaſon; for paſt Cure is ſtill paſt Care.
Prin. Well bandied both; a ſet of wit well play'd.
But, *Roſaline,* you have a Favour too:
Who ſent it? and what is it?
Roſ. I would, you knew.
And if my face were but as fair as yours,
My favour were as great; be witneſs this.
Nay, I have Verſes too, I thank *Biron.*
The numbers true, and were the numbring too,
I were the faireſt Goddeſs on the ground.
I am compar'd to twenty thouſand fairs.
O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter.
Prin. Any thing like?
Roſ. Much in the letters, nothing in the praiſe.
Prin. Beauteous as ink; a good concluſion.
Cath. Fair as a text B in a copy-book.
Roſ. Ware pencils. How? let me not die your debtor,
My red dominical, my golden letter.
O, that your face were not ſo full of Oes!
Cath. Pox of that jeſt, and I beſhrew all ſhrews:
Prin. But what was ſent to you from fair *Dumain?*
Cath. Madam, this glove.
Prin. Did he not ſend you twain?
Cath. Yes, Madam; and moreover,
Some thouſand verſes of a faithful lover.
A huge tranſlation of hypocriſy,
Vilely compil'd, profound ſimplicity.
Mar. This, and theſe pearls, to me ſent *Longaville;*
The letter is too long by half a mile.
Prin. I think no leſs; doſt thou not wiſh in heart,
The chain were longer, and the letter ſhort?
Mar. Ay, or I would theſe hands might never part.
Prin. We are wiſe girls, to mock our lovers for't.
Roſ. They are worſe fools to purchaſe mocking ſo.
That ſame *Biron* I'll torture, ere I go.
O, that I knew he were but in by th' week!
How I would make him fawn, and beg, and ſeek,

And wait the ſeaſon, and obſerve the times,
And ſpend his prodigal wits in bootleſs rhimes,
And ſhape his ſervice all to my beheſts,
And make him proud to make me proud with jeſts:
So portent-like would I o'er-ſway his ſtate,
That he ſhould be my fool, and I his fate.

Prin. None are ſo ſurely caught, when they are catch'd,
As wit turn'd fool; folly, in wiſdom hatch'd,
Hath wiſdom's warrant, and the help of ſchool;
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

Roſ. The blood of youth burns not in ſuch exceſs,
As gravity's revolt to wantonneſs.

Mar. Folly in fools bears not ſo ſtrong a note,
As fool'ry in the wiſe, when wit doth dote:
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To prove, by wit, worth in ſimplicity.

SCENE IV.

Enter Boyet.

Prin. HERE comes *Boyet*, and mirth is in his face.

Boyet. O, I am ſtab'd with laughter; where's her Grace?

Prin. Thy news, *Boyet?*

Boyet. Prepare, Madam, prepare.
Arm, wenches, arm; Encounters mounted are
Againſt your peace; love doth approach diſguis'd,
Armed in arguments; you'll be ſurpriz'd.
Muſter your wits, ſtand in your own defence,
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

Prin. Saint *Dennis*, to ſaint *Cupid!* what are they,
That charge their breath againſt us? ſay, ſcout, ſay.

Boyet. Under the cool ſhade of a ſycamore,
I thought to cloſe mine eyes ſome half an hour;
When, lo! to interrupt my purpos'd Reſt,
Toward that ſhade, I might behold, addreſt
The King and his companions; warily

I ſtole

I ſtole into a neighbour thicket by;
And over-heard, what you ſhall over-hear:
That, by and by, diſguis'd they will be here.
Their Herald is a pretty knaviſh Page,
That well by heart hath conn'd his embaſſage.
Action and accent did they teach him there;
Thus muſt thou ſpeak, and thus thy body bear;
And ever and anon they made a doubt,
Preſence majeſtical would put him out:
For, quoth the King, an Angel ſhalt thou ſee;
Yet fear not thou, but ſpeak audaciouſly.
The boy reply'd, an Angel is not evil;
I ſhould have fear'd her, had ſhe been a Devil.——
With that all laugh'd, and clap'd him on the ſhoulder,
Making the bold wag by their praiſes bolder.
One rubb'd his elbow thus, and fleer'd, and ſwore,
A better ſpeech was never ſpoke before.
Another with his finger and his thumb,
Cry'd, *via!* we will do't, come what will come.
The third he caper'd and cry'd, all goes well:
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.
With that they all did tumble on the ground,
With ſuch a zealous laughter, ſo profound,
That in this ſpleen ridiculous appears,
To check their folly, paſſion's ſolemn tears.

Prin. But what, but what, come they to viſit us?

Boyet. They do, they do; and are apparell'd thus,
Like *Muſcovites*, or *Ruſſians*, as I gueſs.
Their purpoſe is to parley, court and dance;
And every one his love-feat will advance
Unto his ſev'ral miſtreſs; which they'll know,
By Favours ſev'ral, which they did beſtow.

Prin. And will they ſo? the gallants ſhall be taſkt;
For, ladies, we will every one be maſkt:
And not a man of them ſhall have the grace,
Deſpight of ſuit, to ſee a lady's face.
Hold, *Roſaline;* this Favour thou ſhalt wear,
And then the King will court thee for his Dear:
Hold,

Hold, take you this, my ſweet, and give me thine;
So ſhall *Biron* take me for *Roſaline*,
And change your Favours too; ſo ſhall your Loves
Woo contrary, deceiv'd by theſe removes.
Roſ. Come on then, wear the Favours moſt in ſight.
Cath. But in this changing, what is your intent?
Prin. Th' effect of my intent is to croſs theirs;
They do it but in mocking merriment,
And mock for mock is only my intent.
Their ſeveral councils they unboſom ſhall
To loves miſtook, and ſo be mockt withal,
Upon the next occaſion that we meet,
With viſages diſplay'd, to talk and greet.
Roſ. But ſhall we dance, if they deſire us to't?
Prin. No; to the death, we will not move a foot;
Nor to their pen'd ſpeech render we no grace:
But while 'tis ſpoke, each turn away her face.
Boyet. Why, that contempt will kill the Speaker's heart,
And quite divorce his memory from his Part.
Prin. Therefore I do it; and I make no doubt,
The reſt will ne'er come in, if he be out.
There's no ſuch Sport, as Sport by Sport o'erthrown,
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own;
So ſhall we ſtay, mocking intended game;
And they, well mockt, depart away with ſhame. [*Sound.*
Boyet. The trumpet ſounds; be maſkt, the maſkers come.

SCENE V.

Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, Dumain, *and Attendants, diſguis'd like* Muſcovites; Moth *with Muſic, as for a maſquerade.*

Moth. *ALL hail, the richeſt beauties on the earth!*
Boyet. Beauties, no richer than rich taffata.
Moth. *A holy parcel of the faireſt dames,*
That ever turn'd their backs to mortal views.
[The ladies turn their backs to him.
Biron.

Biron. Their eyes, villain, their eyes.

Moth. That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views. Out——

Biron. True; *out*, indeed.

Moth. Out of your favours, heav'nly Spirits, vouchſafe Not to behold.

Biron. Once to behold, rogue.

Moth. Once to behold with your ſun-beamed eyes—With your ſun-beamed eyes——

Boyet. They will not anſwer to that epithet;
You were beſt call it daughter-beamed eyes.

Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings me out.

Biron. Is this your perfectneſs? be gone, you rogue.

Roſ. What would theſe ſtrangers? know their minds, *Boyet.*
If they do ſpeak our language, 'tis our Will
That ſome plain man recount their purpoſes.
Know, what they would.

Boyet. What would you with the Princeſs?

Biron. Nothing, but peace and gentle viſitation.

Roſ. What would they, ſay they?

Boyet. Nothing. but peace and gentle viſitation.

Roſ. Why, That they have; and bid them ſo be gone.

Boyet. She ſays, you have it; and you may be gone.

King. Say to her, we have meaſur'd many miles,
To tread a meaſure with her on the graſs.

Boyet. They ſay, that they have meaſur'd many a mile,
To tread a meaſure with you on this graſs.

Roſ. It is not ſo. Aſk them, how many inches
Is in one mile: if they have meaſur'd many,
The meaſure then of one is eaſily told.

Boyet. If to come hither you have meaſur'd miles,
And many miles; the Princeſs bids you tell,
How many inches doth fill up one mile?

Biron. Tell her, we meaſure them by weary ſteps.

Boyet. She hears herſelf.

Roſ.

Roſ. How many weary ſteps
Of many weary miles, you have o'ergone,
Are number'd in the travel of one mile?
Biron. We number nothing that we ſpend for you;
Our duty is ſo rich, ſo infinite,
That we may do it ſtill without accompt.
Vouchſafe to ſhew the ſun-ſhine of your face,
That we (like ſavages) may worſhip it.
Roſ. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.
King. Bleſſed are clouds, to do as ſuch clouds do.
Vouchſafe, bright moon, and theſe thy ſtars, to ſhine
(Thoſe clouds remov'd) upon our watery eyne.
Roſ. O vain petitioner, beg a greater matter;
Thou now requeſt'ſt but moon-ſhine in the water.
King. Then in our meaſure vouchſafe but one change;
Thou bid'ſt me beg, this begging is not ſtrange.
Roſ. Play, muſic, then; nay, you muſt do it ſoon.
Not yet? no dance? thus change I, like the moon.
King. Will you not dance? how come you thus eſtrang'd?
Roſ. You took the moon at full, but now ſhe's chang'd.
King. Yet ſtill ſhe is the moon, and I the man.
The muſic plays, vouchſafe ſome motion to it.
Roſ. Our ears vouchſafe it.
King. But your legs ſhould do it.
Roſ. Since you are ſtrangers, and come here by chance,
We'll not be nice; take hands;—we will not dance.
King. Why take you hands then!
Roſ. Only to part friends;
Curt'ſy ſweet hearts, and ſo the meaſure ends.
King. More meaſure of this meaſure; be not nice.
Roſ. We can afford no more at ſuch a price.
King. Prize yourſelves then; what buys your company?
Roſ. Your abſence only.
King. That can never be.

Roſ.

Roſ. Then cannot we be bought; and ſo adieu;
Twice to your viſor, and half once to you.
Kong. If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.
Roſ. In private then.
King. I am beſt pleas'd with That.
Biron. White-handed miſtreſs, one ſweet word with thee.
Prin. Honey, and milk, and ſugar, there is three.
Biron. Nay then, two treys; and if you grow ſo nice,
Methegline, wort, and malmſey;——well run, dice:
There's half a dozen ſweets.
Prin. Seventh ſweet, adieu;
Since you can cog, I'll play no more with you.
Biron. One word in ſecret.
Prin. Let it not be ſweet.
Biron. Thou griev'ſt my gall.
Prin. Gall? bitter——
Biron. Therefore meet.
Dum. Will you vouchſafe with me to change a word?
Mar. Name it.
Dum. Fair lady,——
Mar. Say you ſo? fair lord:
Take that for your fair lady.
Dum. Pleaſe it you;
As much in private; and I'll bid adieu.
Cath. What, was your viſor made without a tongue?
Long. I know the reaſon, lady, why you aſk.
Cath. O, for your reaſon! quickly, Sir; I long.
Long. You have a double tongue within your maſk,
And would afford my ſpeechleſs viſor half.
Cath. Veal, quoth the *Dutch* man; is not veal calf?
Long. A calf, fair lady?
Cath. No, a fair lord calf.
Long. Let's part the word.
Cath. No, I'll not be your half;
Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox.

Long.

Long. Look, how you butt yourſelf in theſe ſharp mocks!
Will you give horns, chaſte lady? do not ſo.
Cath. Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.
Long. One word in private with you, ere I die.
Cath. Bleat ſoftly then, the butcher hears you cry.
Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the razor's edge, invincible,
Cutting a ſmaller hair than may be ſeen:
Above the ſenſe of ſenſe, ſo ſenſible
Seemeth their conference, their conceits have wings;
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, ſwifter things.
Roſ. Not one word more, my maids; break off, break off.
Biron. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure ſcoff.—
King. Farewel, mad wenches; you have ſimple wits.
[*Exeunt* King *and* Lords.

SCENE VI.

Prin. TWENTY adieus, my frozen *Muſcovites.*
Are theſe the Breed of wits ſo wondred at?
Boyet. Tapers they are with your ſweet breaths puft out.
Roſ. Well-liking wits they have; groſs, groſs; fat, fat.
Prin. O poverty in wit, kingly poor flout!
Will they not (think you) hang themſelves to night?
Or ever, but in vizors, ſhew their faces?
This pert *Biron* was out of count'nance quite.
Roſ. O! they were all in lamentable caſes.
The King was weeping-ripe for a good word.
Prin. *Biron* did ſwear himſelf out of all ſuit.
Mar. *Dumain* was at my ſervice, and his ſword:
No, *point*, quoth I; my ſervant ſtraight was mute.
Cath. Lord *Longaville* ſaid, I came o'er his heart;
And, trow you, what he call'd me?

Prin.

Prin. Qualm, perhaps.
Cath. Yes, in good faith.
Prin. Go, ſickneſs as thou art!
Roſ. Well, better wits have worn plain ſtatute-caps.
But will you hear? the King is my love ſworn.
Prin. And quick *Biron* hath plighted faith to me.
Cath. And *Longaville* was for my ſervice born.
Mar. *Dumain* is mine, as ſure as bark on tree.
Boyet. Madam, and pretty miſtreſſes, give ear:
Immediately they will again be here
In their own ſhapes; for it can never be,
They will digeſt this harſh indignity.
Prin. Will they return?
Boyet. They will, they will, God knows;
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows:
Therefore, change Favours; and, when they repair,
Blow, like ſweet roſes, in this ſummer air.
Prin. How, blow? how, blow? ſpeak to be underſtood.
Boyet. Fair ladies, maſkt, are roſes in the bud;
Or angels veil'd in clouds: are roſes blown,
Diſmaſkt, their damaſk ſweet Commixture ſhewn.
Prin. Avaunt, perplexity! what ſhall we do,
If they return in their own ſhapes to woo?
Roſ. Good Madam, if by me you'll be adviſ'd,
Let's mock them ſtill, as well known, as diſguis'd;
Let us complain to them what fools were here,
Diſguis'd, like *Muſcovites*, in ſhapeleſs gear;
And wonder what they were, and to what end
Their ſhallow Shows, and Prologue vilely pen'd,
And their rough carriage ſo ridiculous,
Should be preſented at our Tent to us.
Boyet. Ladies, withdraw, the Gallants are at hand.
Prin. Whip to our Tents, as roes run o'er the land.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Before the Princeſs's Pavilion.

Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, *and* Dumain *in their own habits;* Boyet, *meeting them.*

King. FAIR Sir, God ſave you! Where's the Princeſs?

Boyet. Gone to her Tent.
Pleaſe it your Majeſty, command me any ſervice to her? [word.

King. That ſhe vouchſafe me audience for one

Boyet. I will; and ſo will ſhe, I know, my lord. [*Exit.*

Biron. This fellow picks up wit, as pigeons peas;
And utters it again, when *Jove* doth pleaſe:
He is wit's pedlar, and retails his wares
At wakes and waſſals, meetings, markets, fairs:
And we that ſell by groſs, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with ſuch ſhow.
This Gallant pins the wenches on his ſleeve;
Had he been *Adam*, he had tempted *Eve*.
He can carve too, and liſp: why, this is he,
That kiſt away his hand in courteſy;
This is the ape of form, Monſieur the nice,
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honourable terms: nay, he can ſing
A mean moſt mainly; and, in uſhering,
Mend him who can; the ladies call him ſweet;
The ſtairs, as he treads on them, kiſs his feet.
This is the flower, that ſmiles on every one,
To ſhew his teeth, as white as whale his bone.——
And conſciences, that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due of honey-tongued *Boyet*.

King. A blifter on his ſweet tongue with my heart,
That put *Armado*'s Page out of his Part!

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

Enter the Princeſs, Roſaline, Maria, Catharine, Boyet, *and Attendants.*

Biron. SEE, where it comes; *behaviour, what wert thou,
'Till this man ſhew'd thee? and what art thou now?

King. All hail, ſweet Madam, and fair time of day!

Prin. Fair in all hail is ſoul, as I conceive.

King. Conſtrue my ſpeeches better, if you may.

Prin. Then wiſh me better, I will give you leave.

King. We come to viſit you, and purpoſe now
To lead you to our Court; vouchſafe it then.

Prin. This field ſhall hold me, and ſo hold your vow:
Nor God, nor I, delight in perjur'd men.

King. Rebuke me not for That, which you provoke;
The virtue of your eye muſt break my oath.

Prin. You nick-name virtue; vice you ſhould have ſpoke:
For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.
Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure
As the unſully'd lilly, I proteſt,
A world of torments though I ſhould endure,
I would not yield to be your houſe's gueſt:
So much I hate a breaking cauſe to be
Of heav'nly oaths, vow'd with integrity.

* —— *behaviour, what wert thou,*
'Till this man ſhewed thee? and what art thou now?] Theſe are two wonderfully fine Lines, intimating that what Courts call *Manners*, and value themſelves ſo much upon Teaching, as a Thing no where elſe to be learnt, is a modeſt ſilent Accompliſhment under the Direction of Nature and Common Senſe, which does its Office in promoting ſocial Life without being taken Notice of. But that when it degenerates into Shew and Parade it becomes an unmanly contemptible Quality.

King.

King. O, you have liv'd in deſolation here,
Unſeen, unviſited, much to our ſhame.
Prin. Not ſo, my lord; it is not ſo, I ſwear;
We have had paſtimes here, and pleaſant game.
A meſs of *Ruſſians* left us but of late.
King. How, Madam? *Ruſſians?*
Prin. Ay, in truth, my lord;
Trim gallants, full of courtſhip, and of ſtate.
Roſ. Madam, ſpeak true. It is not ſo, my lord:
My lady (to the manner of the days)
In courteſy gives undeſerving praiſe.
We four, indeed, confronted were with four
In *Ruſſian* habit: here they ſtaid an hour,
And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my lord,
They did not bleſs us with one happy word.
I dare not call them fools; but this I think,
When they are thirſty, fools would fain have drink.
Biron. This jeſt is dry to me. Fair, gentle, ſweet,
Your wit makes wiſe things fooliſh; when we greet
With eyes beſt ſeeing heaven's fiery eye,
By light we loſe light; your capacity
Is of that nature, as to your huge ſtore
Wiſe things ſeem fooliſh, and rich things but poor.
Roſ. This proves you wiſe and rich; for in my eye——
Biron. I am a fool, and full of poverty.
Roſ. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to ſnatch words from my tongue.
Biron. O, I am yours, and all that I poſſeſs.
Roſ. All the fool mine?
Biron. I cannot give you leſs.
Roſ. Which of the viſors was it, that you wore?
Biryn. Where? when? what viſor? why demand you this?
Roſ. There, then, that viſor, that ſuperfluous Caſe,
That hid the worſe, and ſhew'd the better face.
King. We are deſcried; they'll mock us now downright.

Dum.

Dum. Let us confeſs, and turn it to a jeſt.
Prin. Amaz'd, my lord? why looks your Highneſs ſad?
Roſ. Help, hold his brows, he'll ſwoon: why look you pale?
Sea-ſick, I think, coming from *Muſcovy.*
Biron. Thus pour the ſtars down plagues for Perjury.
Can any face of braſs hold longer out?
Here ſtand I, lady, dart thy ſkill at me;
Bruiſe me with ſcorn, confound me with a flout,
Thruſt thy ſharp wit quite through my ignorance;
Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit,
And I will wiſh thee never more to dance,
Nor never more in *Ruſſian* habit wait.
O! never will I truſt to ſpeeches pen'd,
Nor to the motion of a ſchool-boy's tongue;
Nor never come in viſor to my friend,
Nor woo in rhime, like a blind harper's ſong.
Taffata-phraſes, ſilken terms preciſe,
Three pil'd hyperboles, ſpruce affectation,
Figures pedantical, theſe ſummer-flies,
Have blown me full of maggot oſtentation:
I do forſwear them; and I here proteſt,
By this white glove, (how white the hand, God knows!)
Henceforth my wooing mind ſhall be expreſt
In ruſſet *yeas*, and honeſt kerſy *noes:*
And to begin, wench (ſo God help me, law!)
My love to thee is ſound, *ſans* crack or flaw.
Roſ. Sans, ſans, I pray you.
Biron. Yet I have a trick
Of the old rage: bear with me, I am ſick.
I'll leave it by degrees: ſoft, let us ſee;
Write, *Lord have mercy on us*, on thoſe three;
They are infected, in their hearts it lies;
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes:
Theſe lords are viſited, you are not free;

For

For the lord's tokens on you both I ſee.
Prin. No, they are free, that gave theſe tokens to us.
Biron. Our ſtates are forfeit, ſeek not to undo us.
Roſ. It is not ſo; for how can this be true,
That you ſtand forfeit, being thoſe that ſue?
Biron. Peace, for I will not have to do with you.
Roſ. Nor ſhall not, if I do as I intend.
Biron. Speak for yourſelves, my wit is at an end.
King. Teach us, ſweet Madam, for our rude tranſgreſſion
Some fair excuſe.
Prin. The faireſt is confeſſion.
Were you not here, but even now, diſguis'd?
King. Madam, I was.
Prin. And were you well advis'd?
King. I was, fair Madam.
Prin. When you then were here,
What did you whiſper in your lady's ear?
King. That more than all the world I did reſpect her.
Prin. When ſhe ſhall challenge this, you will reject her.
King. Upon mine honour, no.
Prin. Peace, peace, forbear:
Your oath once broke, you force not to forſwear.
King. Deſpiſe me, when I break this oath of mine.
Prin. I will, and therefore keep it. *Roſaline*,
What did the *Ruſſian* whiſper in your ear?
Roſ. Madam, he ſwore, that he did hold me dear
As precious eye-ſight; and did value me
Above this world; adding thereto, moreover,
That he would wed me, or elſe die my lover.
Prin. God give thee joy of him! the noble lord
Moſt honourably doth uphold his word.
King. What mean you, Madam? by my life, my troth,
I never ſwore this lady ſuch an oath.

Roſ.

Roſ. By heav'n, you did; and to confirm it plain,
You gave me this: but take it, Sir, again.
King. My faith, and this, to th' Princeſs I did give;
I knew her by this jewel on her ſleeve.
Prin. Pardon me, Sir, this jewel did ſhe wear:
And lord *Biron*, I thank him, is my Dear.
What? will you have me; or your pearl again?
Biron. Neither of either: I remit both twain.
I ſee the trick on't; here was a conſent,
(Knowing aforehand of our merriment)
To daſh it, like a *Chriſtmas* comedy.
Some carry-tale, ſome pleaſe-man, ſome ſlight zany,
Some mumble-news, ſome trencher-knight, ſome *Dick*,
That * ſmiles his cheek in years, and knows the trick
To make my lady laugh, when ſhe's diſpos'd,
Told our intents before; which once diſclos'd,
The ladies did change Favours, and then we,
Following the ſigns, woo'd but the ſign of ſhe:
Now to our perjury to add more terror,
We are again forſworn; in will, and error.
Much upon this it is.—And might not You [*To* Boyet.
Foreſtal our ſport, to make us thus untrue?
Do not you know my lady's foot by th' ſquier,
And laugh upon the apple of her eye,
And ſtand between her back, Sir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher, jeſting merrily?
You put our Page out: go, you are allow'd;
Die when you will, a ſmock ſhall be your ſhrowd.
You leer upon me, do you? there's an eye,
Wounds like a leaden ſword.
Boyet. Full merrily
Hath this brave Manage, this Career, been run.
Biron. Lo, he is tilting ſtrait. Peace, I have done.

* ——*ſmiles his cheek in years*,——] Mr. *Theobald* ſays, he *cannot, for his Heart, comprehend the Senſe of this Phraſe.* It was not his Heart but his Head that ſtood in his Way. *In Years*, ſignifies, into Wrinkles. So in *The Merchant of* Venice,

With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come.

Enter Coſtard.

Welcome, pure wit, thou parteſt a fair fray.

Coſt. O lord, Sir, they would know
Whether the three Worthies ſhall come in, or no.

Biron. What, are there but three?

Coſt. No, Sir, but it is vara fine;
For every one purſents three.

Biron. And three times three is nine?

Coſt. Not ſo, Sir, under correction, Sir; I hope, it is not ſo.
You cannot beg us, Sir; I can aſſure you, Sir, we know what we know: I hope, three times thrice, Sir—

Biron. Is not nine.

Coſt. Under correction, Sir, we know where until it doth amount.

Biron. By *Jove*, I always took three-threes for nine.

Coſt. O lord, Sir, it were pity you ſhould get your living by reckoning, Sir.

Biron. How much is it?

Coſt. O lord, Sir, the parties themſelves, the actors, Sir, will ſhew whereuntil it doth amount; for my own part, I am, as they ſay, but to perfect one man in one poor man, *Pompion* the Great, Sir.

Biron. Art thou one of the worthies!

Coſt. It pleaſed them to think me worthy of *Pompion* the Great: for mine own part, I know not the degree of the Worthy; but I am to ſtand for him.

Biron. Go bid them prepare.

Coſt. We will turn it finely off, Sir, we will take ſome care.

King. Biron, they will ſhame us; let them not approach. [*Exit* Coſt.

Biron. We are ſhame-proof, my lord; and 'tis ſome policy
To have one Show worſe than the King's and his Company.

King.

King. I ſay, they ſhall not come.

Prin. Nay, my good lord, let me o'er-rule you now;
That ſport beſt pleaſes, that doth leaſt know how.
Where zeal ſtrives to content, and the contents
Dies in the zeal of that which it preſents;
Their form, confounded, makes moſt form in mirth;
When great things, labouring, periſh in their birth.

Biron. A right deſcription of our ſport, my lord.

SCENE IX.

Enter Armado.

Arm. ANOINTED, I implore ſo much expence of thy royal ſweet breath, as will utter a brace of words.

Prin. Doth this man ſerve God?

Biron. Why aſk you?

Prin. He ſpeaks not like a man of God's making.

Arm. That's all one, my fair, ſweet, honey monarch; for, I proteſt, the ſchoolmaſter is exceeding fantaſtical; too, too vain; too, too vain: but we will put it, as they ſay, to *fortuna de la guerra.* I wiſh you the peace of mind, moſt royal couplement.

King. Here is like to be a good preſence of Worthies: he preſents *Hector* of *Troy;* the ſwain, *Pompey* the Great; the pariſh-curate, *Alexander;* *Armado's* page, *Hercules;* the pedant, *Judas Machabeus.*
And if theſe four Worthies in their firſt Show thrive,
Theſe four will change habits, and preſent the other five.

Biron. There are five in the firſt Show.

King. You are deceiv'd, 'tis not ſo.

Biron. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-prieſt, the fool, and the boy.
A bare throw at *Novum*, and the whole world again
Cannot prick out five ſuch, take each one in's vein.

King. The ſhip is under ſail, and here ſhe comes amain.

Enter Coſtard *for* Pompey.

Coſt. *I* Pompey *am*——

Boyet. You lie, you are not he.

Coſt. *I* Pompey *am*——

Boyet. * With *Libbard's* head on knee.

Biron. Well ſaid, old mocker: I muſt needs be friends with thee.

Coſt. *I* Pompey *am*, Pompey *ſurnam'd the Big*.

Dum. The Great.

Coſt. It is Great, Sir; Pompey, *ſurnam'd the Great;*
That oft in field, with targe and ſhield,
Did make my foe to ſweat:
And travelling along this coaſt, I here am come by chance;
And lay my arms before the legs of this ſweet Laſs of France.
If your ladyſhip would ſay, thanks,—*Pompey*, I had done.

Prin. Great thanks, great *Pompey*.

Coſt. 'Tis not ſo much worth; but, I hope, I was perfect. I made a little fault in *great*.

Biron. My hat to a half-penny, *Pompey* proves the beſt Worthy.

Enter Nathaniel *for* Alexander.

Nath. *When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's Commander;*
By eaſt, weſt, north and ſouth, I ſpread my conquering might:
My 'Scutcheon plain declares, that I am Aliſander.

Boyet. Your noſe ſays, no, you are not; for it ſtands too right.

Biron. Your noſe ſmells, no, in this, moſt tender ſmelling Knight.

Prin. The Conqueror is diſmaid: proceed, good *Alexander*.

* *With* Libbard's *head on knee.*] This alludes to the old heroic Habits, which on the Knees and Shoulders had uſually, by Way of Ornament, the Reſemblance of a *Leopard's* or *Lion's* Head.

Nath.

Nath. *When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's Commander.*

Boyet. Moſt true, 'tis right; you were ſo, *Aliſander.*

Biron. Pompey the Great,——

Coſt. Your ſervant, and *Coſtard.*

Biron. Take away the Conqueror, take away *Aliſander.*

Coſt. O Sir, you have overthrown *Aliſander* the Conqueror. [*to* Nath.] You will be ſcraped out of the painted cloth for this; your lion, that holds the poll-ax ſitting on a cloſe-ſtool, will be given to *A-jax;* he will be then the ninth Worthy. A Conqueror, and afraid to ſpeak? run away for ſhame, *Aliſander.* There, an't ſhall pleaſe you; a fooliſh mild man; an honeſt man, look you, and ſoon daſh'd. He is a marvellous good neighbour, infooth, and a very good bowler; but for *Aliſander*, alas, you ſee, how 'tis a little o'erparted: but there are Worthies a coming will ſpeak their mind in ſome other ſort.

Biron. Stand aſide, good *Pompey.*

Enter Holofernes *for* Judas, *and* Moth *for* Hercules.

Hol. Great *Hercules* is preſented by this imp,
Whoſe club kill'd *Cerberus*, that three-headed *canus;*
And when he was a babe, a child, a ſhrimp,
Thus did he ſtrangle ſerpents in his *manus:*
Quoniam, he ſeemeth in minority;
Ergo, I come with this apology.——
Keep ſome ſtate in thy *Exit*, and vaniſh. [*Exit* Moth.

Hol. Judas *I am.*

Dum. A *Judas!*

Hol. Not *Iſcariot*, Sir;
Judas *I am, ycleped* Machabeus.

Dum. Judas Machabeus clipt, is plain *Judas.*

Biron. A kiſſing traitor. How art thou prov'd *Judas?*

Hol. Judas *I am.*

Dum. The more ſhame for you, *Judas.*

Hol. What mean you, Sir?

Boyet. To make *Judas* hang himſelf.

Hol. Begin, Sir, you are my elder.

Biron. Well follow'd; *Judas* was hang'd on an Elder.

Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.

Biron. Becauſe thou haſt no face.

Hol. What is this?

Boyet. A cittern head.

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

Biron. A death's face in a ring.

Long. The face of an old *Roman* coin, ſcarce ſeen.

Boyet. The pummel of *Cæſar's* faulchion.

Dum. The carv'd-bone face on a flaſk.

Biron. St. *George's* half cheek in a brooch.

Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

Biron. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer; And now, forward; for we have put thee in countenance.

Hol. You have put me out of countenance.

Biron. Falſe; we have given thee faces.

Hol. But you have out-fac'd them all.

Biron. An thou wert a lion, we would do ſo.

Boyet. Therefore as he is an aſs, let him go. And ſo adieu, ſweet *Jude;* nay, why doſt thou ſtay?

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

Biron. For the *Aſs* to the *Jude:* give it him. *Jud-as* away.

Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Boyet. A light for monſieur *Judas;* it grows dark, he may ſtumble.

Prin. Alas! poor *Machabeus*, how he hath been baited!

Enter Armado.

Biron. Hide thy head, *Achilles*, here comes *Hector* in arms.

Dum. Tho' my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.

King.

King. *Hector* was but a *Trojan* in reſpect of this.

Boyet. But is this *Hector?*

King. I think, *Hector* was not ſo clean-timber'd.

Long. His leg is too big for *Hector.*

Dum. More calf, certain.

Boyet. No; he is beſt indu'd in the ſmall.

Biron. This can't be *Hector.*

Dum. He's a God or a Painter, for he makes faces.

Arm. *The armipotent* Mars, *of launces the Almighty, Gave* Hector *a gift,*——

Dum. A gilt nutmeg.

Biron. A lemon.

Long. Stuck with cloves.

Dum. No, cloven.

Arm. *The armipotent* Mars, *of launces the Almighty, Gave* Hector *a gift, the heir of* Ilion;

A man ſo breath'd, that certain he would fight ye
From morn 'till night, out of his pavilion.
I am that Flower.

Dum. That mint.

Long. That cullambine.

Arm. Sweet lord *Longaville,* rein thy tongue.

Long. I muſt rather give it the rein; for it runs againſt *Hector.*

Dum. Ay, and *Hector*'s a grey-hound.

Arm. The ſweet War-man is dead and rotten;
Sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the bury'd:
But I will forward with my device;
Sweet Royalty, beſtow on me the ſenſe of hearing.

Prin. Speak, brave *Hector*; we are much delighted.

Arm. I do adore thy ſweet Grace's ſlipper.

Boyet. Loves her by the foot.

Dum. He may not, by the yard.

Arm. *This* Hector *far ſurmounted* Hannibal.

Coſt. The party is gone, fellow *Hector*, ſhe is gone; ſhe is two months on her way.

Arm. What mean'ſt thou?

Coſt. Faith, unleſs you play the honeſt *Trojan*, the

poor wench is caſt away; ſhe's quick, the child brags in her belly already. 'Tis yours.

Arm. Doſt thou infamonize me among Potentates? Thou ſhalt die.

Coſt. Then ſhall *Hector* be whipt for *Jaquenetta*, that is quick by him; and hang'd for *Pompey*, that is dead by him.

Dum. Moſt rare *Pompey!*

Boyet. Renowned *Pompey!*

Biron. Greater than great, great, great, great *Pompey! Pompey* the huge!

Dum. Hector trembles.

Biron. *Pompey* is mov'd; more *Ates*, more *Ates*; ſtir them on, ſtir them on.

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

Biron. Ay, if he have no more man's blood in's belly than will ſup a flea.

Arm. By the north-pole, I do challenge thee.

Coſt. I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man: I'll flaſh; I'll do't by the Sword: I pray you, let me borrow my arms again.

Dum. Room for the incenſed Worthies.

Coſt. I'll do it in my ſhirt.

Dum. Moſt reſolute *Pompey!*

Moth. Maſter, let me take you a button-hole lower. Do you not ſee, *Pompey* is uncaſing for the combat: what mean you? you will loſe your reputation.

Arm. Gentlemen, and ſoldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my ſhirt.

Dum. You may not deny it, *Pompey* hath made the challenge.

Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

Biron. What reaſon have you for't?

Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no ſhirt; I go woolward for penance.

Boyet. True, and it was enjoined him in *Rome* for want of linen; ſince when, I'll be ſworn, he wore none but a diſh-clout of *Jaquenetta*'s, and that he wears next his heart for a Favour.

SCENE

SCENE X.

Enter Macard.

Mac. GOD ſave you, Madam!

Prin. Welcome, *Macard*, but that thou interrupteſt our merriment.

Mac. I'm ſorry, Madam, for the news I bring
Is heavy in my tongue. The King your father——

Prin. Dead, for my life.

Mac. Even ſo: my Tale is told.

Biron. Worthies, away; the Scene begins to cloud.

Arm. For my own part, I breathe free breath; * I have ſeen the day of right through the little hole of diſcretion, and I will right myſelf like a ſoldier.

[*Exeunt Worthies.*

King. How fares your Majeſty?

Prin. *Boyet*, prepare; I will away to night.

King. Madam, not ſo; I do beſeech you, ſtay.

Prin. Prepare, I ſay.—I thank you, gracious lords,
For all your fair endeavours; and entreat,
Out of a new-ſad ſoul, that you vouchſafe
In your rich wiſdom to excuſe, or hide,
The liberal oppoſition of our ſpirits;
If over-boldly we have borne ourſelves
In the converſe of breath, your gentleneſs
Was guilty of it. Farewel, worthy lord;
An heavy heart bears not a nimble tongue:
Excuſe me ſo, coming ſo ſhort of thanks,
For my great Suit ſo eaſily obtain'd.

King. The extreme part of time extremely forms.
All cauſes to the purpoſe of his ſpeed;
And often, at his very looſe, decides

* *I have ſeen the days of* wrong *through the little hole of diſcretion,*] This has no Meaning, we ſhould read, *the day of* right, i. e. I have foreſeen that a Day will come when I ſhall have Juſtice done me, and therefore I prudently reſerve myſelf for that Time.

That,

That, which long Proceſs could not arbitrate.
And though the mourning brow of Progeny
Forbid the ſmiling courteſy of love,
The holy ſuit which fain it would convince;
Yet ſince love's argument was firſt on foot,
Let not the cloud of ſorrow juſtle it
From what it purpos'd: Since, to wail friends loſt,
Is not by much ſo wholeſome, profitable,
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

Prin. I underſtand you not, my griefs are double.

Biron. Honeſt plain words beſt pierce the ear of grief;
And by theſe badges underſtand the King.
For your fair ſakes have we neglected time,
Play'd foul Play with our oaths: your beauty, ladies,
Hath much deform'd us, faſhioning our humours
Even to th' oppoſed end of our intents;
And what in us hath ſeem'd ridiculous,
As love is full of unbefitting ſtrains,
All wanton as a child, ſkipping in vain,
Form'd by the eye, and therefore like the eye,
Full of ſtraying ſhapes, of habits, and of forms,
Varying in ſubjects as the eye doth rowl,
To every varied object in his glance;
Which party-coated preſence of looſe love
Put on by us, if, in your heav'nly eyes,
Have miſbecom'd our oaths and gravities;
Thoſe heav'nly eyes, that look into theſe faults,
Suggeſted us to make them: therefore, ladies,
Our love being yours, the error that love makes
Is likewiſe yours. We to ourſelves prove falſe,
By being once falſe, for ever to be true
To thoſe that make us both; fair ladies, you:
And even that falſhood, in itſelf a ſin,
Thus purifies itſelf, and turns to Grace.

Prin. We have receiv'd your letters, full of love;
Your Favours, the embaſſadors of love:
And in our maiden council rated them

At courtſhip, pleaſant jeſt, and courteſy;
As bumbaſt, and as lining to the time:
But more devout than this, (ſave our reſpects)
Have we not been; and therefore met your loves
In their own faſhion, like a merriment. [jeſt.
Dum. Our letters, Madam, ſhew'd much more than
Long. So did our looks.
Roſ. * We did not quote them ſo.
King. Now at the lateſt minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves.
Prin. A time, methinks, too ſhort,
To make a world-without-end bargain in;
No, no, my lord, your grace is perjur'd much,
Full of dear guiltineſs; and therefore, this——
If for my love (as there is no ſuch cauſe)
You will do ought, this ſhall you do for me;
Your oath I will not truſt; but go with ſpeed
To ſome forlorn and naked Hermitage,
Remote from all the pleaſures of the world;
There ſtay, until the twelve celeſtial Signs
Have brought about their annual reckoning.
If this auſtere inſociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
If froſts, and faſts, hard lodging, and thin weeds
Nip not the gaudy bloſſoms of your love,
But that it bear this trial, and laſt love;
Then, at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge me; challenge me, by theſe deſerts;
And by this virgin palm, now kiſſing thine,
I will be thine; and 'till that inſtant ſhut
My woful ſelf up in a mourning houſe,
Raining the tears of lamentation,
For the remembrance of my father's death.
If this thou do deny, let our hands part;
Neither intitled in the other's heart.

* *We did not* coat *them ſo.*] We ſhould read, *quote*, eſteem, reckon.

King.

King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,
To fetter up theſe powers of mine with reſt;
The ſudden hand of death cloſe up mine eye!
Hence, ever then, my heart is in thy breaſt.
Biron. * [And what to me, my love? and what to me?
Roſ. You muſt be purged too, your ſins are rank,
You are attaint with fault and perjury;
Therefore if you my favour mean to get,
A twelve-month ſhall you ſpend, and never reſt,
But ſeek the weary beds of people ſick.]
Dum. But what to me, my love? but what to me?
Cath. A wife! a beard, fair health and honeſty;
With three-fold love I wiſh you all theſe three.
Dum. O, ſhall I ſay, I thank you, gentle wife?
Cath. Not ſo, my lord, a twelve-month and a day,
I'll mark no words that ſmooth-fac'd wooers ſay.
Come, when the King doth to my lady come;
Then if I have much love, I'll give you ſome.
Dum. I'll ſerve thee true and faithfully till then.
Cath. Yet ſwear not, leſt ye be forſworn again.
Long. What ſays *Maria?*
Mar. At the twelve-month's end,
I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.
Long. I'll ſtay with patience; but the time is long.
Mar. The liker you; few taller are ſo young.
Biron. Studies my lady? miſtreſs, look on me,
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
What humble Suit attends thy anſwer there;
Impoſe ſome ſervice on me for my love.
Roſ. Oft have I heard of you, my lord *Biron*,
Before I ſaw you; and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;
Full of compariſons and wounding flouts;
Which you on all eſtates will execute,

* *And what to me, my love?* &c] Theſe ſix Lines are miſplaced and ought to be expung'd, as being the Author's firſt Draught only, of what he afterwards improved and made more perfect.

That

That lie within the mercy of your wit:
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,
And therewithal to win me, if you pleaſe,
(Without the which I am not to be won;)
You ſhall this twelve-month-term from day to day
Viſit the ſpeechleſs Sick, and ſtill converſe
With groaning wretches; and your taſk ſhall be,
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,
T' enforce the pained Impotent to ſmile.

Biron. To move wild laughter in the throat of death?
It cannot be, it is impoſſible:
Mirth cannot move a ſoul in agony.

Roſ. Why, that's the way to choak a gibing ſpirit,
Whoſe influence is begot of that looſe grace,
Which ſhallow laughing hearers give to fools:
A jeſt's proſperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if ſickly ears,
Deaft with the clamours of their own dear groans,
Will hear your idle ſcorns; continue then,
And I will have you, and that fault withal:
But if they will not, throw away that ſpirit;
And I ſhall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your Reformation.

Biron. A twelve-month? well; befal, what will befal,
I'll jeſt a twelve-month in an Hoſpital.

Prin. Ay, ſweet my lord, and ſo I take my leave.
[*To the King.*

King. No, Madam; we will bring you on your way.

Biron. Our wooing doth not end like an old Play;
Jack hath not *Jill;* theſe ladies' courteſy
Might well have made our ſport a Comedy.

King. Come, Sir, it wants a twelve-month and a day,
And then 'twill end.

Biron. That's too long for a Play.

Enter

Enter Armado,

Arm. Sweet Majeſty, vouchſafe me——

Prin. Was not that *Hector?*

Dum. That worthy Knight of *Troy.*

Arm. I will kiſs thy royal finger, and take leave. I am a Votary; I have vow'd to *Jaquenetta* to hold the plough for her ſweet love three years. But, moſt-eſteemed Greatneſs, will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled, in praiſe of the owl and the cuckow? it ſhould have follow'd in the end of our Show.

King. Call them forth quickly, we will do ſo.

Arm. Holla! approach.——

Enter all, for the Song.

This ſide is *Hiems*, Winter.
This *Ver*, the ſpring: the one maintain'd by the owl,
The other by the cuckow.
Ver, begin.

The S O N G.

SPRING.

When daizies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-ſmocks all ſilver white,
And cuckow-buds of yellow hue,
** Do paint the meadows much-bedight;*
The cuckow then on every Tree
Mocks married men; for thus ſings he,
Cuckow!
Cuckow! cuckow! O word of fear,
Unpleaſing to a married ear!

* *Do paint the meadows* with delight;] This is a pretty rural Song, in which the Images are drawn with great Force from Nature. But this ſenſeleſs Expletive of *painting with delight* we ſhould read thus,

Do paint the meadows much-bedight,

i. e. much bedecked or adorned, as they are in Spring-Time. The Epithet is proper, and the Compound not inelegant.

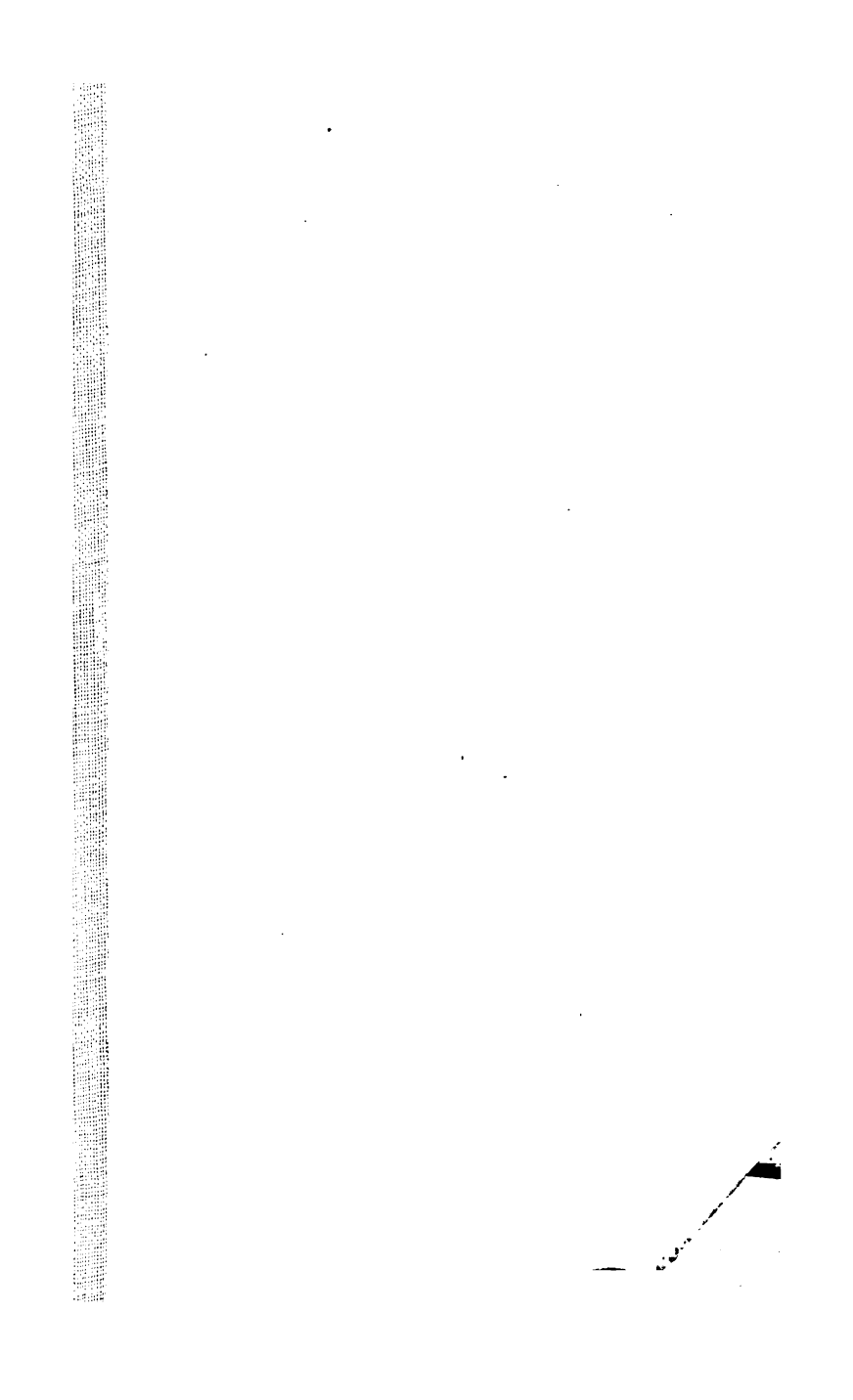
When

When ſhepherds pipe on oaten ſtraws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks:
When turtles tread, and rooks and daws;
And maidens bleach their ſummer ſmocks;
The cuckow then on every tree
Mocks married men; for thus ſings he,
Cuckow!
Cuckow! cuckow! O word of fear,
Unpleaſing to a married ear!

WINTER.

When iſicles hang by the wall,
And Dick *the ſhepherd blows his nail;*
And Tom *bears logs into the hall,*
And milk comes frozen home in pail;
When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly ſings the ſtaring owl
Tu-whit! to-whoo!
A merry note,
While greaſy Jone *doth keel the pot.*

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the Parſon's ſaw;
And birds ſit brooding in the ſnow,
And Marian's *noſe looks red and raw;*
When roaſted crabs hiſs in the bowl,
Then nightly ſings the ſtaring owl
Tu-whit! to-whoo!
A merry note,
While greaſy Jone *doth keel the pot.*

Arm. The words of *Mercury*
Are harſh after the ſongs of *Apollo:*
You, that way; we, this way. [*Exeunt omnes.*

The End of the Second Volume.